LIVING GOSPEL SONGS & CHORUSES

PRICES

Living Gospel Songs & Choruses

MANILA BINDING ONLY

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Published in Round and Shaped Notes

LIVING GOSPEL SONGS & CHORUSES

A little book to meet a big need.
Expressly adapted to Evangelistic
Meetings, Sunday Schools, and
Young People's Meetings.

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Published in Round and Shaped Notes

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Foreword

LIVING How wonderful that we can sing out a LIVING Gospel in an age marked by doubt and criticism of the eternal verities! "Seeing He ever LIVETH to make intercession for us,"—what a joy to know and sing of this LIVING Christ and his power to save and to keep and to satisfy! SING IT OUT!

GOSPEL We are "not ashamed of the GOSPEL of Christ: for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." SING IT OUT!

SONGS & CHORUSES "Teaching and admonishing one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual SONGS, singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord."

Praise Him! Praise Him!
Tell of His excellent greatness,
Praise Him! Praise Him!
Ever in joyful SONG!

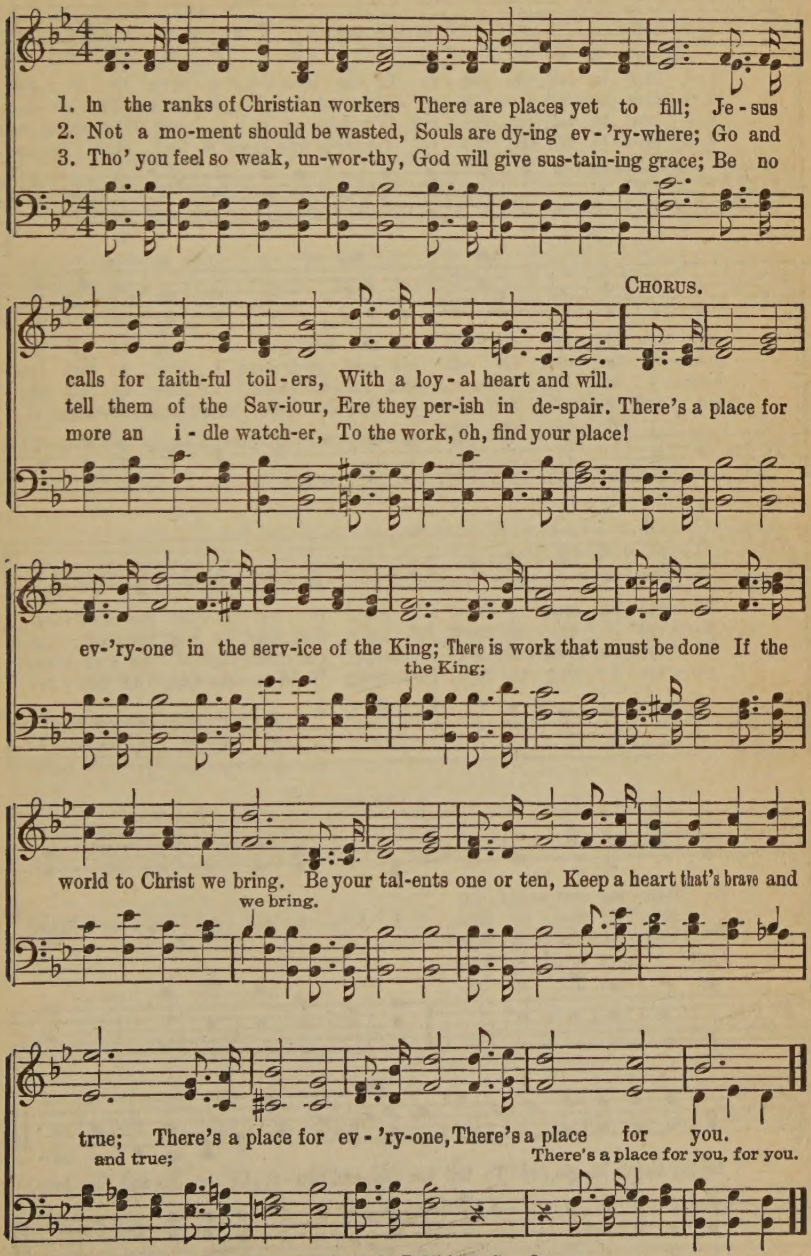
SING IT OUT!

THE EDITORS.

1

There's a Place for Everyone.

H. D. L. Harry Dixon Loes.


1. In the ranks of Christian workers There are places yet to fill; Je - sus
2. Not a mo-ment should be wasted, Souls are dy-ing ev - 'ry-where; Go and
3. Tho' you feel so weak, un-wor-thy, God will give sus-tain-ing grace; Be no
CHORUS.
calls for faith-ful toil - ers, With a loy - al heart and will.
tell them of the Sav-iour, Ere they per-ish in de-spair. There's a place for
more an i - dle watch-er, To the work, oh, find your place!
ev-'ry-one in the serv-ice of the King; There is work that must be done If the
the King;
world to Christ we bring. Be your tal-ents one or ten, Keep a heart that's brave and
we bring.
true; There's a place for ev - 'ry-one, There's a place for you.
and true;
There's a place for you, for you.

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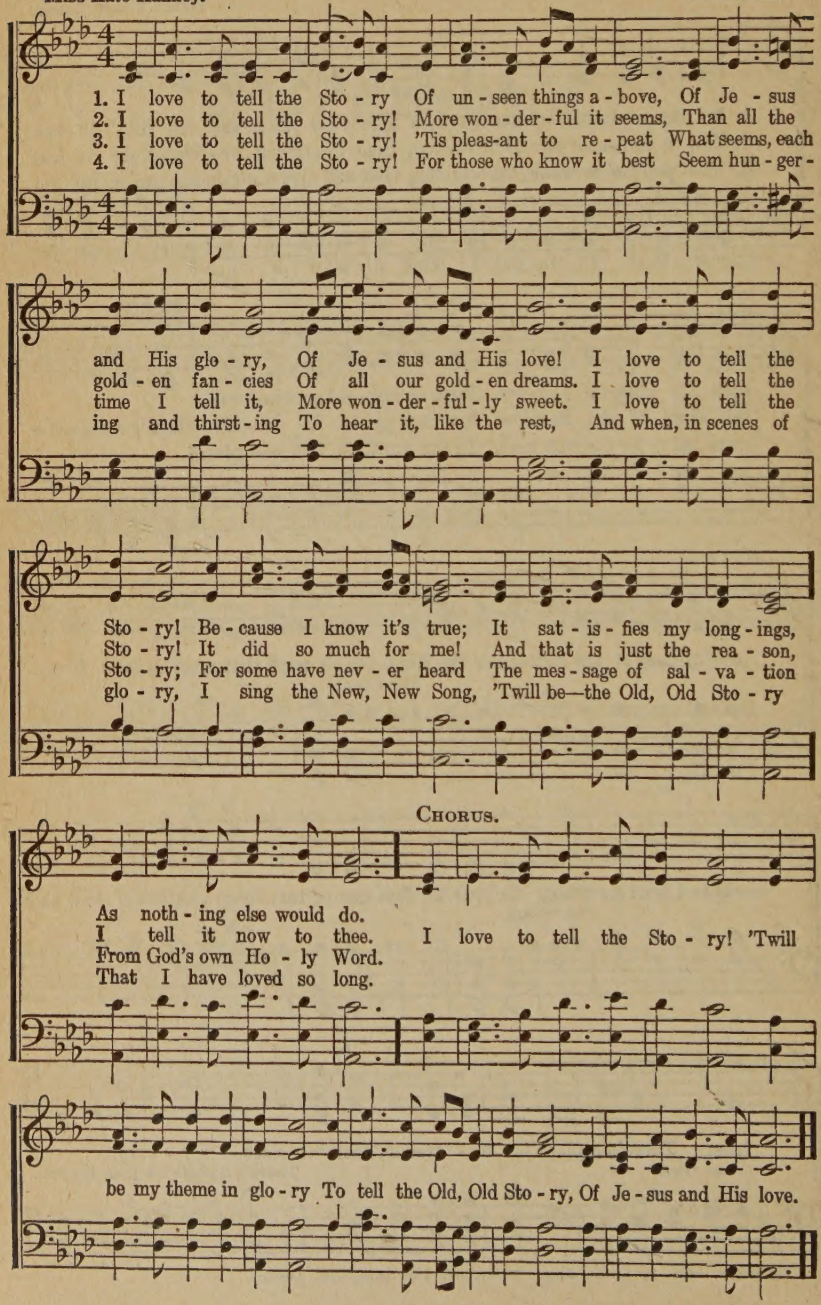
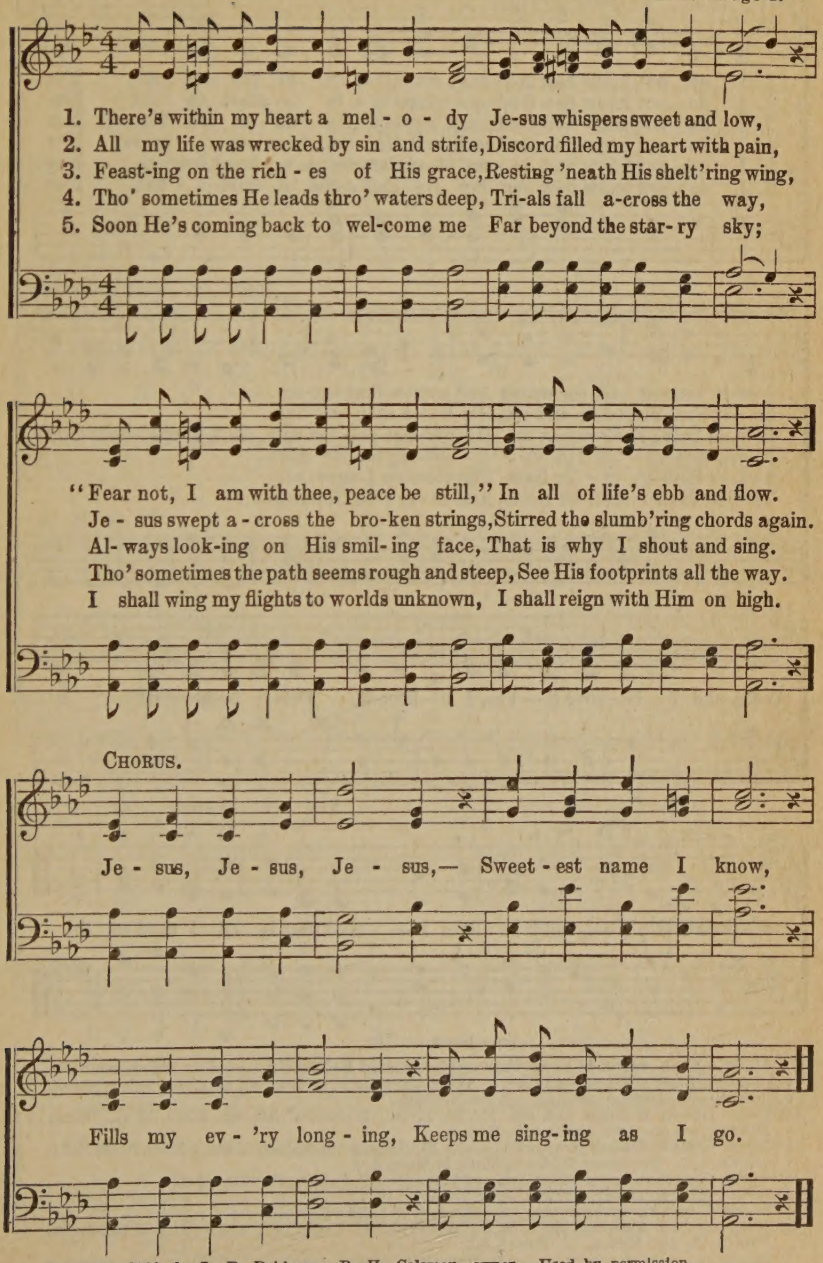
I Love to Tell the Story.

Miss Kate Hankey. W. G. Fischer.

1. I love to tell the Sto - ry Of un - seen things a - bove, Of Je - sus
2. I love to tell the Sto - ry! More won - der - ful it seems, Than all the
3. I love to tell the Sto - ry! 'Tis pleas-ant to re - peat What seems, each
4. I love to tell the Sto - ry! For those who know it best Seem hun - ger -
and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love! I love to tell the
gold - en fan - cies Of all our gold - en dreams. I love to tell the
time I tell it, More won - der - ful - ly sweet. I love to tell the
ing and thirst - ing To hear it, like the rest, And when, in scenes of
Sto - ry! Be - cause I know it's true; It sat - is - fies my long - ings,
Sto - ry! It did so much for me! And that is just the rea - son,
Sto - ry; For some have nev - er heard The mes - sage of sal - va - tion
glo - ry, I sing the New, New Song, 'Twill be—the Old, Old Sto - ry
CHORUS.
As noth - ing else would do.
I tell it now to thee. I love to tell the Sto - ry! 'Twill
From God's own Ho - ly Word.
That I have loved so long.
be my theme in glo - ry To tell the Old, Old Sto - ry, Of Je - sus and His love.

He Keeps Me Singing.

L. B. B. L. B. Bridgers.

1. There's within my heart a mel - o - dy Je-sus whispers sweet and low,
2. All my life was wrecked by sin and strife, Discord filled my heart with pain,
3. Feast-ing on the rich - es of His grace, Resting 'neath His shelt'ring wing,
4. Tho' sometimes He leads thro' waters deep, Tri-als fall a-cross the way,
5. Soon He's coming back to wel-come me Far beyond the star- ry sky;
"Fear not, I am with thee, peace be still," In all of life's ebb and flow.
Je - sus swept a - cross the bro-ken strings, Stirred the slumb'ring chords again.
Al- ways look-ing on His smil- ing face, That is why I shout and sing.
Tho' sometimes the path seems rough and steep, See His footprints all the way.
I shall wing my flights to worlds unknown, I shall reign with Him on high.
CHORUS.
Je - sus, Je - sus, Je - sus,— Sweet - est name I know,
Fills my ev - 'ry long - ing, Keeps me sing- ing as I go.

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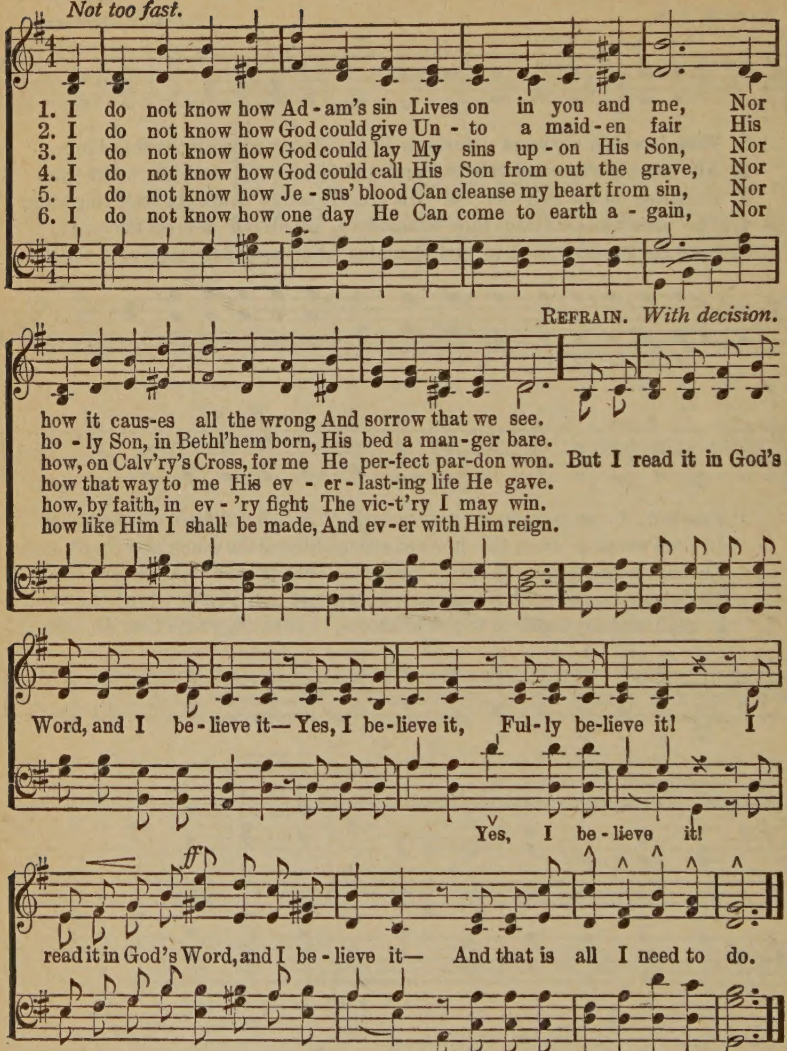
I Believe It!

H. H. L.

HELEN HOWARTH LEMMEL.

Not too fast.


1. I do not know how Ad - am's sin Lives on in you and me, Nor
2. I do not know how God could give Un - to a maid - en fair His
3. I do not know how God could lay My sins up - on His Son, Nor
4. I do not know how God could call His Son from out the grave, Nor
5. I do not know how Je - sus' blood Can cleanse my heart from sin, Nor
6. I do not know how one day He Can come to earth a - gain, Nor
REFRAIN. With decision.
how it caus-es all the wrong And sorrow that we see.
ho - ly Son, in Bethl'hem born, His bed a man-ger bare.
how, on Calv'ry's Cross, for me He per-fect par-don won. But I read it in God's
how that way to me His ev - er - last-ing life He gave.
how, by faith, in ev - 'ry fight The vic-t'ry I may win.
how like Him I shall be made, And ev-er with Him reign.
Word, and I be - lieve it— Yes, I be - lieve it, Ful - ly be-lieve it! I
Yes, I be - lieve it!
read it in God's Word, and I be - lieve it— And that is all I need to do.
be - lieve it,

NOTE.—Each verse is to be thoroughly studied before sung, and to aid in such development, Bible references follow. After the song is so treated, sing through without comment, with special emphasis on the Refrain.

1st verse—Origin of Satan and sin, Ez. 28, 11-18. Nature of his sin, Is. 14, 12-14. First appearance on earth and result, Gen. 3.

2nd verse—The Redeemer promised, Gen. 3, 15. Manner and place of birth foretold, Is. 7, 14; Micah, 5, 2. Propheey fulfilled, Matt. 1; Matt. 2, 1.

3rd verse—Sacrifice, redemption and pardon. John 19; John 1, 29; Rom. 8, 1.

4th verse—Resurrection and Life, John 20; John 14, 19.

5th verse—Cleansing and victory, 1st John 1, 7; 1st John 5, 4-5.

6th verse—Second Coming, Matt. 24, 30; Acts 1, 11-12; Zech. 14, 1-5; Destiny of believers, Phil. 3, 21; 2nd Tim. 2, 12; Rev. 5, 10.

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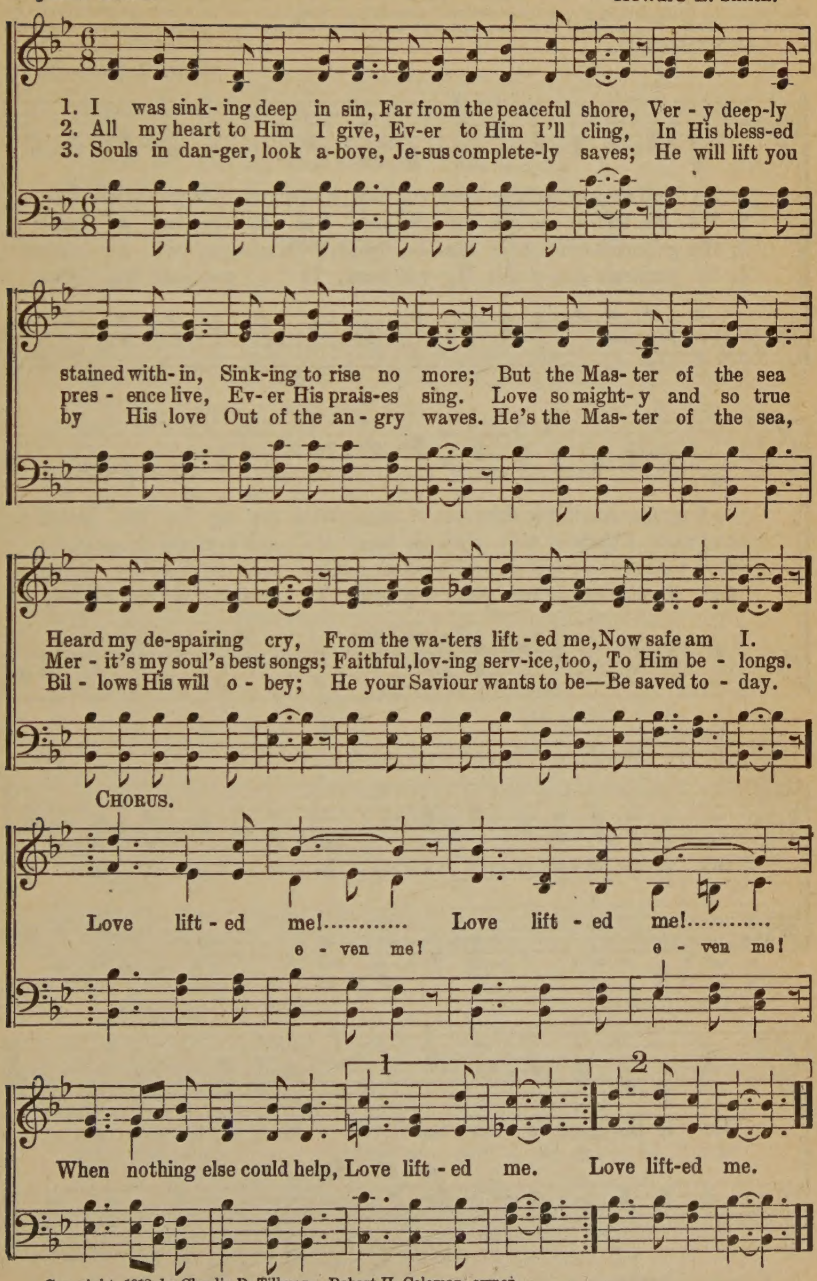
Love Lifted Me.

James Rowe. Howard E. Smith.

1. I was sink- ing deep in sin, Far from the peaceful shore, Ver - y deep-ly
2. All my heart to Him I give, Ev-er to Him I'll cling, In His bless-ed
3. Souls in dan-ger, look a-bove, Je-sus complete-ly saves; He will lift you
stained with- in, Sink-ing to rise no more; But the Mas- ter of the sea
pres - ence live, Ev- er His prais-es sing. Love so might- y and so true
by His love Out of the an - gry waves. He's the Mas- ter of the sea,
Heard my de-spairing cry, From the wa-ters lift - ed me, Now safe am I.
Mer - it's my soul's best songs; Faithful, lov-ing serv-ice, too, To Him be - longs.
Bil - lows His will o - bey; He your Saviour wants to be—Be saved to - day.
CHORUS.
Love lift - ed me!..... Love lift - ed me!.....
e - ven me! e - ven me!
1
2
When nothing else could help, Love lift - ed me. Love lift-ed me.

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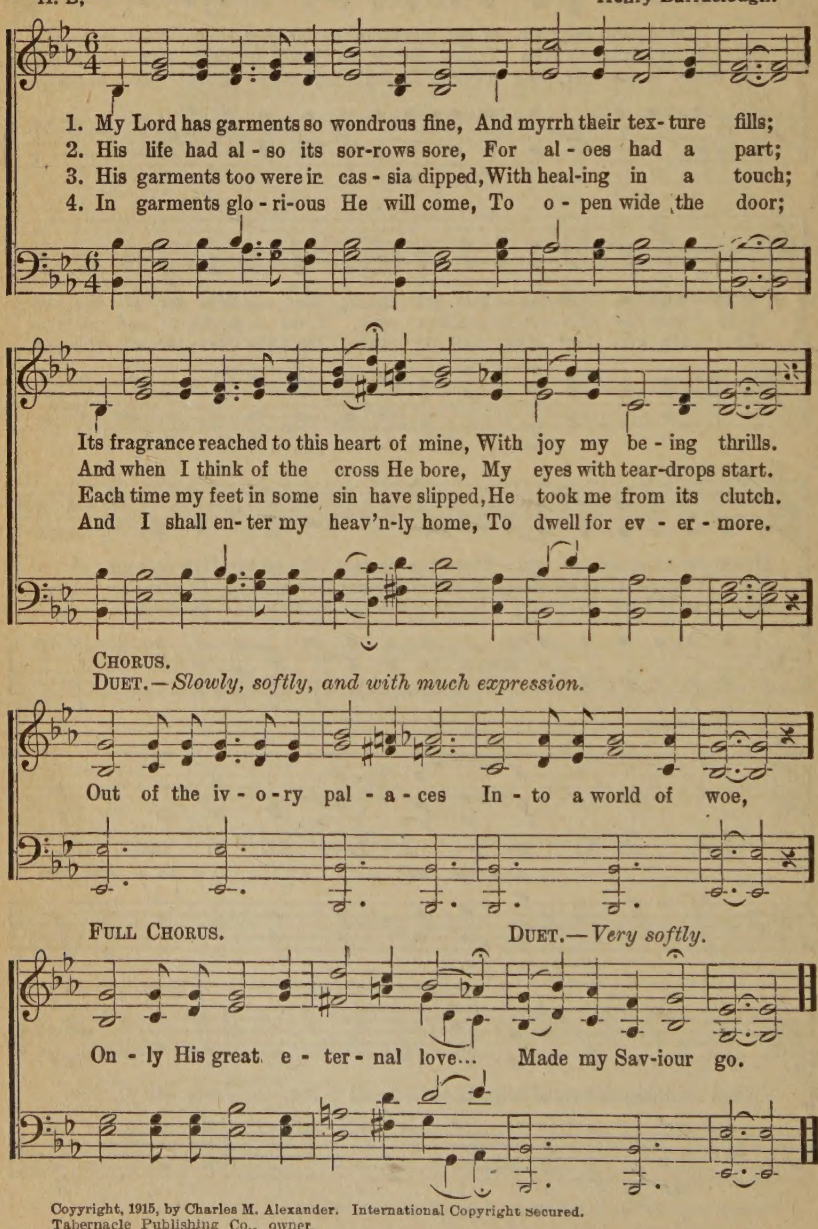
Ivory Palaces.

Suggested by a sermon of Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman's on Psalm 45 : 8, in which Christ is pictured coming out of the ivory palaces of heaven to redeem mankind, clothed in garments which are perfumed with myrrh for beauty, with aloes for bitterness, and with cassia for healing, the fragrance of which remain to tell of His near presence.

H. B. Henry Barraclough.


1. My Lord has garments so wondrous fine, And myrrh their tex- ture fills;
2. His life had al - so its sor-rows sore, For al - oes had a part;
3. His garments too were in cas - sia dipped, With heal-ing in a touch;
4. In garments glo - ri-ous He will come, To o - pen wide the door;
Its fragrance reached to this heart of mine, With joy my be - ing thrills.
And when I think of the cross He bore, My eyes with tear-drops start.
Each time my feet in some sin have slipped, He took me from its clutch.
And I shall en- ter my heav'n-ly home, To dwell for ev - er - more.
CHORUS.
DUET.—Slowly, softly, and with much expression.
Out of the iv - o - ry pal - a - ces In - to a world of woe,
FULL CHORUS.
DUET.—Very softly.
On - ly His great e - ter - nal love... Made my Sav-iour go.

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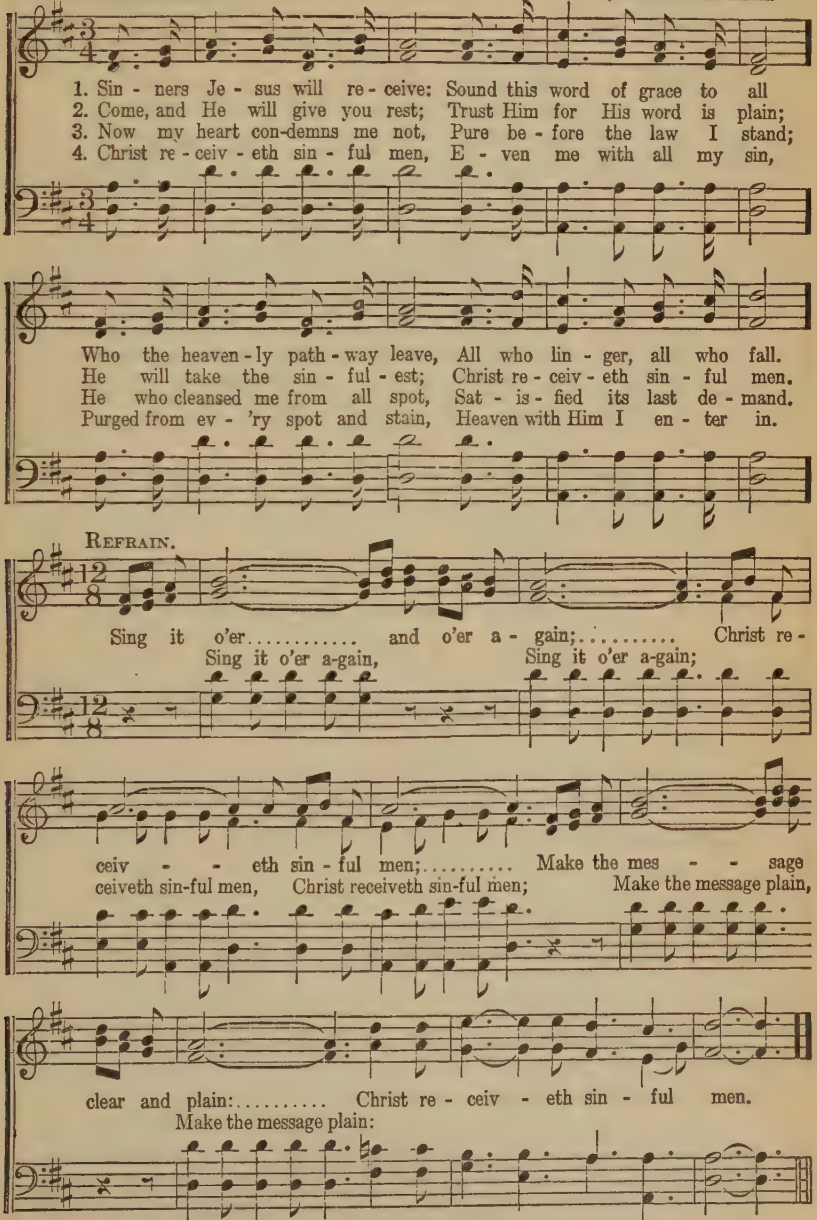
Christ Receiveth Sinful Men.

"They that are whole need not a physician, but they that are sick."—Matt. ix: 12.

Arr. from Neumaster, 1671. James McGranahan.

1. Sin - ners Je - sus will re - ceive: Sound this word of grace to all
2. Come, and He will give you rest; Trust Him for His word is plain;
3. Now my heart con-demns me not, Pure be - fore the law I stand;
4. Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men, E - ven me with all my sin,
Who the heaven - ly path - way leave, All who lin - ger, all who fall.
He will take the sin - ful - est; Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men.
He who cleansed me from all spot, Sat - is - fied its last de - mand.
Purged from ev - 'ry spot and stain, Heaven with Him I en - ter in.
Refrain.
Sing it o'er..... and o'er a - gain;..... Christ re -
Sing it o'er a-gain, Sing it o'er a-gain;
ceiv - - eth sin - ful men;..... Make the mes - - sage
ceiveth sin-ful men, Christ receiveth sin-ful men; Make the message plain,
clear and plain:..... Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men.
Make the message plain:

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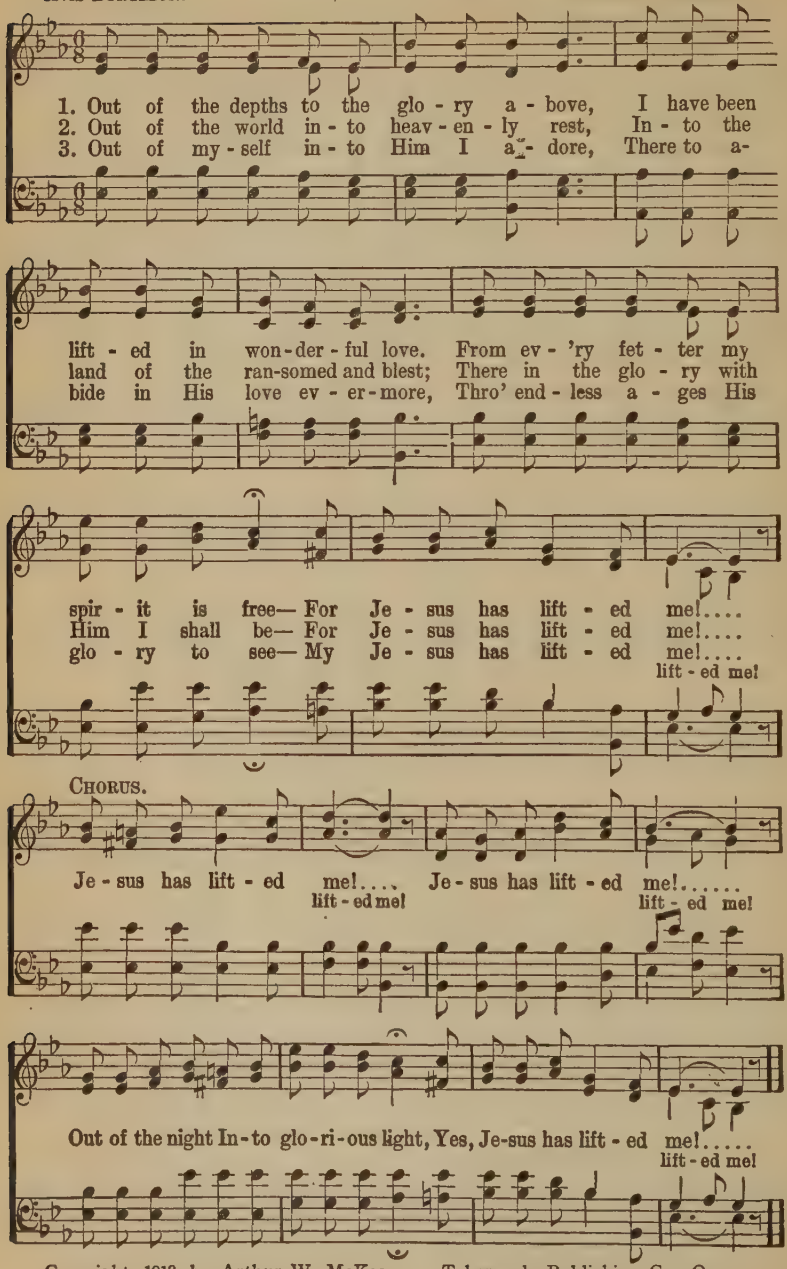
Jesus Has Lifted Me.

AVIS BURGESON. HALDOR LILLENAS.

1. Out of the depths to the glo - ry a - bove, I have been
2. Out of the world in - to heav - en - ly rest, In - to the
3. Out of my - self in - to Him I a - dore, There to a-
lift - ed in won - der - ful love. From ev - 'ry fet - ter my
land of the ran-somed and blest; There in the glo - ry with
bide in His love ev - er - more, Thro' end - less a - ges His
spir - it is free— For Je - sus has lift - ed me!....
Him I shall be— For Je - sus has lift - ed me!....
glo - ry to see— My Je - sus has lift - ed me!....
lift - ed me!
CHORUS.
Je - sus has lift - ed me!.... Je - sus has lift - ed me!.....
lift - ed me! lift - ed me!
Out of the night In - to glo - ri - ous light, Yes, Je - sus has lift - ed me!.....
lift - ed me!

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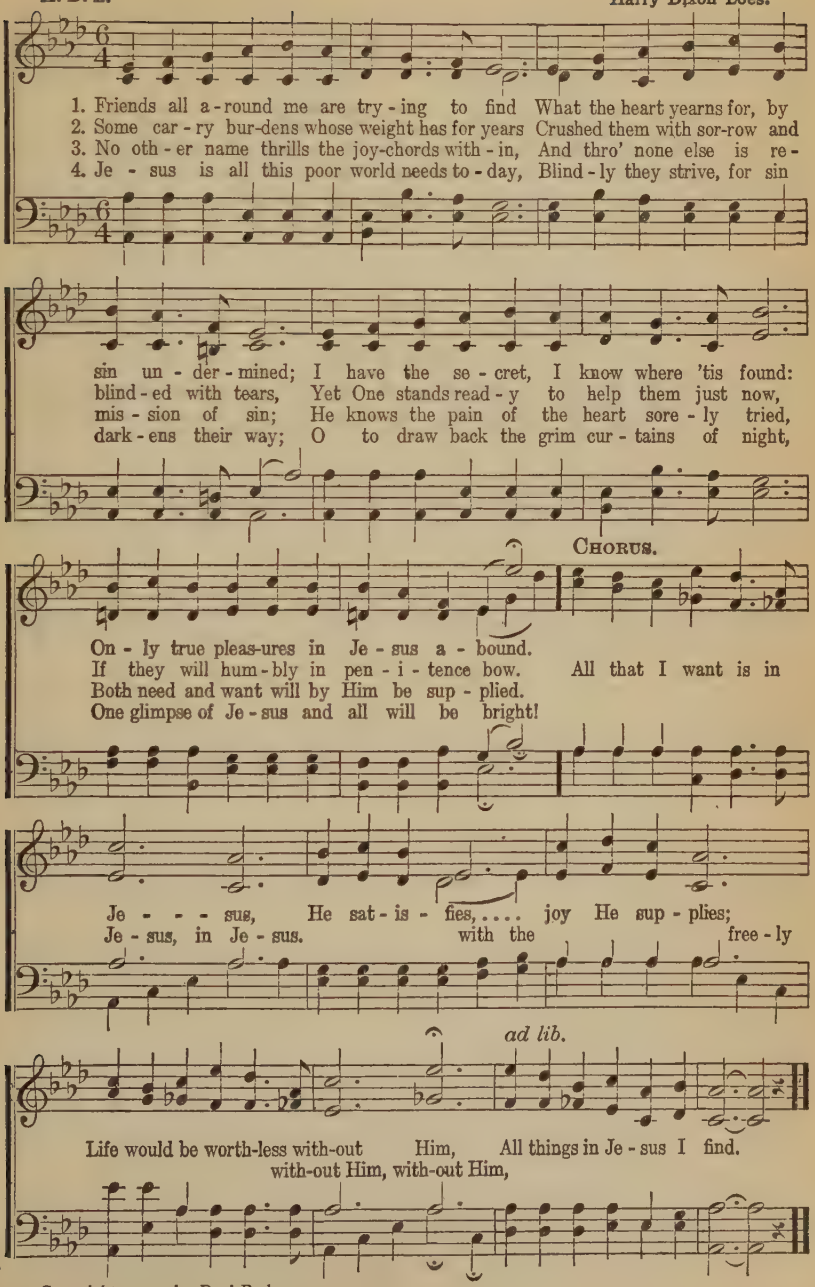
All Things In Jesus.

H. D. L. Harry Dixon Loes.

1. Friends all a-round me are try-ing to find What the heart yearns for, by
2. Some car-ry bur-dens whose weight has for years Crushed them with sor-row and
3. No oth-er name thrills the joy-chords with-in, And thro' none else is re-
4. Je-sus is all this poor world needs to-day, Blind-ly they strive, for sin
sin un-der-mined; I have the se-cret, I know where 'tis found:
blind-ed with tears, Yet One stands read-y to help them just now,
mis-sion of sin; He knows the pain of the heart sore-ly tried,
dark-ens their way; O to draw back the grim cur-tains of night,
CHORUS.
On-ly true pleas-ures in Je-sus a-bound.
If they will hum-bly in pen-i-tence bow. All that I want is in
Both need and want will by Him be sup-plied.
One glimpse of Je-sus and all will be bright!
Je-sus, He sat-is-fies, ... joy He sup-plies;
Je-sus, in Je-sus. with the free-ly
ad lib.
Life would be worth-less with-out Him, All things in Je-sus I find.
with-out Him, with-out Him,

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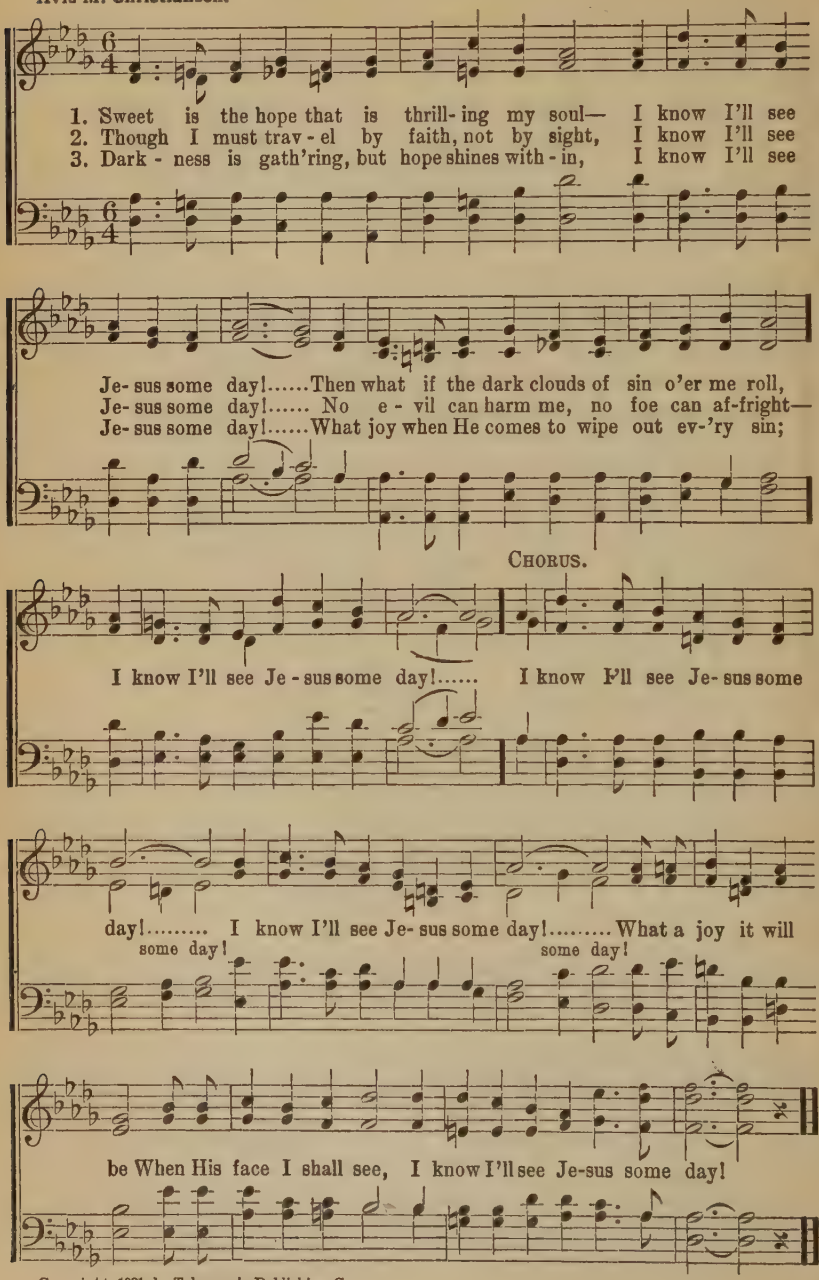
I Know I'll See Jesus Some Day.

Avis M. Christiansen. Scott Lawrence.

1. Sweet is the hope that is thrill-ing my soul— I know I'll see
2. Though I must trav-el by faith, not by sight, I know I'll see
3. Dark-ness is gath'ring, but hope shines with-in, I know I'll see
Je-sus some day!.....Then what if the dark clouds of sin o'er me roll,
Je-sus some day!..... No e-vil can harm me, no foe can af-fright—
Je-sus some day!.....What joy when He comes to wipe out ev-'ry sin;
CHORUS.
I know I'll see Je-sus some day!..... I know I'll see Je-sus some
day!..... I know I'll see Je-sus some day!.....What a joy it will
some day! some day!
be When His face I shall see, I know I'll see Je-sus some day!

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Sail On!

C. H. G.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

Solo and Chorus.

1. Up - on a wide and storm-y sea, Thou'rt sailing to e - ter - ni - ty,
2. Art far from shore, and weary-worn—The sky o'er-cast, thy can-vas torn?
3. Do comrades trem-ble and re-fuse To fur-ther dare the taunt-ing hues?
4. Do snarl-ing waves thy craft as-sail? Art pow'rless, drifting with the gale?

ad lib.

And thy great Ad-m'ral or - ders thee:—"Sail on! sail on! sail on!
Hark ye! a voice to thee is borne:—"Sail on! sail on! sail on!
No oth - er course is thine to choose, Sail on! sail on! sail on!
Take heart! God's word shall nev-er fail! Sail on! sail on! sail on!

CHORUS.

Sail on! sail on! the storms will soon be past, The dark - ness

will not al-ways last; Sail on! sail on!..... God

sail on! sail on!

3

* *rit. e dim.* *pp*

lives and He commands: "Sail on! sail on!".....

sail on! sail on! sail on!

* May close here.

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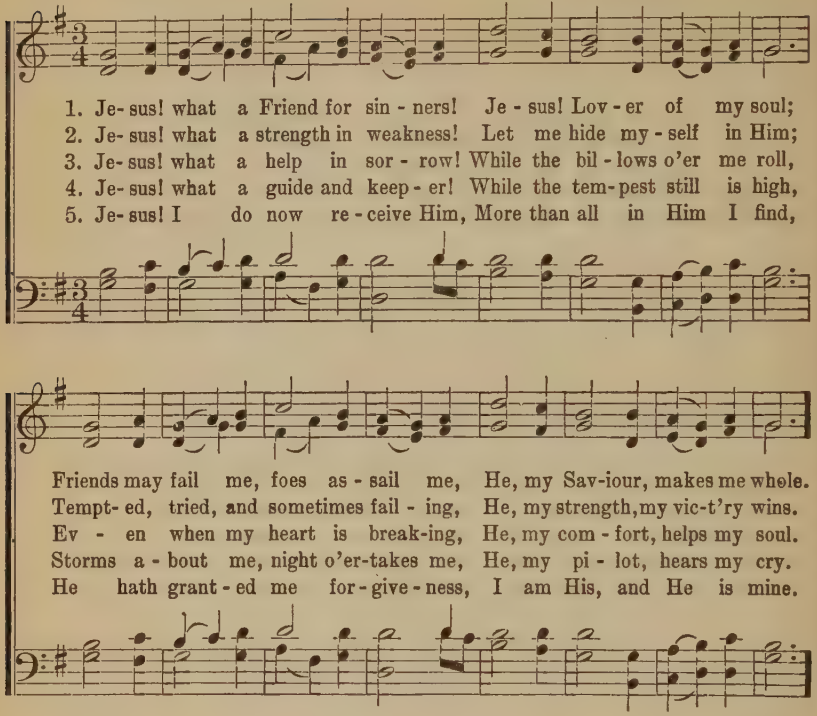
Our Great Saviour.

Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman. Arr. by Robert Harkness.


1. Je-sus! what a Friend for sin-ners! Je-sus! Lov-er of my soul;
2. Je-sus! what a strength in weakness! Let me hide my-self in Him;
3. Je-sus! what a help in sor-row! While the bil-lows o'er me roll,
4. Je-sus! what a guide and keep-er! While the tem-pest still is high,
5. Je-sus! I do now re-ceive Him, More than all in Him I find,
Friends may fail me, foes as-sail me, He, my Sav-iour, makes me whole.
Tempt-ed, tried, and sometimes fail-ing, He, my strength, my vic-t'ry wins.
Ev-en when my heart is break-ing, He, my com-fort, helps my soul.
Storms a-bout me, night o'er-takes me, He, my pi-lot, hears my cry.
He hath grant-ed me for-give-ness, I am His, and He is mine.
REFRAIN.
Hal-le-lu-jah! what a Sav-iour! Hal-le-lu-jah! what a Friend!
Sav-ing, help-ing, keep-ing, lov-ing, He is with me to the end.

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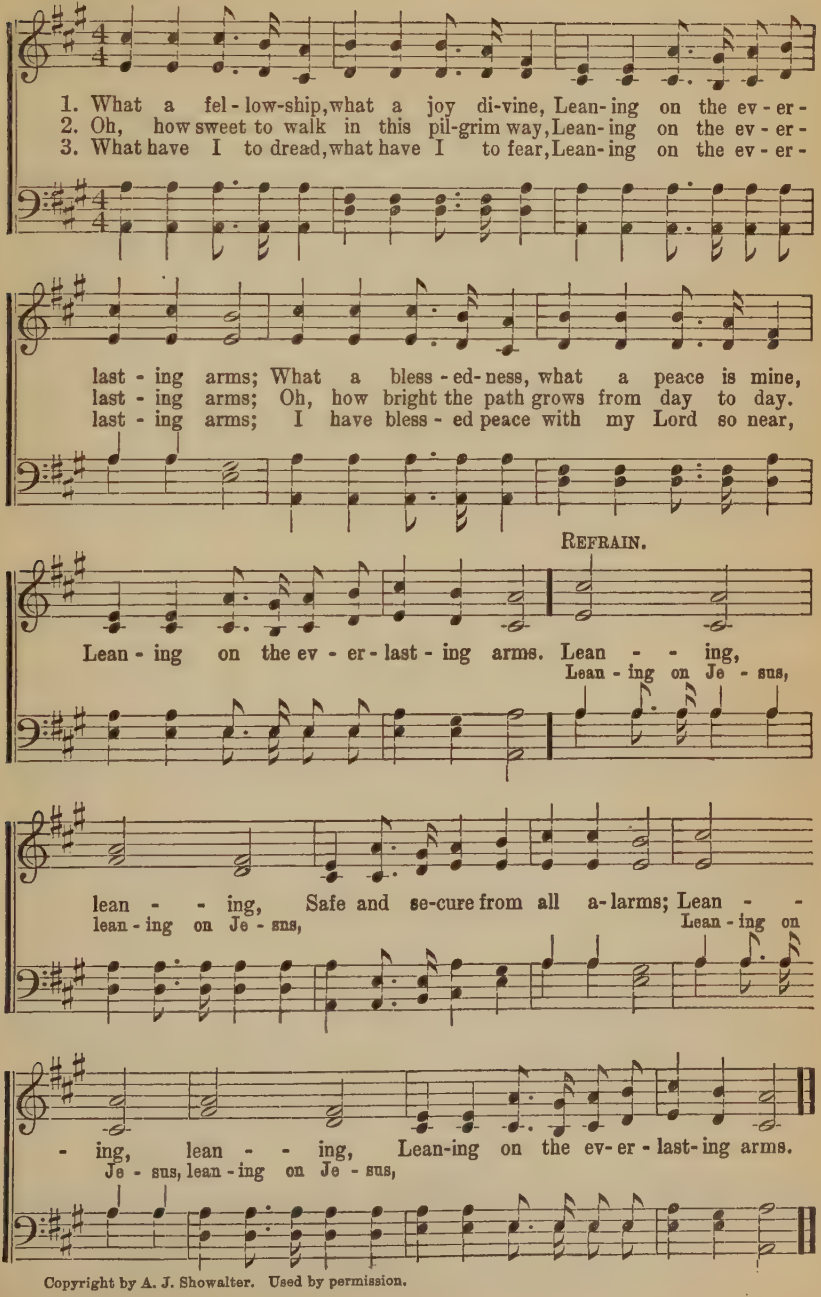
13 Leaning On the Everlasting Arms.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman. A. J. Showalter.

1. What a fel - low-ship, what a joy di-vine, Lean- ing on the ev - er -
2. Oh, how sweet to walk in this pil-grim way, Lean- ing on the ev - er -
3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Lean- ing on the ev - er -
last - ing arms; What a bless - ed- ness, what a peace is mine,
last - ing arms; Oh, how bright the path grows from day to day.
last - ing arms; I have bless - ed peace with my Lord so near,
REFRAIN.
Lean - ing on the ev - er - last - ing arms. Lean - - ing,
Lean - ing on Je - sus,
lean - - ing, Safe and se-cure from all a-larms; Lean - -
lean - ing on Je - sus,
Lean - ing on
- ing, lean - - ing, Lean-ing on the ev- er - last- ing arms.
Je - sus, lean - ing on Je - sus,

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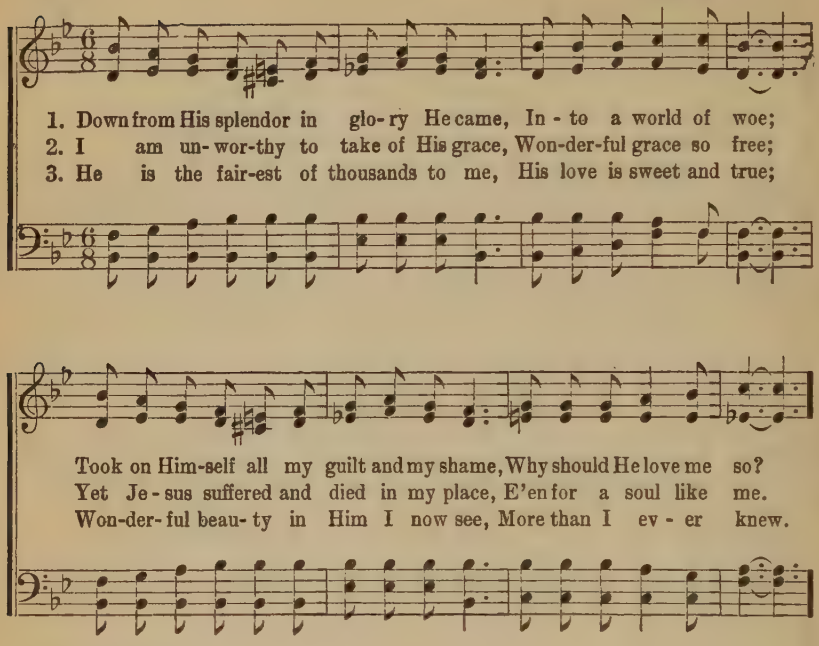
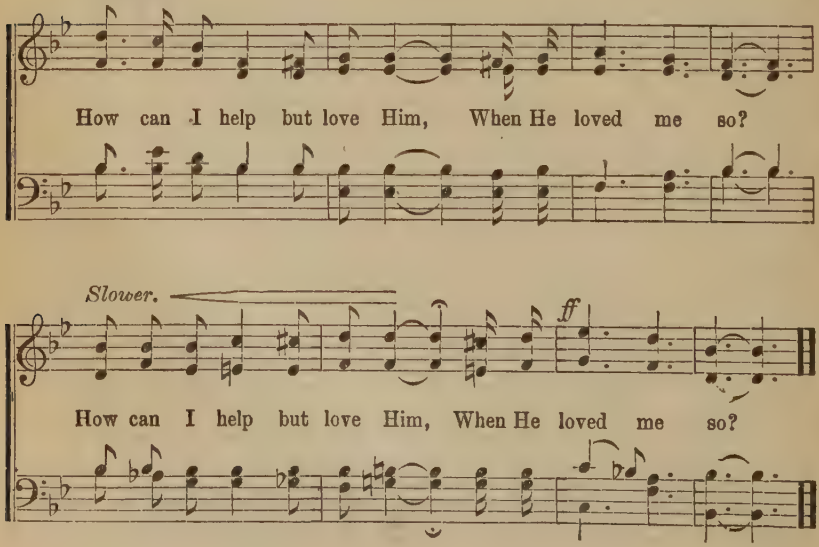
How Can I Help But Love Him?

E. M. R. Elton M. Roth.


1. Down from His splendor in glo-ry He came, In - to a world of woe;
2. I am un-wor-thy to take of His grace, Won-der-ful grace so free;
3. He is the fair-est of thousands to me, His love is sweet and true;
Took on Him-self all my guilt and my shame, Why should He love me so?
Yet Je - sus suffered and died in my place, E'en for a soul like me.
Won-der-ful beau-ty in Him I now see, More than I ev - er knew.

CHORUS.

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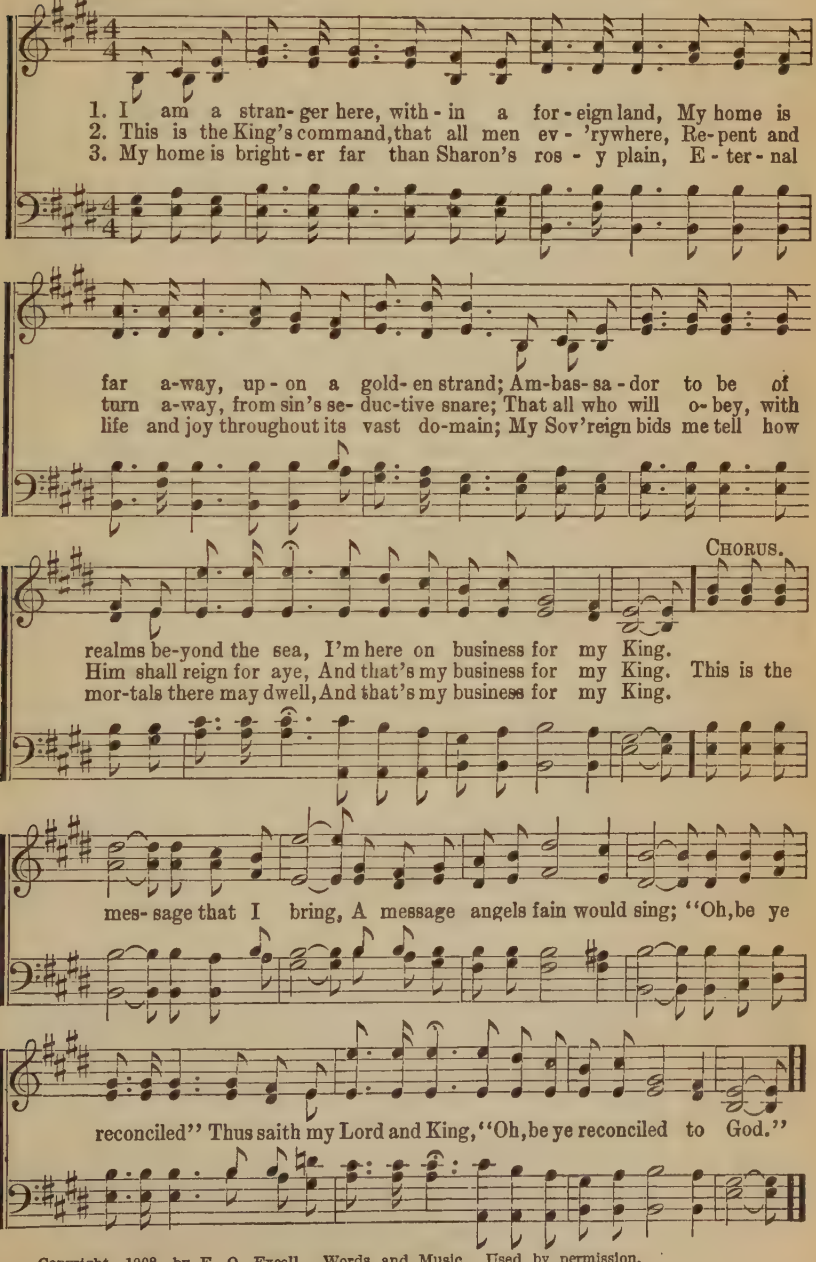
The Kings's Business.

(Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman's Simultaneous Campaign Hymn.)

Dr. E. T. Cassel. Flora H. Cassel.


1. I am a stran- ger here, with - in a for - eign land, My home is
2. This is the King's command, that all men ev - 'rywhere, Re- pent and
3. My home is bright - er far than Sharon's ros - y plain, E - ter - nal
far a-way, up - on a gold- en strand; Am-bas- sa - dor to be of
turn a-way, from sin's se- duc-tive snare; That all who will o- bey, with
life and joy throughout its vast do-main; My Sov'reign bids me tell how
CHORUS.
realms be-yond the sea, I'm here on business for my King.
Him shall reign for aye, And that's my business for my King. This is the
mor-tals there may dwell, And that's my business for my King.
mes- sage that I bring, A message angels fain would sing; "Oh, be ye
reconciled" Thus saith my Lord and King, "Oh, be ye reconciled to God."

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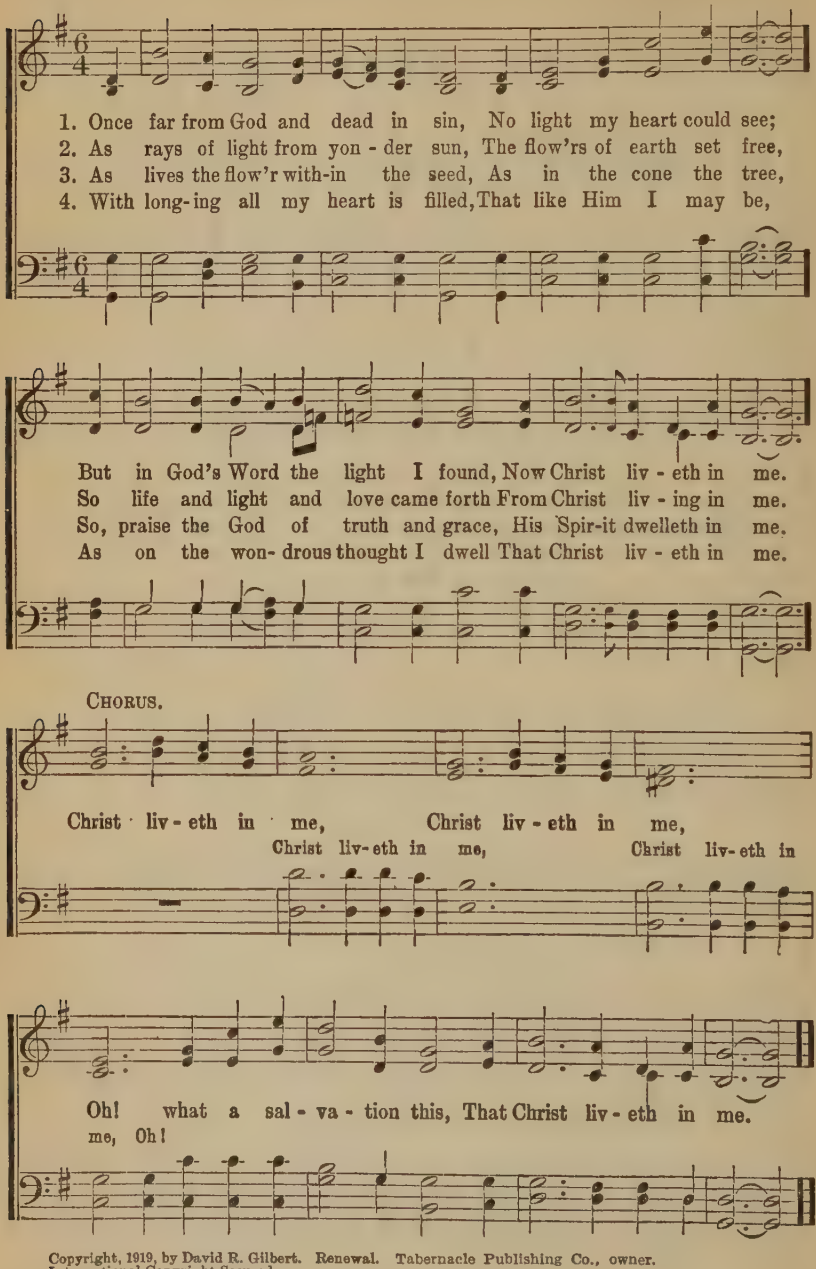
Christ Liveth In Me.

El Nathan. James McGranahan.

1. Once far from God and dead in sin, No light my heart could see;
2. As rays of light from yon - der sun, The flow'rs of earth set free,
3. As lives the flow'r with-in the seed, As in the cone the tree,
4. With long-ing all my heart is filled, That like Him I may be,
But in God's Word the light I found, Now Christ liv - eth in me.
So life and light and love came forth From Christ liv - ing in me.
So, praise the God of truth and grace, His Spir-it dwelleth in me.
As on the won- drous thought I dwell That Christ liv - eth in me.
Chorus.
Christ liv - eth in me, Christ liv - eth in me,
Christ liv-eth in me, Christ liv-eth in me, Oh!
Oh! what a sal - va - tion this, That Christ liv - eth in me.

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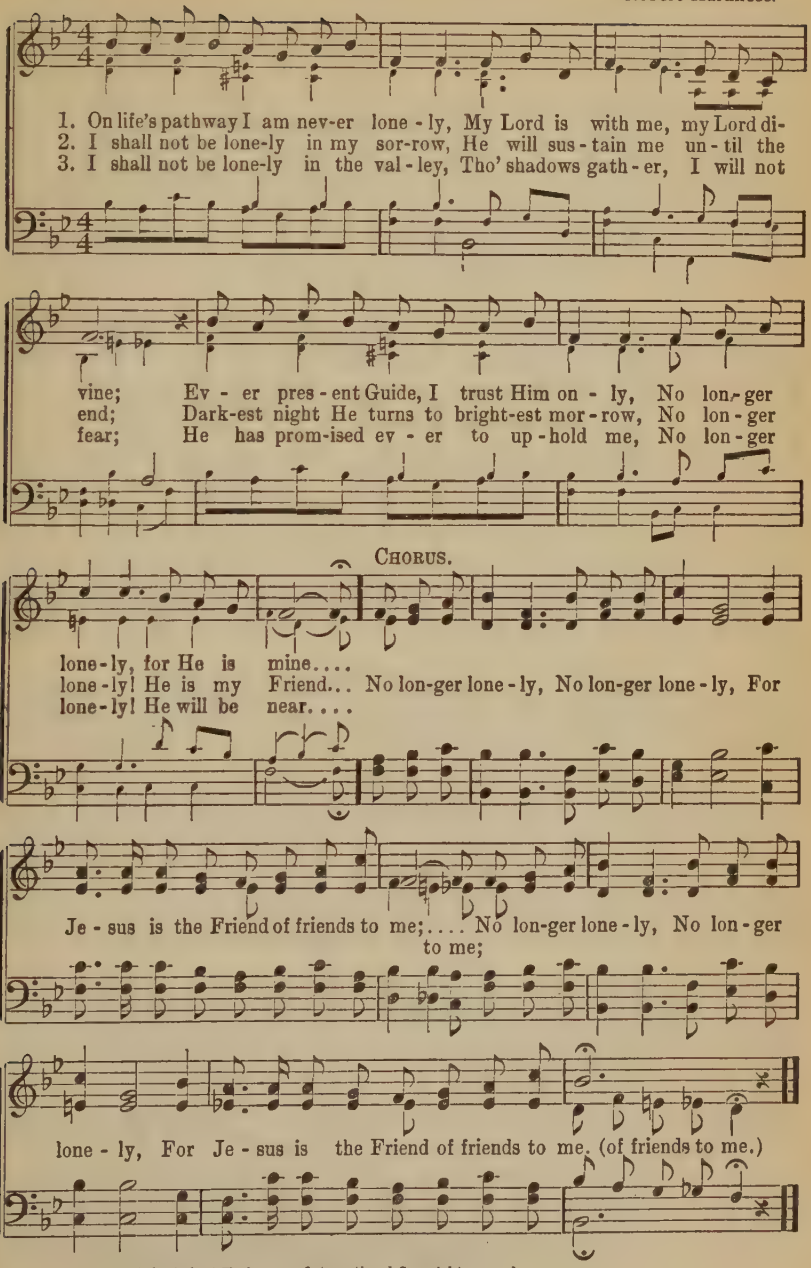
No Longer Lonely.

R H.

Robert Harkness.


1. On life's pathway I am nev-er lone-ly, My Lord is with me, my Lord di-
2. I shall not be lone-ly in my sor-row, He will sus-tain me un-til the
3. I shall not be lone-ly in the val-ley, Tho' shadows gath-er, I will not
vine; Ev-er pres-ent Guide, I trust Him on-ly, No lon-ger
end; Dark-est night He turns to bright-est mor-row, No lon-ger
fear; He has prom-ised ev-er to up-hold me, No lon-ger
Chorus.
lone-ly, for He is mine....
lone-ly! He is my Friend... No lon-ger lone-ly, No lon-ger lone-ly, For
lone-ly! He will be near....
Je-sus is the Friend of friends to me;.... No lon-ger lone-ly, No lon-ger
to me;
lone-ly, For Je-sus is the Friend of friends to me. (of friends to me.)

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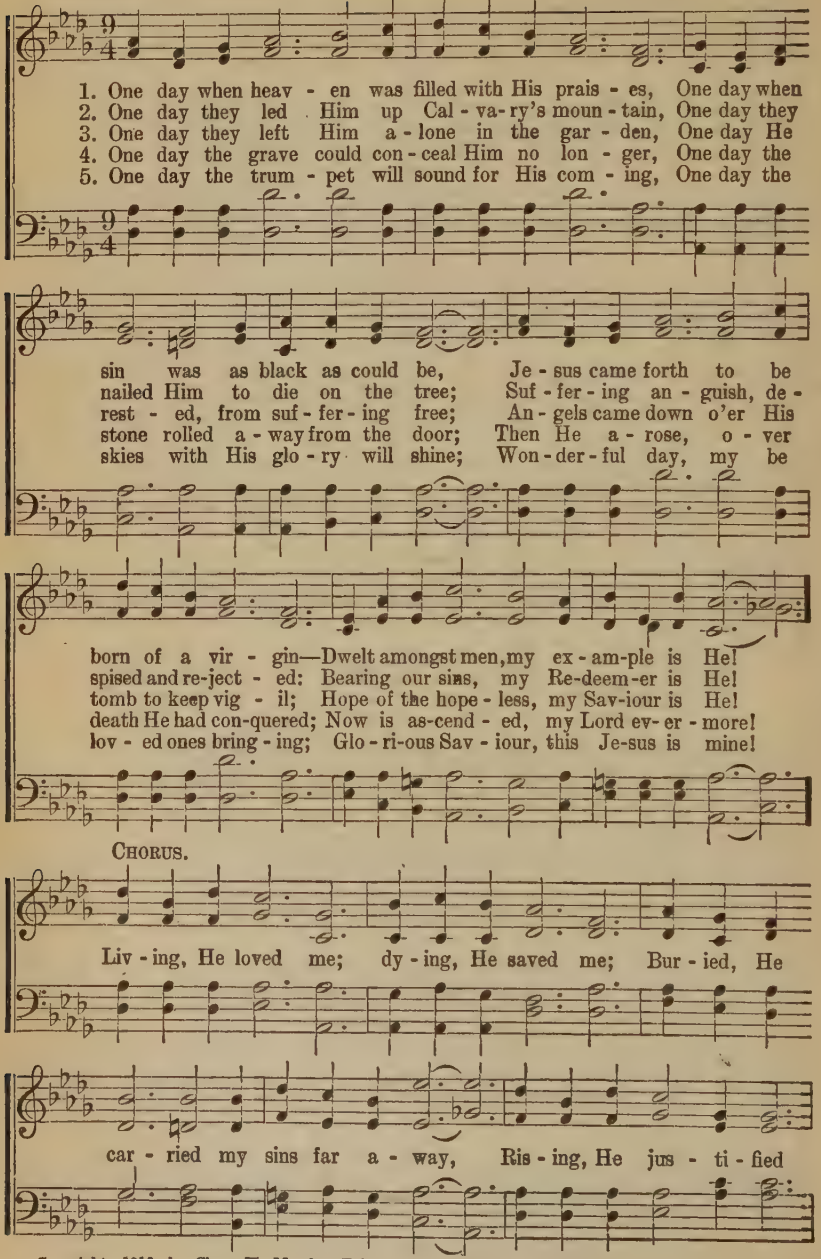
One Day!

Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman, D. D. Chas. H. Marsh.

1. One day when heav - en was filled with His prais - es, One day when
2. One day they led Him up Cal - va - ry's moun - tain, One day they
3. One day they left Him a - lone in the gar - den, One day He
4. One day the grave could con - ceal Him no lon - ger, One day the
5. One day the trum - pet will sound for His com - ing, One day the
sin was as black as could be, Je - sus came forth to be
nailed Him to die on the tree; Suf - fer - ing an - guish, de -
rest - ed, from suf - fer - ing free; An - gels came down o'er His
stone rolled a - way from the door; Then He a - rose, o - ver
skies with His glo - ry will shine; Won - der - ful day, my be
born of a vir - gin—Dwelt amongst men, my ex - am-ple is He!
spised and re-ject - ed: Bearing our sins, my Re-deem-er is He!
tomb to keep vig - il; Hope of the hope - less, my Sav-iour is He!
death He had con-quered; Now is as-cend - ed, my Lord ev-er - more!
lov - ed ones bring - ing; Glo - ri-ous Sav - iour, this Je-sus is mine!
CHORUS.
Liv - ing, He loved me; dy - ing, He saved me; Bur - ied, He
car - ried my sins far a - way, Ris - ing, He jus - ti - fied

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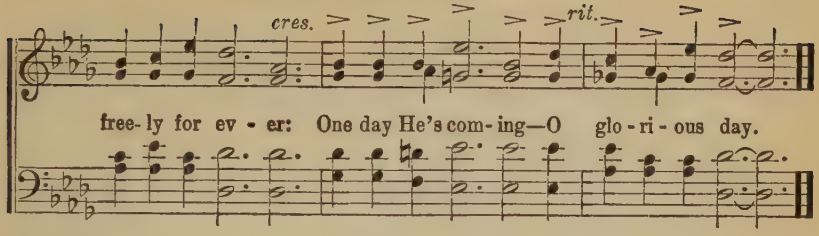
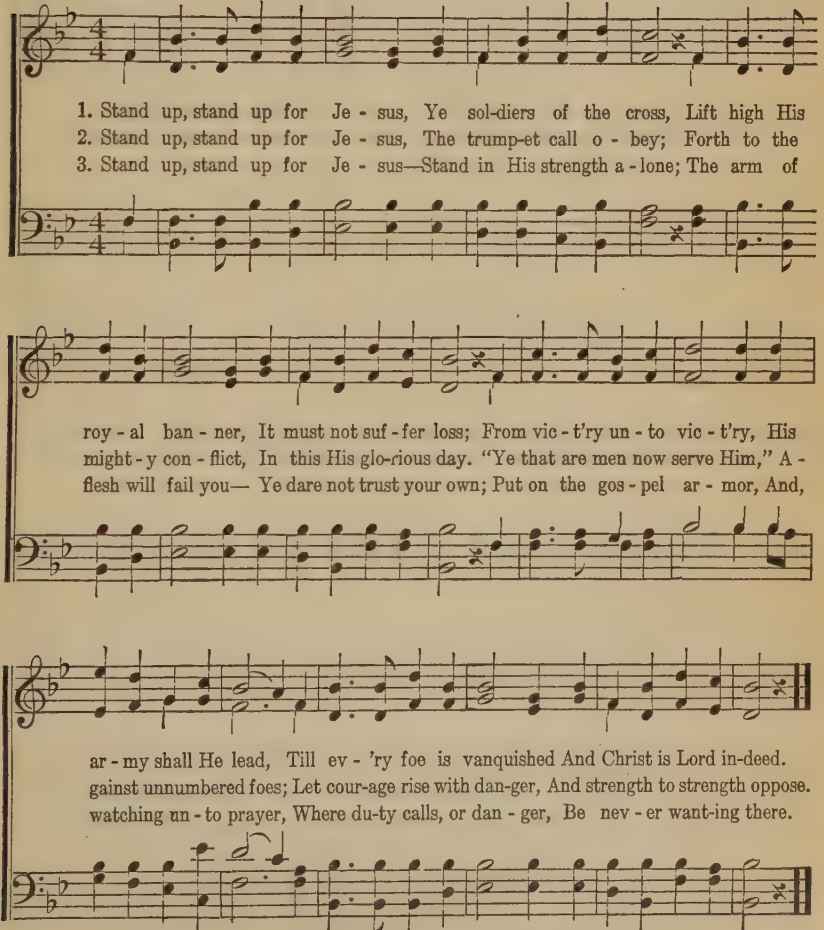
One Day.—Concluded.

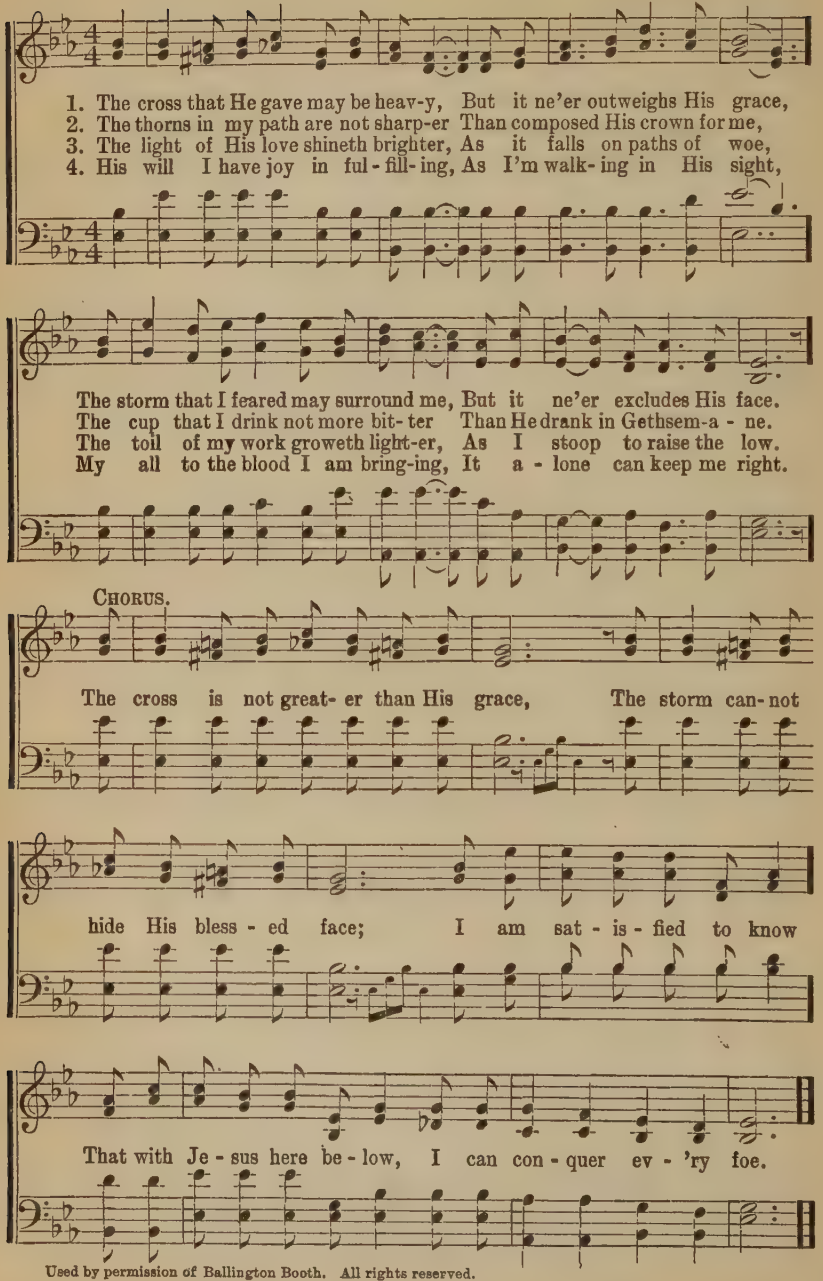


19 Stand Up for Jesus.

G. Duffield. G. J. Webb.


1. Stand up, stand up for Je-sus, Ye sol-diers of the cross, Lift high His
2. Stand up, stand up for Je-sus, The trump-et call o-bey; Forth to the
3. Stand up, stand up for Je-sus—Stand in His strength a-lone; The arm of
roy-al ban-ner, It must not suf-fer loss; From vic-t'ry un-to vic-t'ry, His
might-y con-flict, In this His glo-rious day. "Ye that are men now serve Him," A-
flesh will fail you— Ye dare not trust your own; Put on the gos-pel ar-mor, And,
ar-my shall He lead, Till ev-'ry foe is vanquished And Christ is Lord in-deed.
gainst unnumbered foes; Let cour-age rise with dan-ger, And strength to strength oppose.
watching un-to prayer, Where du-ty calls, or dan-ger, Be nev-er want-ing there.

The Cross Is Not Greater.

B. B. Ballington Booth.

1. The cross that He gave may be heav-y, But it ne'er outweighs His grace,
2. The thorns in my path are not sharp-er Than composed His crown for me,
3. The light of His love shineth brighter, As it falls on paths of woe,
4. His will I have joy in ful-fill-ing, As I'm walk-ing in His sight,
The storm that I feared may surround me, But it ne'er excludes His face.
The cup that I drink not more bit-ter Than He drank in Gethsem-a-ne.
The toil of my work groweth light-er, As I stoop to raise the low.
My all to the blood I am bring-ing, It a-lone can keep me right.
Chorus.
The cross is not great-er than His grace, The storm can-not
hide His bless-ed face; I am sat-is-fied to know
That with Je-sus here be-low, I can con-quer ev-'ry foe.

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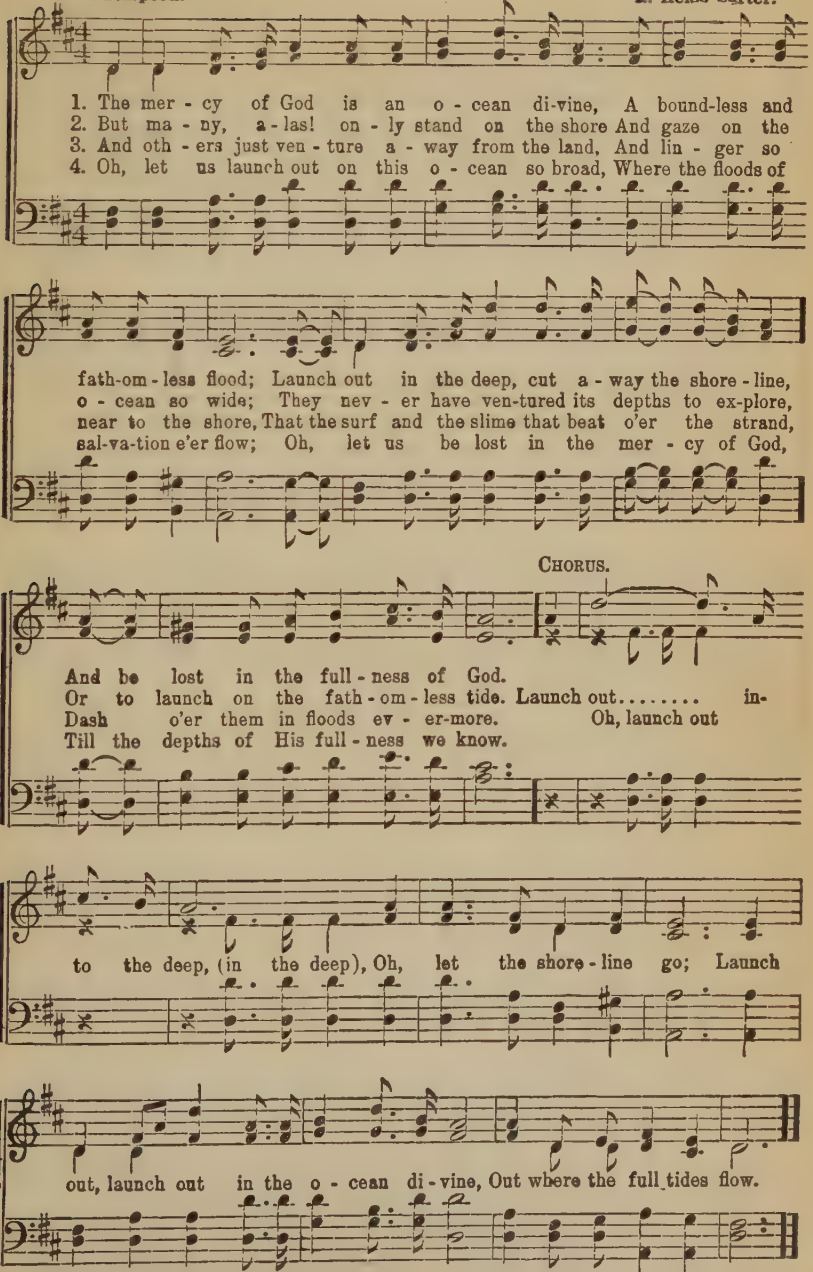
Launch Out.

A. B. Simpson. R. Kelso Carter.


1. The mer - cy of God is an o - cean di-vine, A bound-less and
2. But ma - ny, a - las! on - ly stand on the shore And gaze on the
3. And oth - ers just ven - ture a - way from the land, And lin - ger so
4. Oh, let us launch out on this o - cean so broad, Where the floods of
fath-om - less flood; Launch out in the deep, cut a - way the shore - line,
o - cean so wide; They nev - er have ven-tured its depths to ex-plore,
near to the shore, That the surf and the slime that beat o'er the strand,
sal-va-tion e'er flow; Oh, let us be lost in the mer - cy of God,
CHORUS.
And be lost in the full - ness of God.
Or to launch on the fath - om - less tide. Launch out..... in-
Dash o'er them in floods ev - er-more. Oh, launch out
Till the depths of His full - ness we know.
to the deep, (in the deep), Oh, let the shore - line go; Launch
out, launch out in the o - cean di - vine, Out where the full tides flow.

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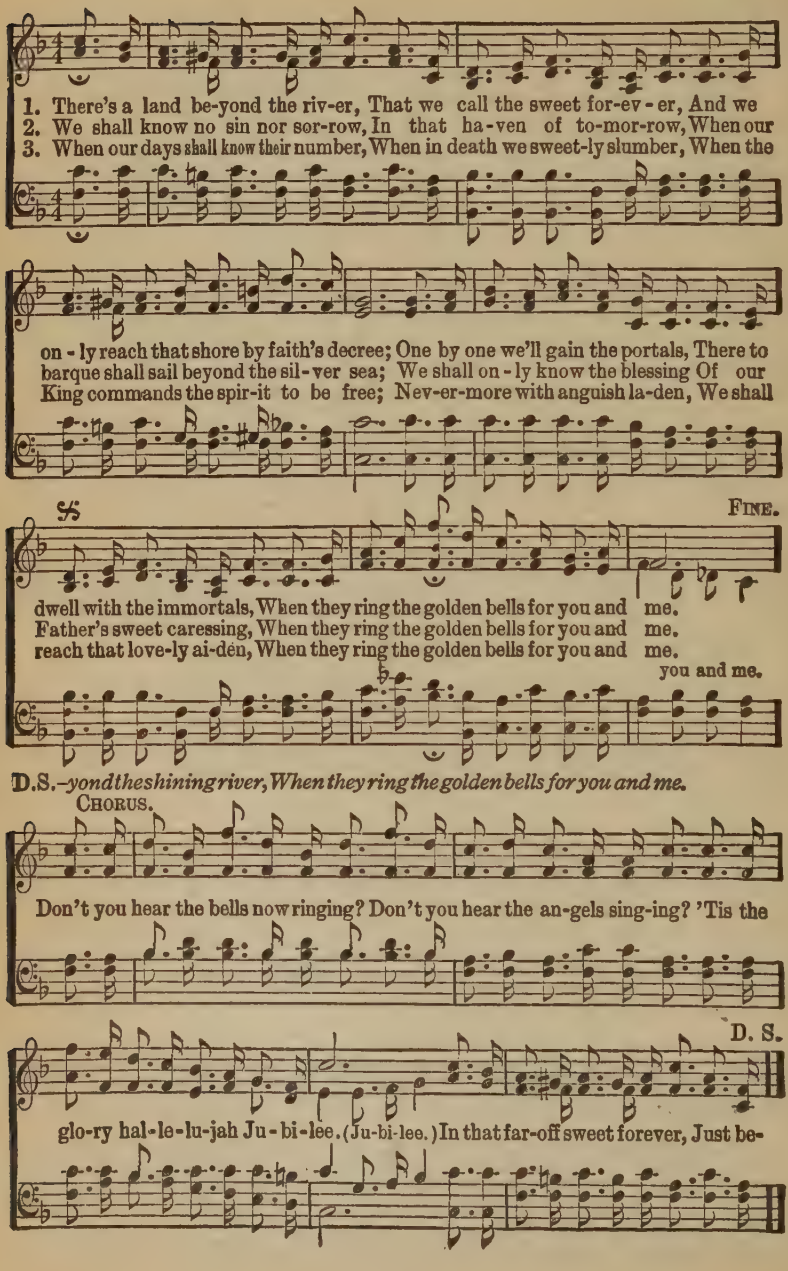
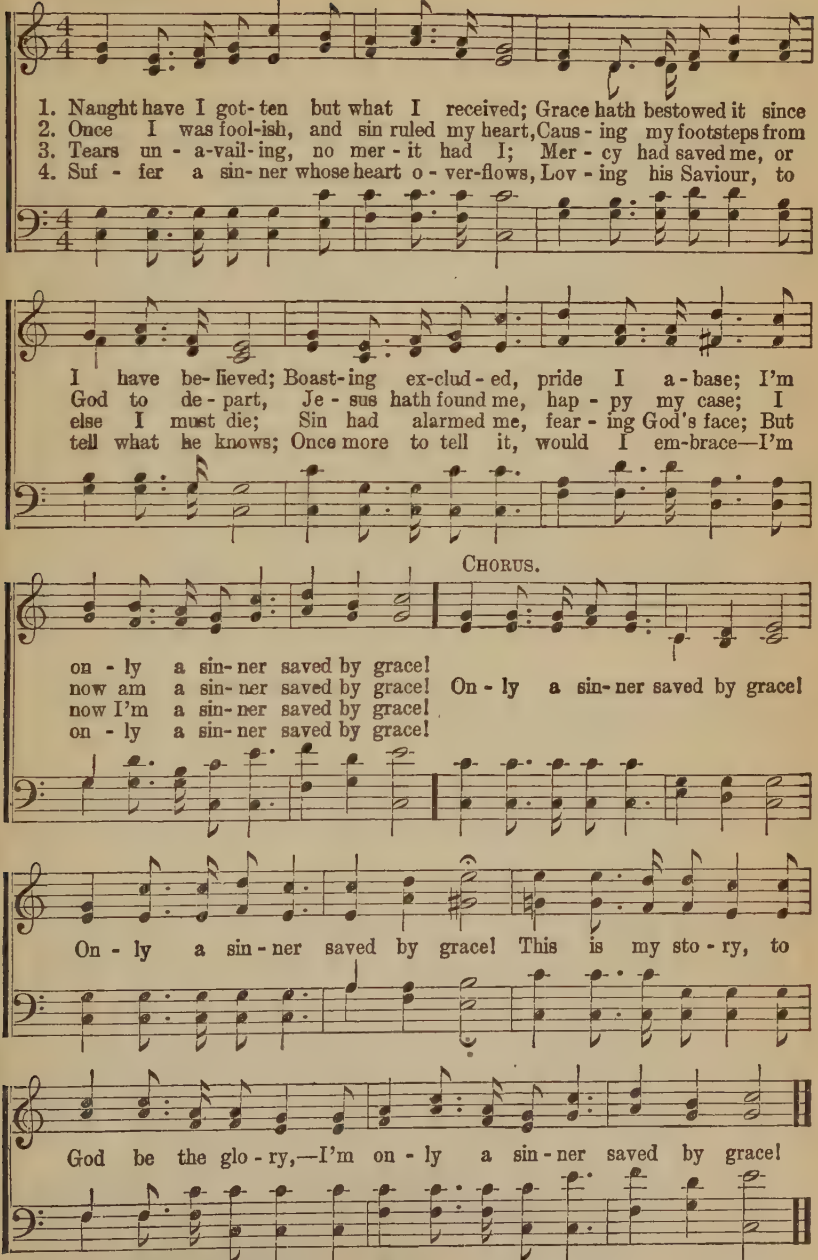
When They Ring the Golden Bells.

Dion De Marbelle.

1. There's a land be-yond the riv-er, That we call the sweet for-ev-er, And we
2. We shall know no sin nor sor-row, In that ha-ven of to-mor-row, When our
3. When our days shall know their number, When in death we sweet-ly slumber, When the
on-ly reach that shore by faith's decree; One by one we'll gain the portals, There to
barque shall sail beyond the sil-ver sea; We shall on-ly know the blessing Of our
King commands the spir-it to be free; Nev-er-more with anguish la-den, We shall
FINE.
dwell with the immortals, When they ring the golden bells for you and me.
Father's sweet caressing, When they ring the golden bells for you and me.
reach that love-ly ai-den, When they ring the golden bells for you and me.
you and me.
D.S.–yond the shining river, When they ring the golden bells for you and me.
CHORUS.
Don't you hear the bells now ringing? Don't you hear the an-gels sing-ing? 'Tis the
D. S.
glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah Ju-bi-lee. (Ju-bi-lee.) In that far-off sweet forever, Just be-

Only a Sinner.

James M. Gray. D. B. Towner.


1. Naught have I got-ten but what I received; Grace hath bestowed it since
2. Once I was fool-ish, and sin ruled my heart, Caus-ing my footsteps from
3. Tears un-a-vail-ing, no mer-it had I; Mer-cy had saved me, or
4. Suf-fer a sin-ner whose heart o-ver-flows, Lov-ing his Saviour, to
I have be-lieved; Boast-ing ex-clud-ed, pride I a-base; I'm
God to de-part, Je-sus hath found me, hap-py my case; I
else I must die; Sin had alarmed me, fear-ing God's face; But
tell what he knows; Once more to tell it, would I em-brace—I'm
Chorus.
on-ly a sin-ner saved by grace!
now am a sin-ner saved by grace! On-ly a sin-ner saved by grace!
now I'm a sin-ner saved by grace!
on-ly a sin-ner saved by grace!
On-ly a sin-ner saved by grace! This is my sto-ry, to
God be the glo-ry,—I'm on-ly a sin-ner saved by grace!

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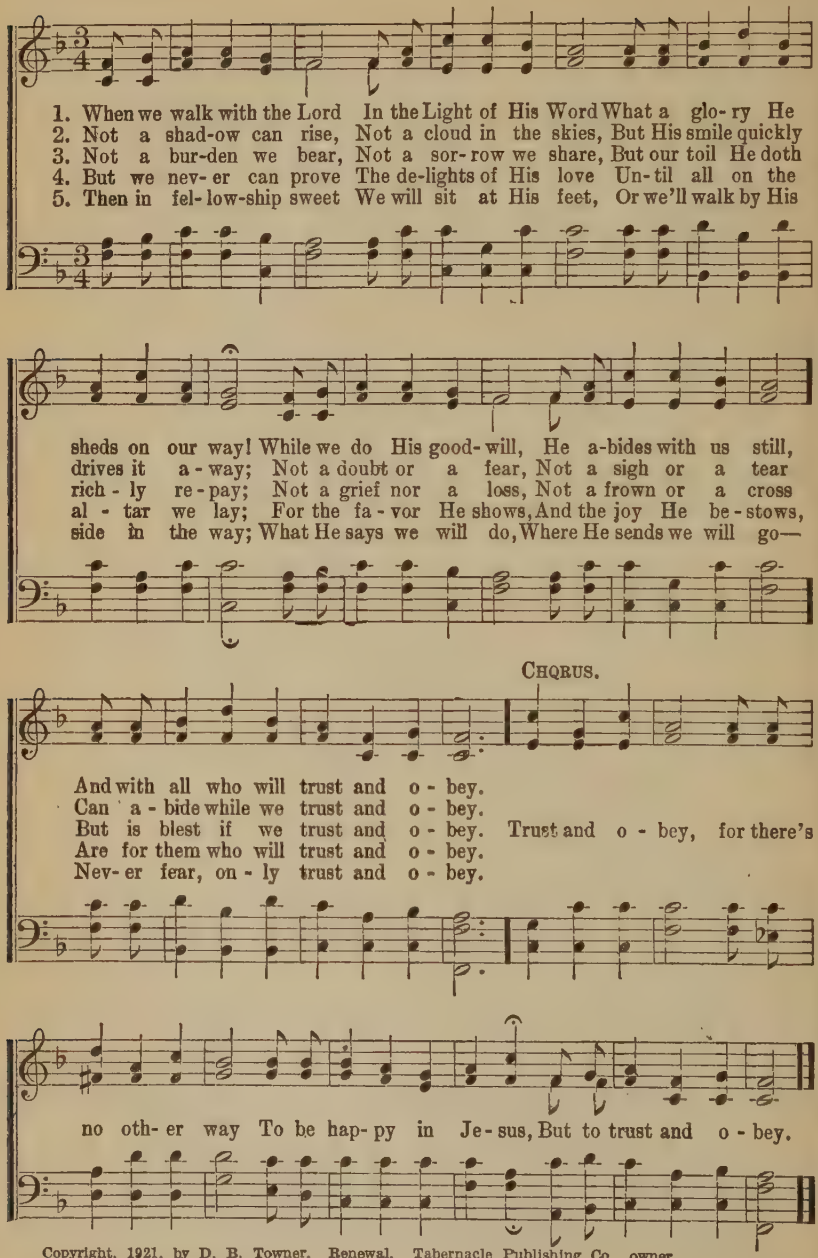
Trust and Obey.

Rev. J. H. Sammis. D. B. Towner.


1. When we walk with the Lord In the Light of His Word What a glo- ry He
2. Not a shad-ow can rise, Not a cloud in the skies, But His smile quickly
3. Not a bur-den we bear, Not a sor- row we share, But our toil He doth
4. But we nev- er can prove The de-lights of His love Un- til all on the
5. Then in fel- low-ship sweet We will sit at His feet, Or we'll walk by His
sheds on our way! While we do His good- will, He a-bides with us still,
drives it a - way; Not a doubt or a fear, Not a sigh or a tear
rich - ly re - pay; Not a grief nor a loss, Not a frown or a cross
al - tar we lay; For the fa - vor He shows, And the joy He be - stows,
side in the way; What He says we will do, Where He sends we will go—
CHORUS.
And with all who will trust and o - bey.
Can a - bide while we trust and o - bey.
But is blest if we trust and o - bey. Trust and o - bey, for there's
Are for them who will trust and o - bey.
Nev- er fear, on - ly trust and o - bey.
no oth- er way To be hap- py in Je - sus, But to trust and o - bey.

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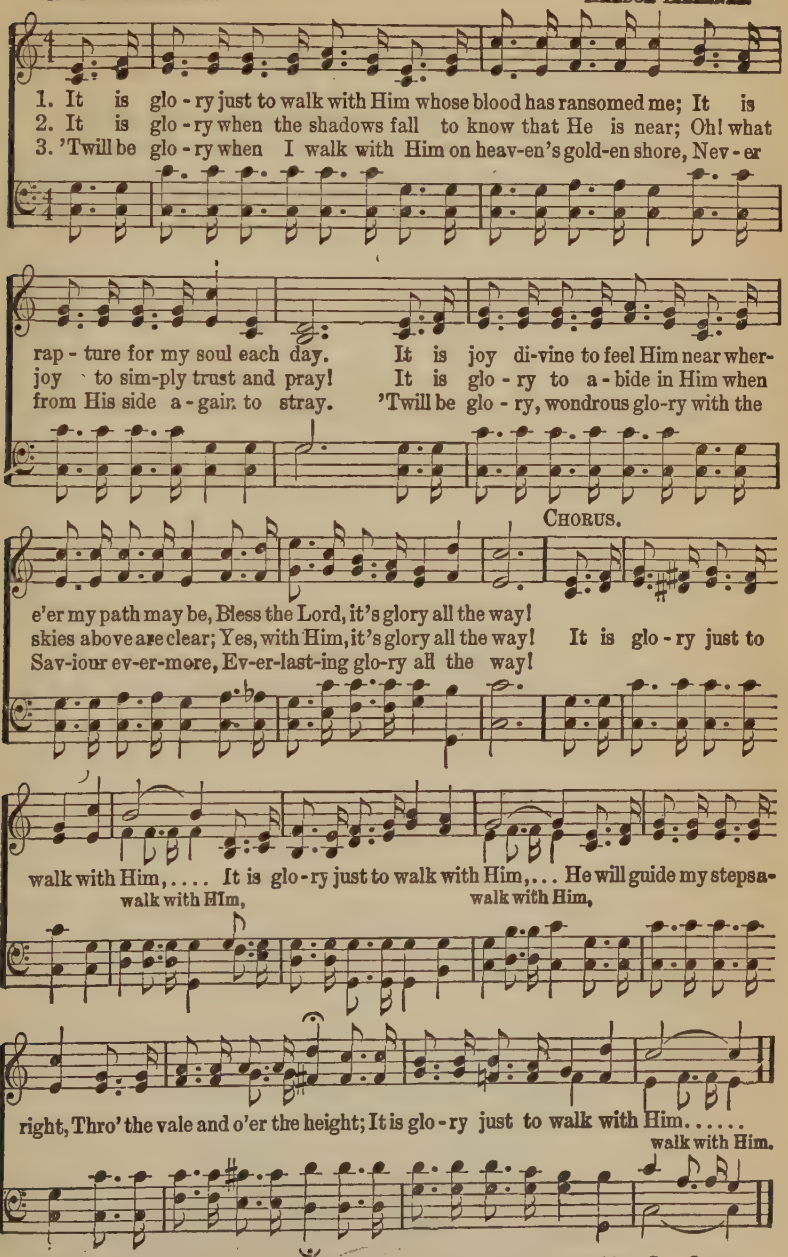
It Is Glory Just to Walk With Him.

AVIS M. BURGESON. HALDOR LILLENAS.

1. It is glo - ry just to walk with Him whose blood has ransomed me; It is
2. It is glo - ry when the shadows fall to know that He is near; Oh! what
3. 'Twill be glo - ry when I walk with Him on heav-en's gold-en shore, Nev - er
rap - ture for my soul each day. It is joy di-vine to feel Him near wher-
joy to sim-ply trust and pray! It is glo - ry to a - bide in Him when
from His side a - gain to stray. 'Twill be glo - ry, wondrous glo-ry with the
CHORUS.
e'er my path may be, Bless the Lord, it's glory all the way!
skies above are clear; Yes, with Him, it's glory all the way! It is glo - ry just to
Sav-iour ev-er-more, Ev-er-last-ing glo-ry all the way!
walk with Him, ... It is glo - ry just to walk with Him, . . . He will guide my steps a-
walk with Him, walk with Him,
right, Thro' the vale and o'er the height; It is glo - ry just to walk with Him. . . . . .
walk with Him.

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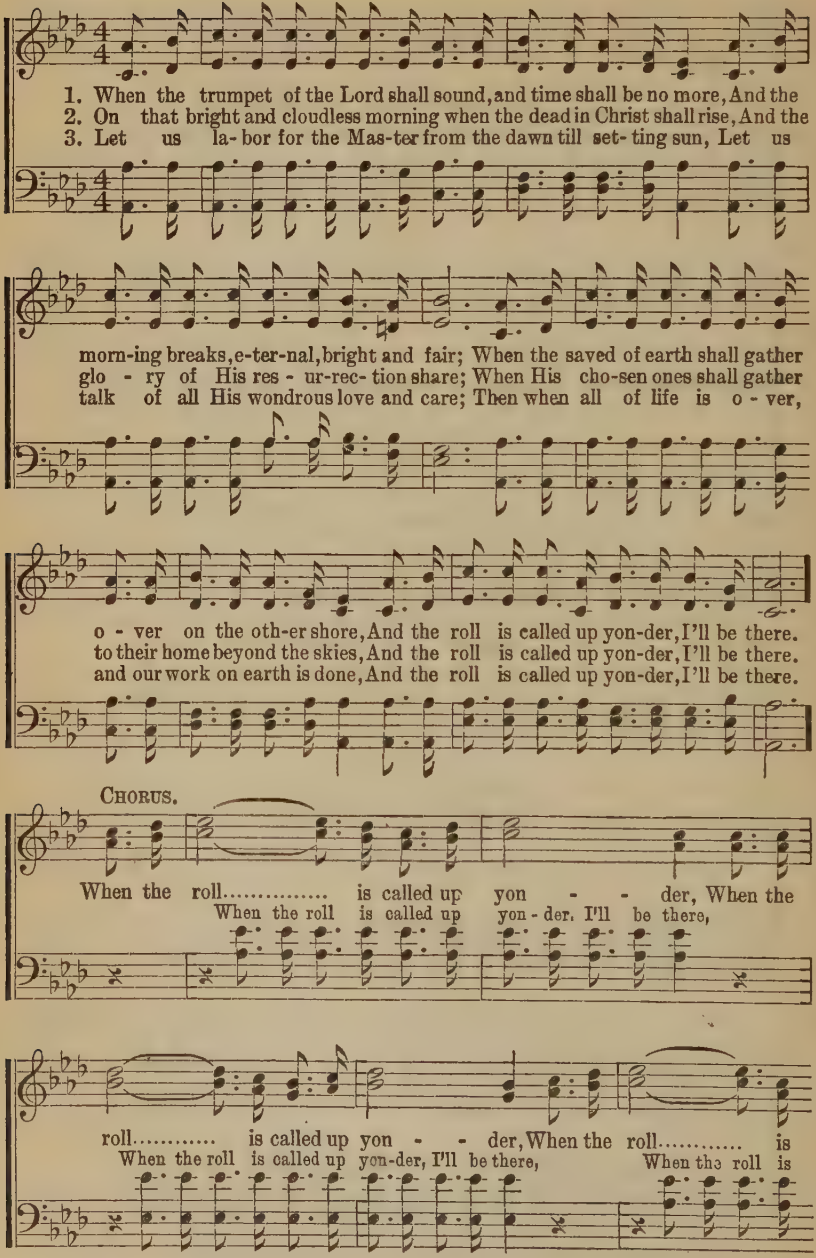
When the Roll is Called Up Yonder.

J. M. B. J. M. Black.

1. When the trumpet of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no more, And the
2. On that bright and cloudless morning when the dead in Christ shall rise, And the
3. Let us la- bor for the Mas-ter from the dawn till set- ting sun, Let us
morn-ing breaks, e-ter-nal, bright and fair; When the saved of earth shall gather
glo - ry of His res - ur-rec- tion share; When His cho-sen ones shall gather
talk of all His wondrous love and care; Then when all of life is o - ver,
o - ver on the oth-er shore, And the roll is called up yon-der, I'll be there.
to their home beyond the skies, And the roll is called up yon-der, I'll be there.
and our work on earth is done, And the roll is called up yon-der, I'll be there.
Chorus.
When the roll..... is called up yon - - der, When the
When the roll is called up yon - der. I'll be there,
roll..... is called up yon - - der, When the roll..... is
When the roll is called up yon-der, I'll be there, When the roll is

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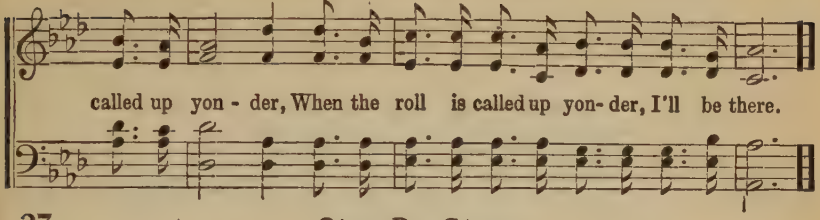

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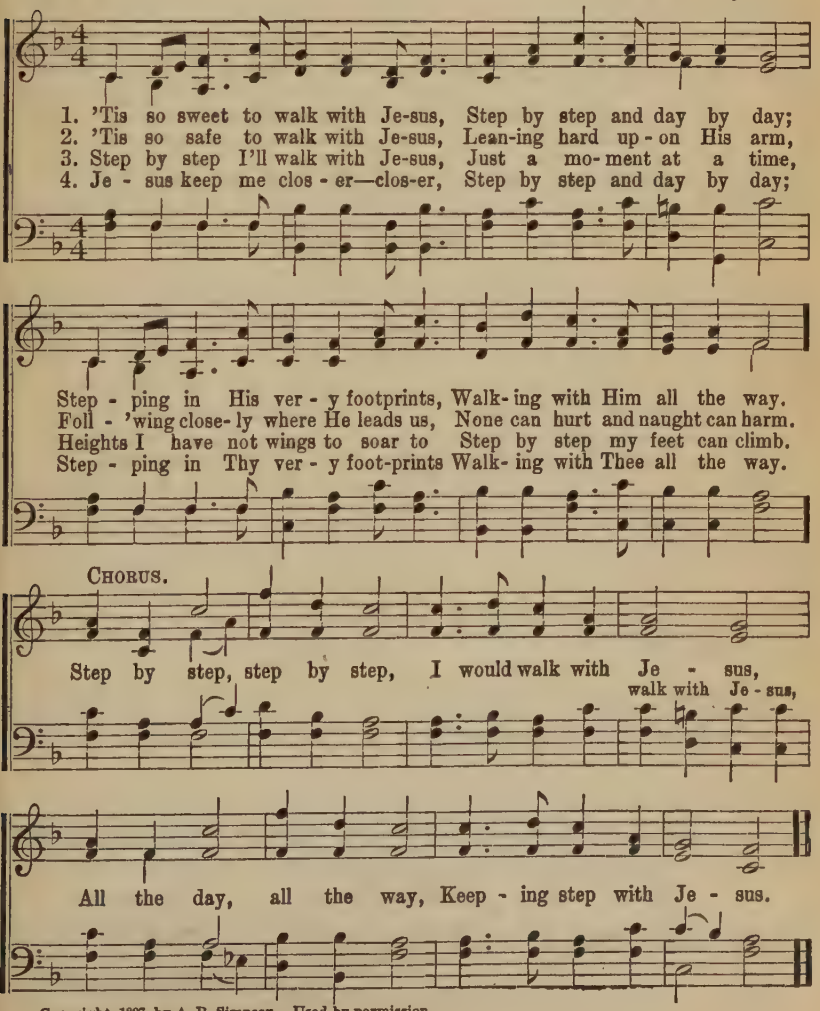
Step By Step.

A. B. S. Rev. A. B. Simpson.

1. 'Tis so sweet to walk with Je-sus, Step by step and day by day;
2. 'Tis so safe to walk with Je-sus, Lean-ing hard up - on His arm,
3. Step by step I'll walk with Je-sus, Just a mo- ment at a time,
4. Je - sus keep me clos - er—clos-er, Step by step and day by day;
Step - ping in His ver - y footprints, Walk- ing with Him all the way.
Foll - 'wing close- ly where He leads us, None can hurt and naught can harm.
Heights I have not wings to soar to Step by step my feet can climb.
Step - ping in Thy ver - y foot-prints Walk- ing with Thee all the way.
Chorus.
Step by step, step by step, I would walk with Je - sus,
walk with Je - sus,
All the day, all the way, Keep - ing step with Je - sus.

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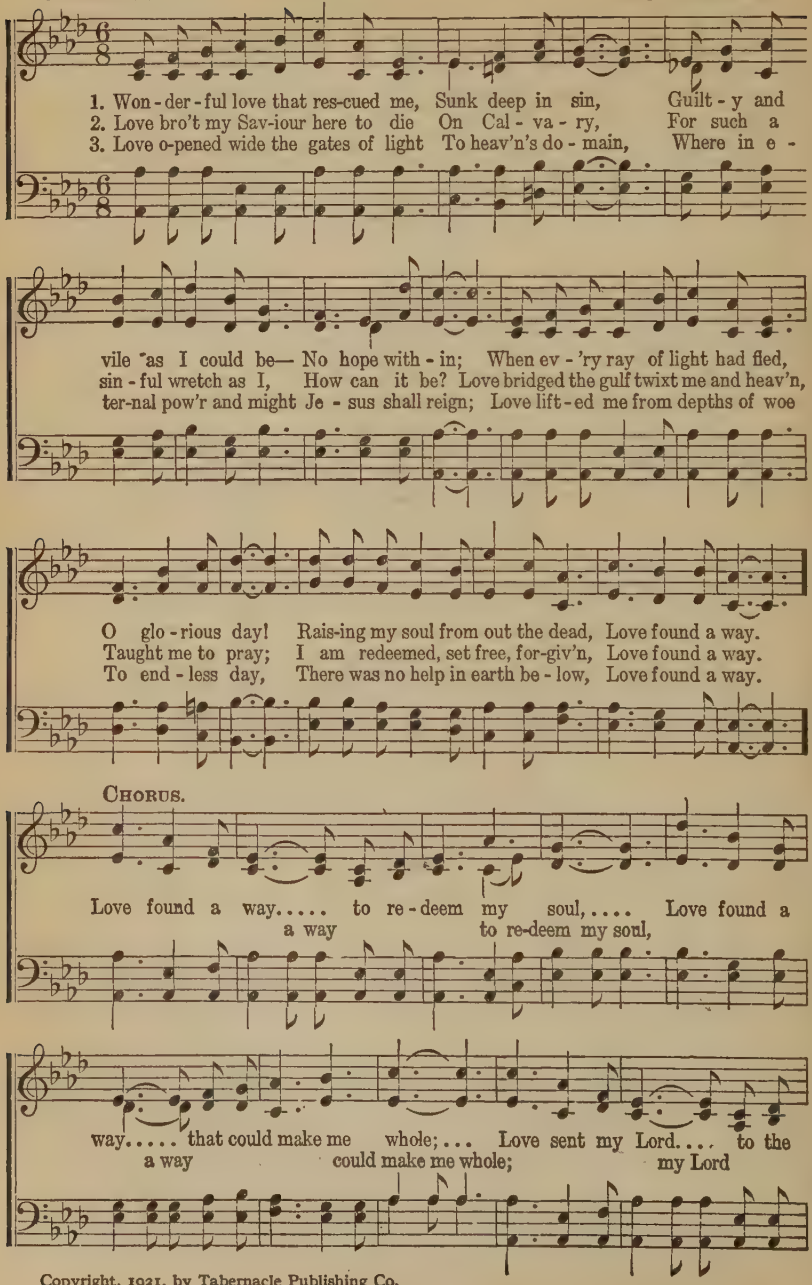
Love Found a Way.

Constance B. Ried. Harry Dixon Loes.


1. Won - der - ful love that res-cued me, Sunk deep in sin, Guilt - y and
2. Love bro't my Sav-iour here to die On Cal - va - ry, For such a
3. Love o-pened wide the gates of light To heav'n's do - main, Where in e -
vile as I could be— No hope with - in; When ev - 'ry ray of light had fled,
sin - ful wretch as I, How can it be? Love bridged the gulf twixt me and heav'n,
ter-nal pow'r and might Je - sus shall reign; Love lift - ed me from depths of woe
O glo - rious day! Rais-ing my soul from out the dead, Love found a way.
Taught me to pray; I am redeemed, set free, for-giv'n, Love found a way.
To end - less day, There was no help in earth be - low, Love found a way.
Chorus.
Love found a way..... to re - deem my soul,..... Love found a
a way to re-deem my soul,
way..... that could make me whole;... Love sent my Lord.... to the
a way could make me whole; my Lord

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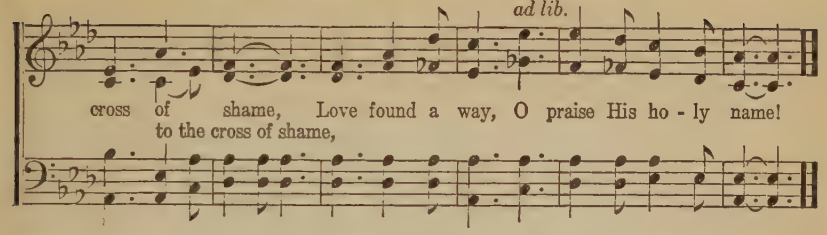
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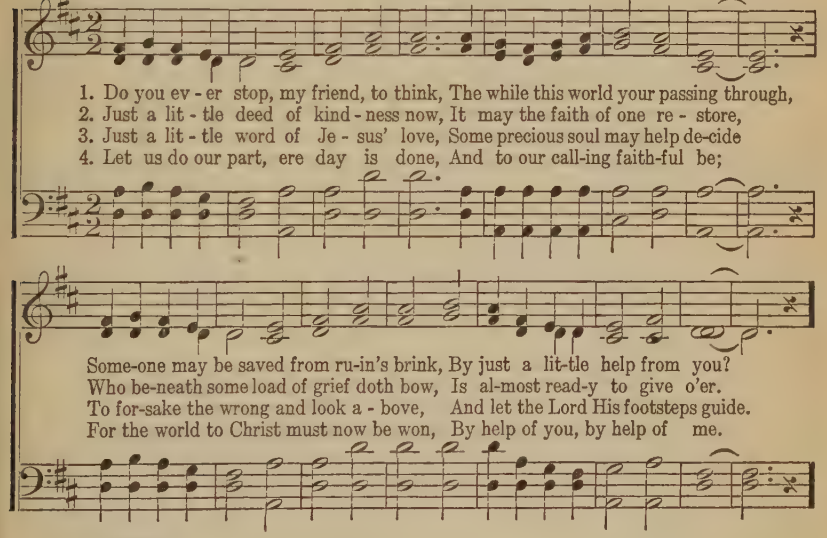
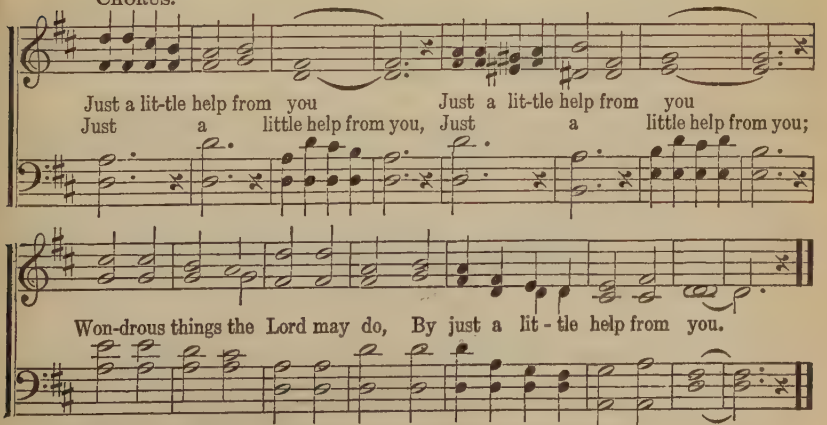
Just a Little Help From You.

Maud Frazer Jackson. Geo. C. Stebbins.


1. Do you ev - er stop, my friend, to think, The while this world your passing through,
2. Just a lit - tle deed of kind - ness now, It may the faith of one re - store,
3. Just a lit - tle word of Je - sus' love, Some precious soul may help de-cide
4. Let us do our part, ere day is done, And to our call-ing faith-ful be;
Some-one may be saved from ru-in's brink, By just a lit-tle help from you?
Who be-neath some load of grief doth bow, Is al-most read-y to give o'er.
To for-sake the wrong and look a - bove, And let the Lord His footsteps guide.
For the world to Christ must now be won, By help of you, by help of me.

CHORUS.


Just a lit-tle help from you Just a lit-tle help from you
Just a little help from you, Just a little help from you;
Won-drous things the Lord may do, By just a lit - tle help from you.

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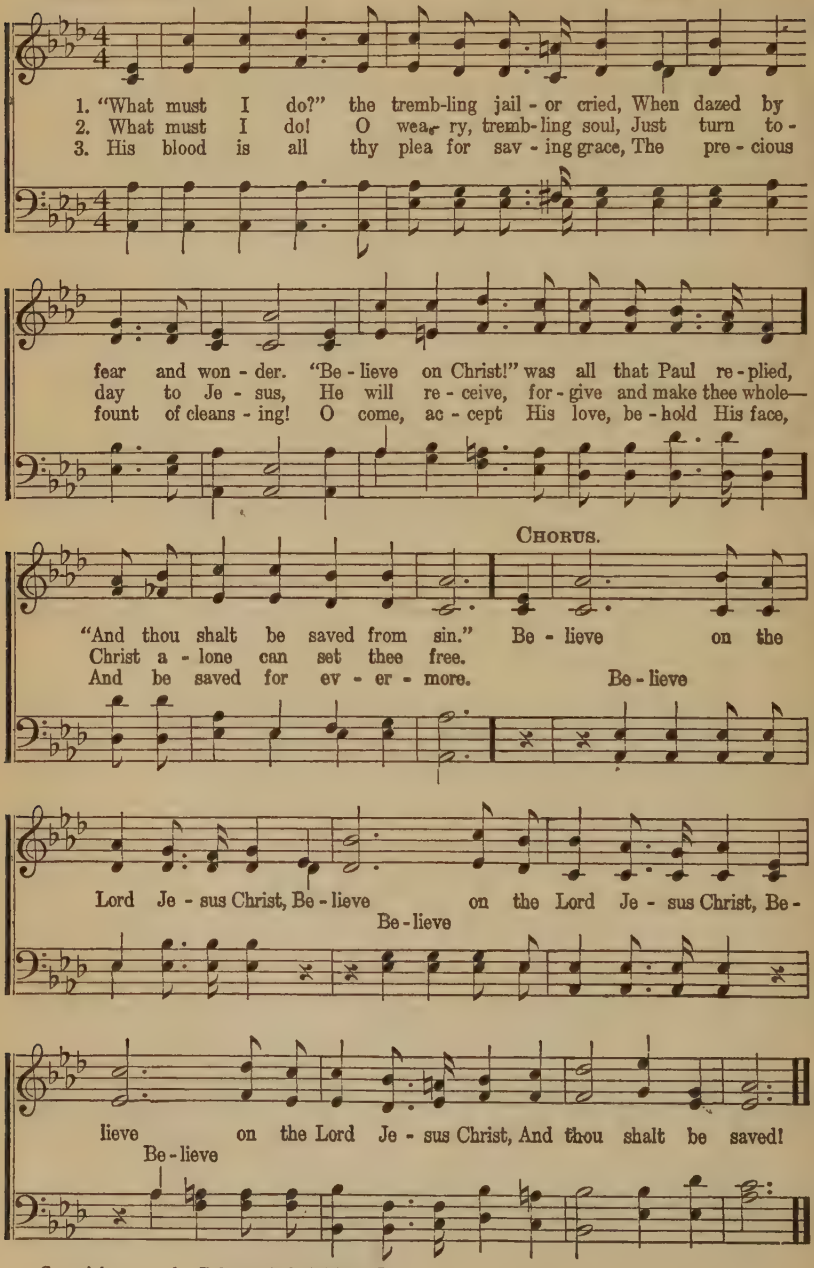
Believe On the Lord Jesus Christ.

Christian B. Anson. Harry D. Clarke.

1. "What must I do?" the tremb-ling jail - or cried, When dazed by
2. What must I do! O wea- ry, tremb-ling soul, Just turn to -
3. His blood is all thy plea for sav - ing grace, The pre - cious
fear and won - der. "Be - lieve on Christ!" was all that Paul re - plied,
day to Je - sus, He will re - ceive, for - give and make thee whole—
fount of cleans - ing! O come, ac - cept His love, be - hold His face,
CHORUS.
"And thou shalt be saved from sin." Be - lieve on the
Christ a - lone can set thee free.
And be saved for ev - er - more. Be - lieve
Lord Je - sus Christ, Be - lieve on the Lord Je - sus Christ, Be -
Be - lieve
lieve on the Lord Je - sus Christ, And thou shalt be saved!
Be - lieve

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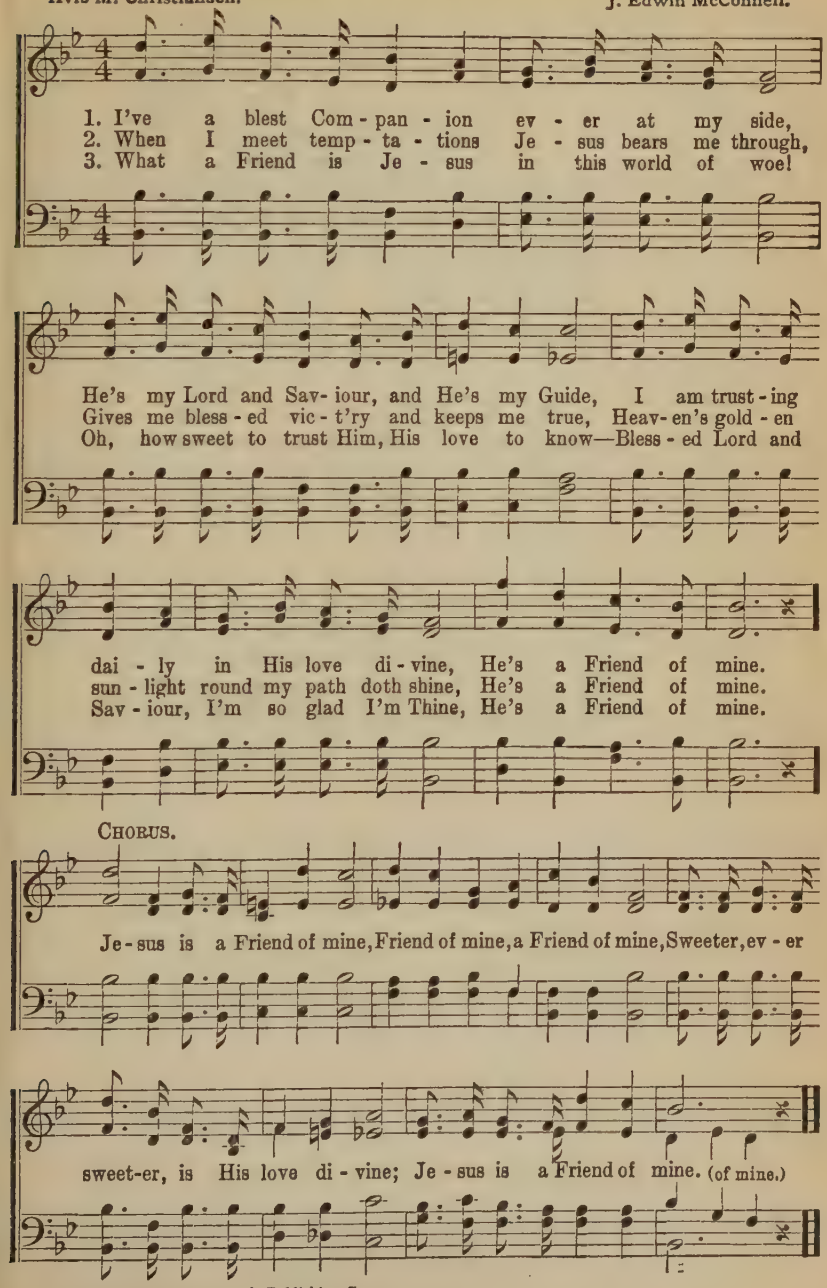
Jesus Is a Friend of Mine.

Avis M. Christiansen. J. Edwin McConnell.

1. I've a blest Com - pan - ion ev - er at my side,
2. When I meet temp - ta - tions Je - sus bears me through,
3. What a Friend is Je - sus in this world of woe!
He's my Lord and Sav- iour, and He's my Guide, I am trust - ing
Gives me bless - ed vic - t'ry and keeps me true, Heav- en's gold - en
Oh, how sweet to trust Him, His love to know—Bless - ed Lord and
dai - ly in His love di - vine, He's a Friend of mine.
sun - light round my path doth shine, He's a Friend of mine.
Sav - iour, I'm so glad I'm Thine, He's a Friend of mine.
CHORUS.
Je - sus is a Friend of mine, Friend of mine, a Friend of mine, Sweeter, ev - er
sweet-er, is His love di - vine; Je - sus is a Friend of mine. (of mine.)

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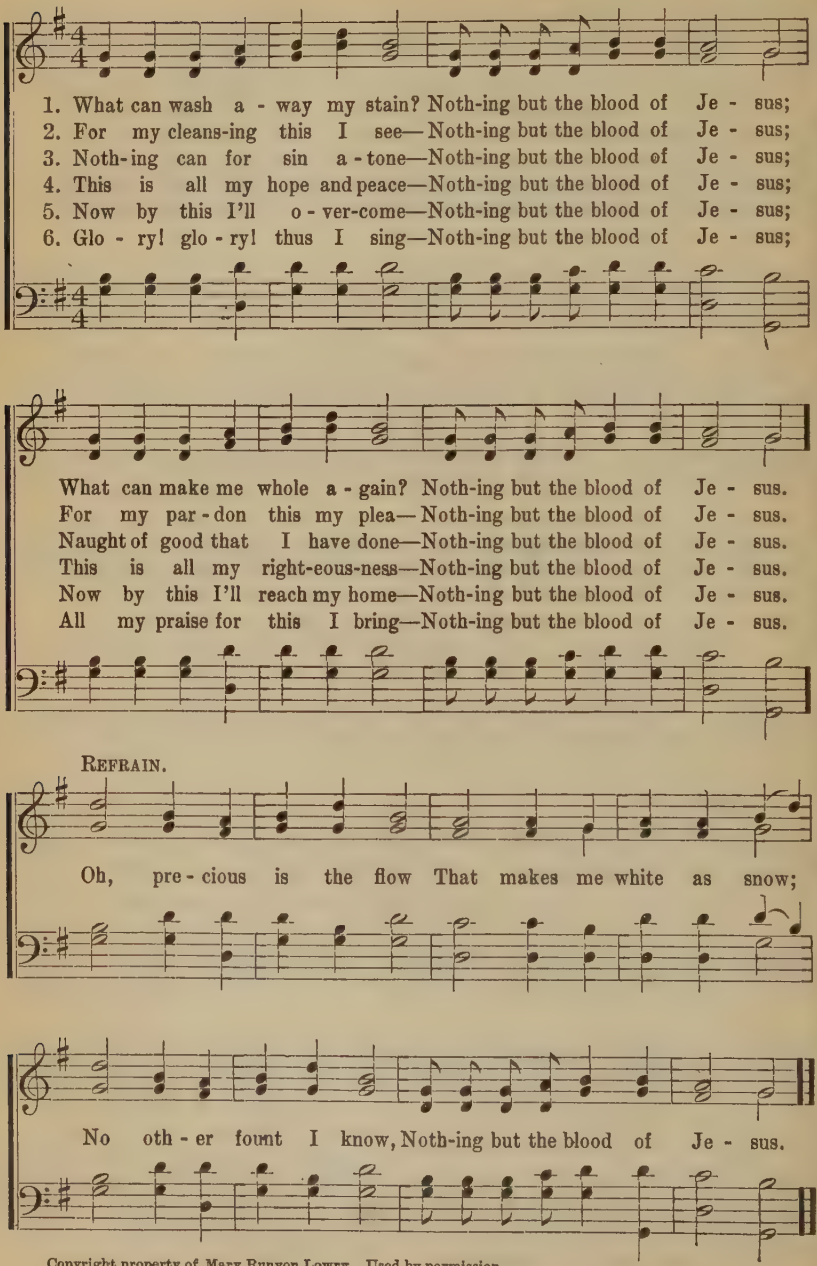
Nothing But the Blood of Jesus.

R. L. Rev. Robert Lowry.

1. What can wash a - way my stain? Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus;
2. For my cleans-ing this I see—Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus;
3. Noth-ing can for sin a - tone—Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus;
4. This is all my hope and peace—Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus;
5. Now by this I'll o - ver-come—Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus;
6. Glo - ry! glo - ry! thus I sing—Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus;
What can make me whole a - gain? Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus.
For my par - don this my plea—Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus.
Naught of good that I have done—Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus.
This is all my right-eous-ness—Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus.
Now by this I'll reach my home—Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus.
All my praise for this I bring—Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus.
REFRAIN.
Oh, pre - cious is the flow That makes me white as snow;
No oth - er fount I know, Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus.

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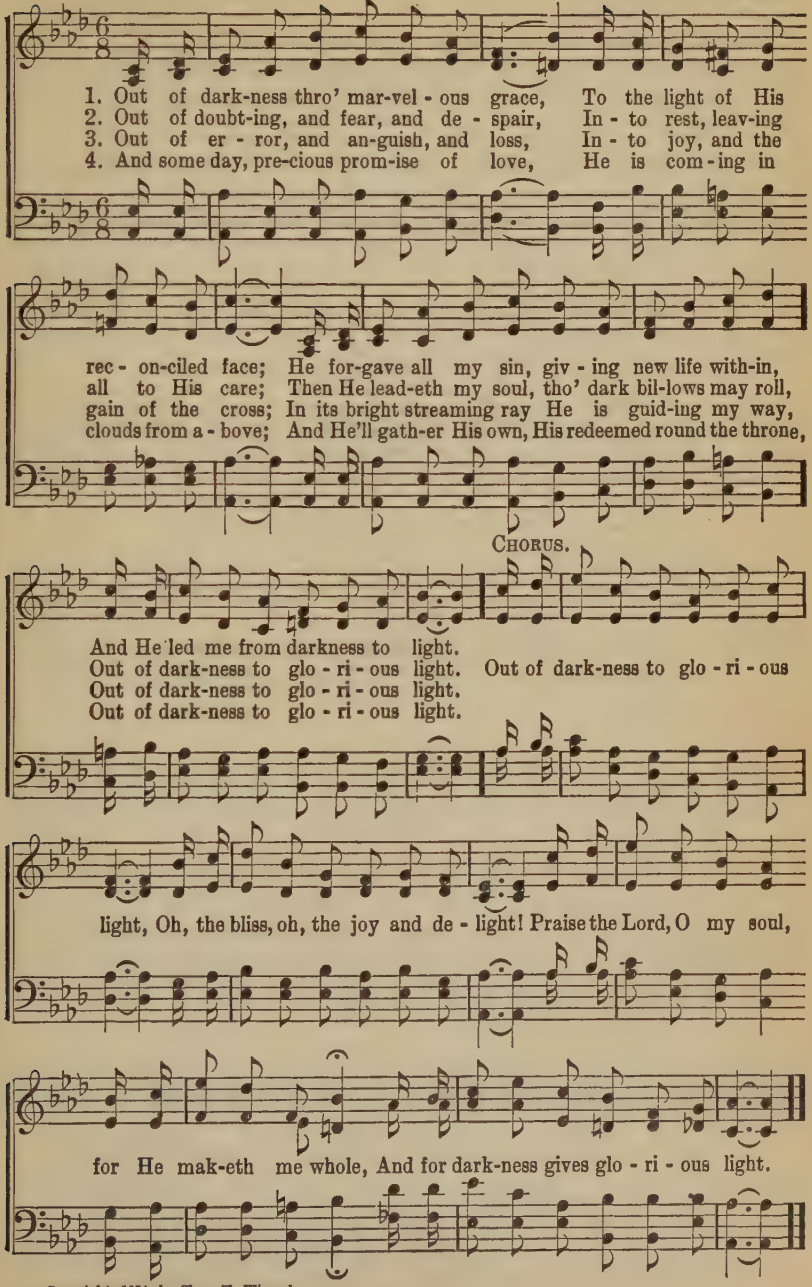
Out of Darkness.

Mrs. Charles H. Wieand. Oral G. Thomas.


1. Out of dark-ness thro' mar-vel - ous grace, To the light of His
2. Out of doubt-ing, and fear, and de - spair, In - to rest, leav-ing
3. Out of er - ror, and an-guish, and loss, In - to joy, and the
4. And some day, pre-cious prom-ise of love, He is com - ing in
rec - on-ciled face; He for-gave all my sin, giv - ing new life with-in,
all to His care; Then He lead-eth my soul, tho' dark bil-lows may roll,
gain of the cross; In its bright streaming ray He is guid-ing my way,
clouds from a - bove; And He'll gath-er His own, His redeemed round the throne,
CHORUS.
And He led me from darkness to light.
Out of dark-ness to glo - ri - ous light. Out of dark-ness to glo - ri - ous
Out of dark-ness to glo - ri - ous light.
Out of dark-ness to glo - ri - ous light.
light, Oh, the bliss, oh, the joy and de - light! Praise the Lord, O my soul,
for He mak-eth me whole, And for dark-ness gives glo - ri - ous light.

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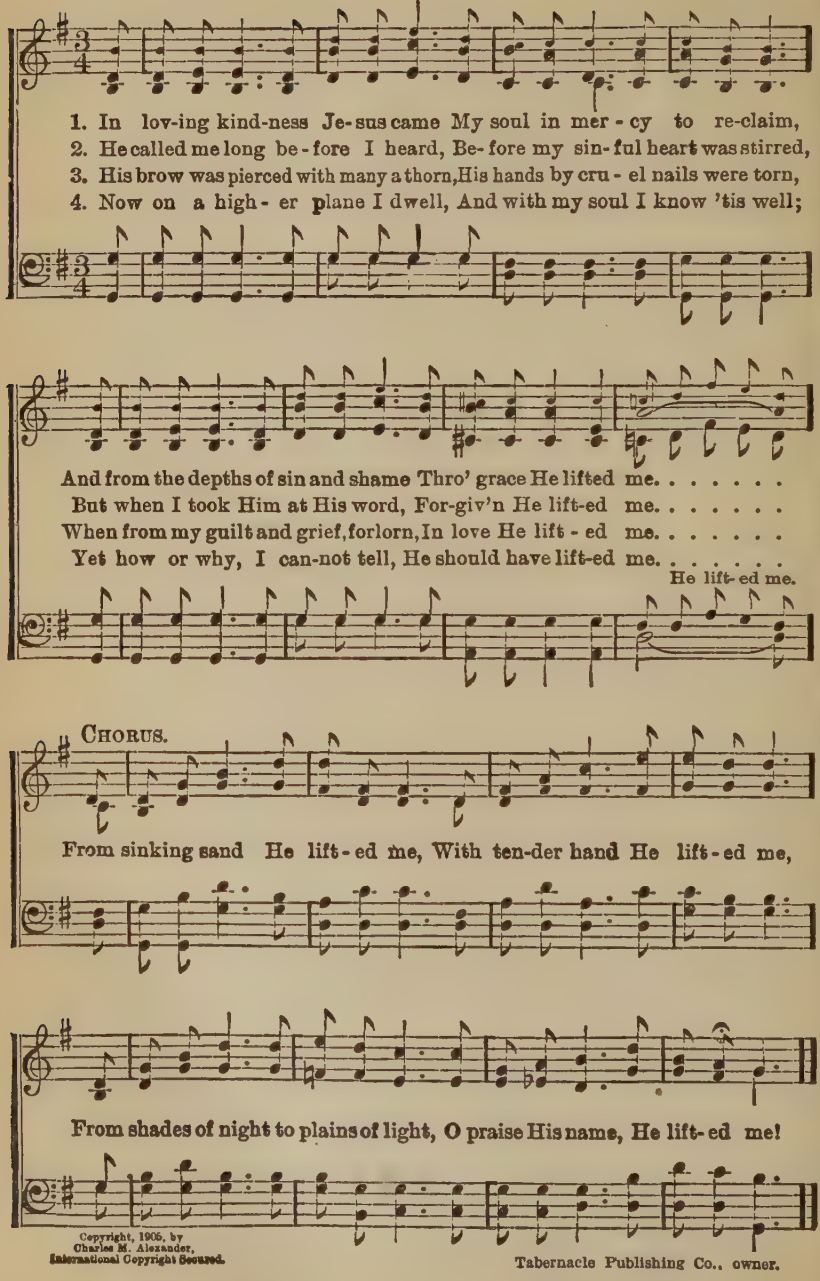
He Lifted Me.

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.


1. In lov-ing kind-ness Je-sus came My soul in mer-cy to re-claim,
2. He called me long be-fore I heard, Be-fore my sin-ful heart was stirred,
3. His brow was pierced with many a thorn, His hands by cru-el nails were torn,
4. Now on a high-er plane I dwell, And with my soul I know 'tis well;
And from the depths of sin and shame Thro' grace He lifted me. . . . . .
But when I took Him at His word, For-giv'n He lift-ed me. . . . . .
When from my guilt and grief, forlorn, In love He lift-ed me. . . . . .
Yet how or why, I can-not tell, He should have lift-ed me. . . . . .
He lift-ed me.
CHORUS.
From sinking sand He lift-ed me, With ten-der hand He lift-ed me,
From shades of night to plains of light, O praise His name, He lift-ed me!

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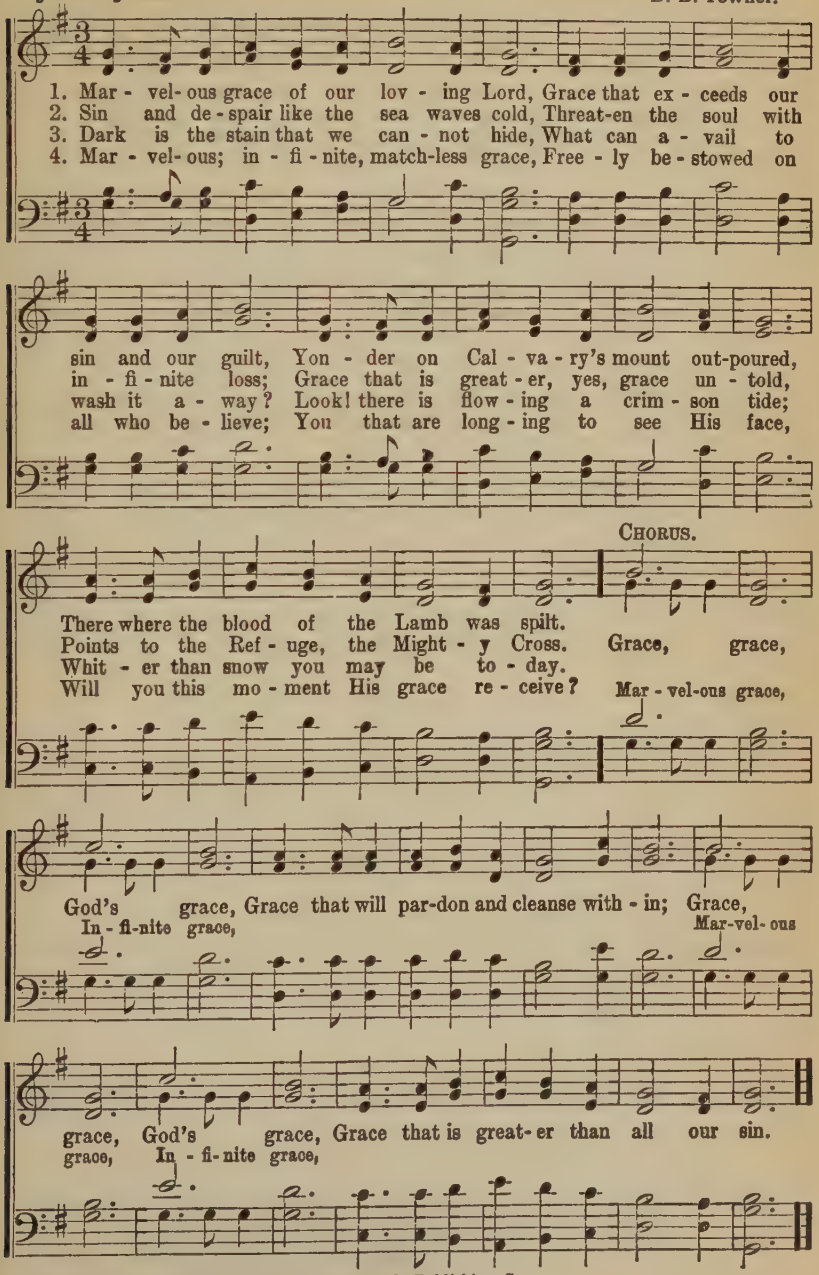
Grace Greater Than Our Sins.

Julia H. Johnston. D. B. Towner.

1. Mar - vel-ous grace of our lov - ing Lord, Grace that ex - ceeds our
2. Sin and de-spair like the sea waves cold, Threat-en the soul with
3. Dark is the stain that we can - not hide, What can a - vail to
4. Mar - vel-ous; in - fi - nite, match-less grace, Free - ly be - stowed on
sin and our guilt, Yon - der on Cal - va - ry's mount out-poured,
in - fi - nite loss; Grace that is great - er, yes, grace un - told,
wash it a - way? Look! there is flow - ing a crim - son tide;
all who be - lieve; You that are long - ing to see His face,
CHORUS.
There where the blood of the Lamb was spilt.
Points to the Ref - uge, the Might - y Cross. Grace, grace,
Whit - er than snow you may be to - day.
Will you this mo - ment His grace re - ceive? Mar - vel-ous grace,
God's grace, Grace that will par-don and cleanse with - in; Grace,
In - fi-nite grace, Mar-vel- ous
grace, God's grace, Grace that is great - er than all our sin.
grace, In - fi-nite grace,

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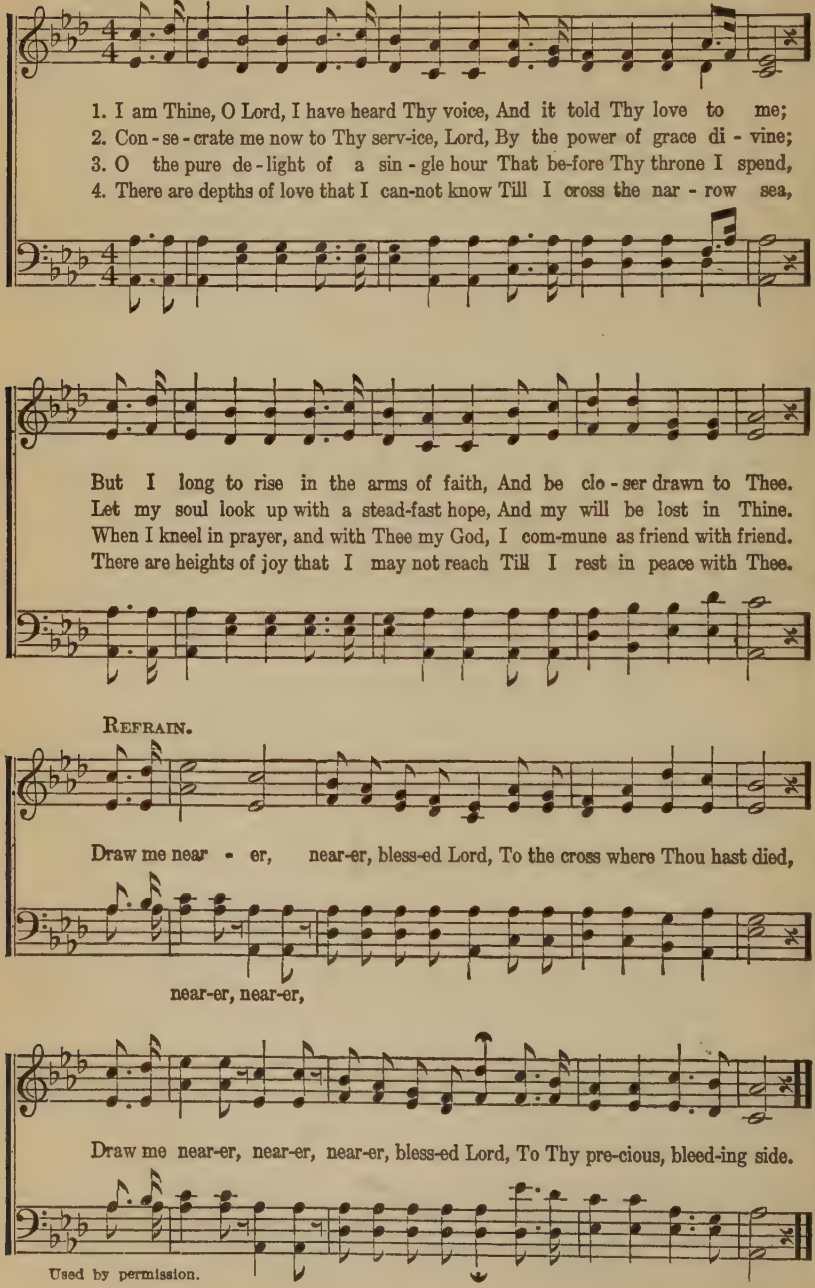
I Am Thine, O Lord.

Fanny J. Crosby. W. H. Doane.


1. I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice, And it told Thy love to me;
2. Con - se - crate me now to Thy serv-ice, Lord, By the power of grace di - vine;
3. O the pure de - light of a sin - gle hour That be-fore Thy throne I spend,
4. There are depths of love that I can-not know Till I cross the nar - row sea,
But I long to rise in the arms of faith, And be clo - ser drawn to Thee.
Let my soul look up with a stead-fast hope, And my will be lost in Thine.
When I kneel in prayer, and with Thee my God, I com-mune as friend with friend.
There are heights of joy that I may not reach Till I rest in peace with Thee.
REFRAIN.
Draw me near - er, near-er, bless-ed Lord, To the cross where Thou hast died,
near-er, near-er,
Draw me near-er, near-er, near-er, bless-ed Lord, To Thy pre-cious, bleed-ing side.

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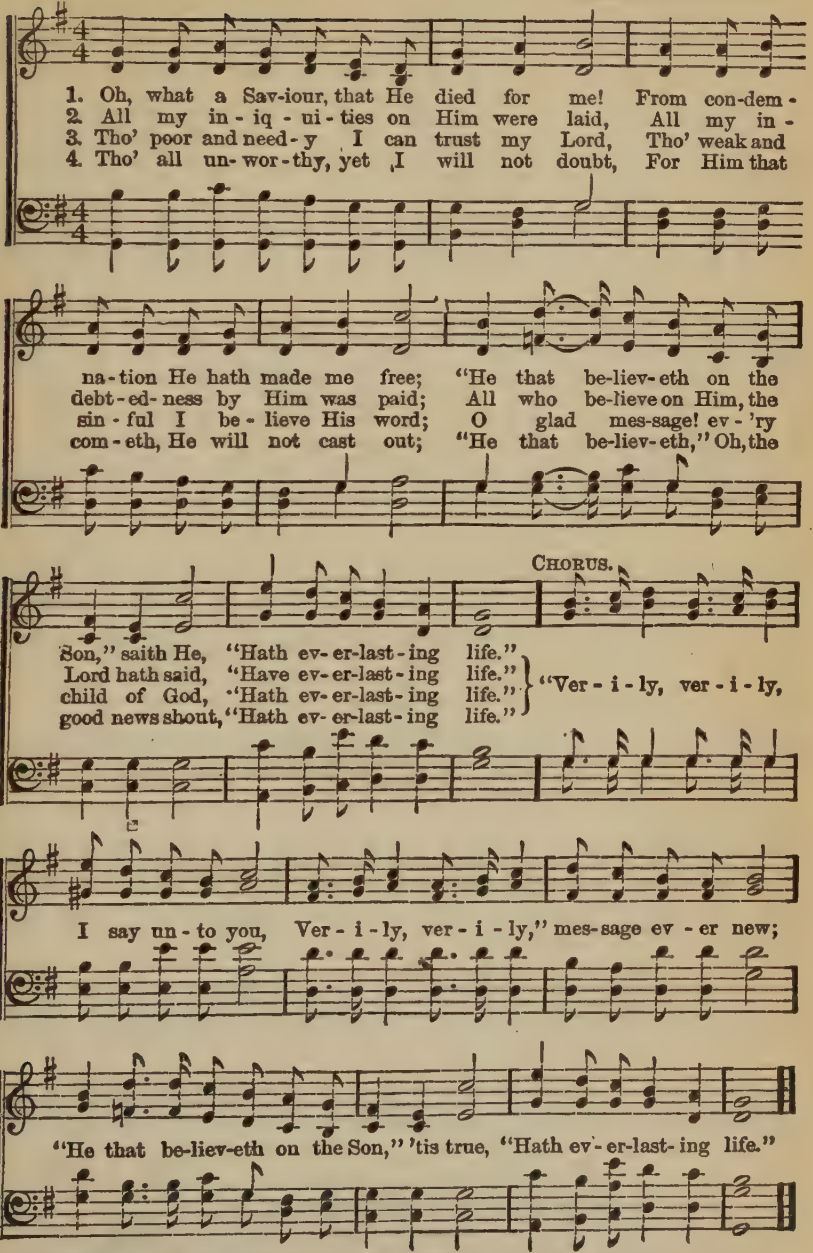
Verily, Verily.

G. M. J. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. Oh, what a Sav-iour, that He died for me! From con-dem-
2. All my in-iq-ui-ties on Him were laid, All my in-
3. Tho' poor and need-y I can trust my Lord, Tho' weak and
4. Tho' all un-wor-thy, yet I will not doubt, For Him that
na-tion He hath made me free; "He that be-liev-eth on the
debt-ed-ness by Him was paid; All who be-lieve on Him, the
sin-ful I be-lieve His word; O glad mes-sage! ev-'ry
com-eth, He will not cast out; "He that be-liev-eth," Oh, the
CHORUS.
Son," saith He, "Hath ev-er-last-ing life."
Lord hath said, "Have ev-er-last-ing life."
child of God, "Hath ev-er-last-ing life."
good news shout, "Hath ev-er-last-ing life."
"Ver-i-ly, ver-i-ly,
I say un-to you, Ver-i-ly, ver-i-ly," mes-sage ev-er new;
"He that be-liev-eth on the Son," 'tis true, "Hath ev-er-last-ing life."

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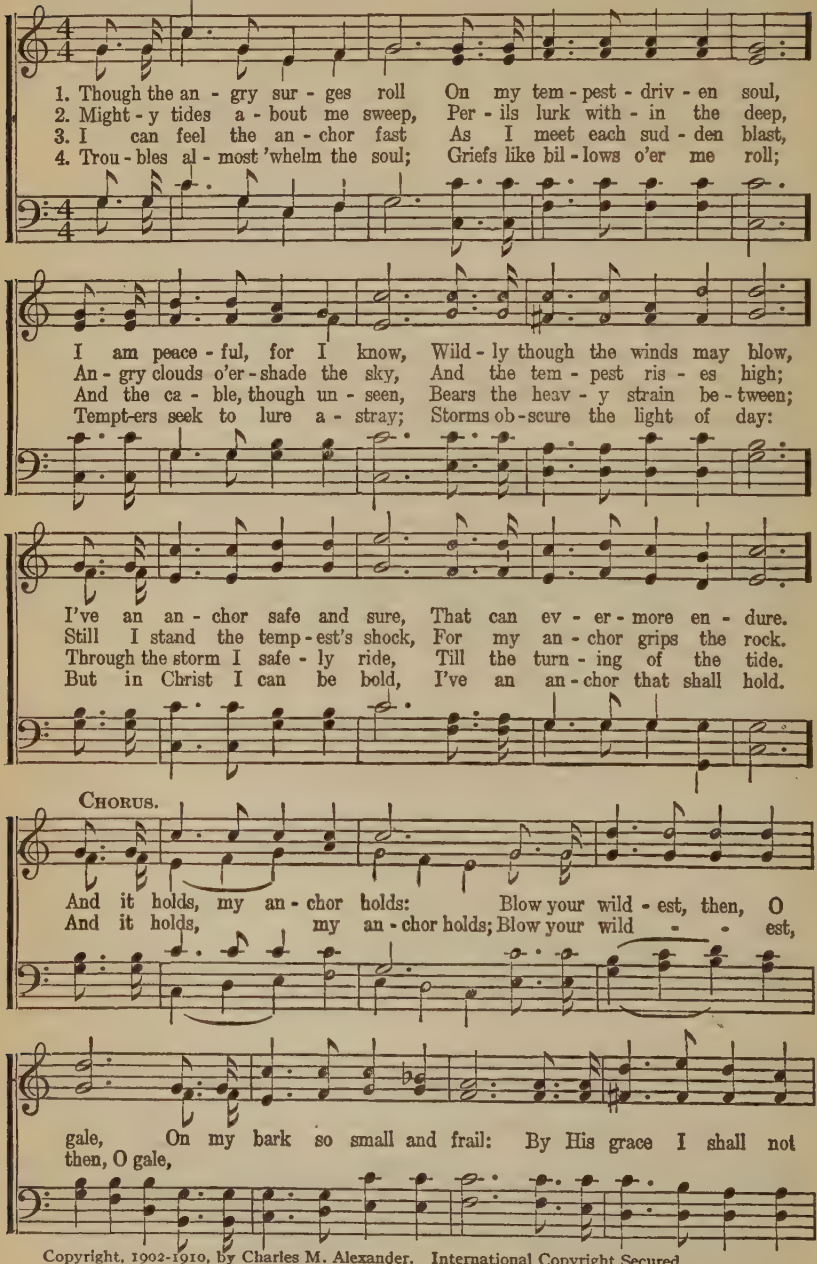
My Anchor Holds.

"Anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast."—Heb. 6: 19.

W. C. Martin, arr. D. B. Towner.

1. Though the an - gry sur - ges roll On my tem - pest - driv - en soul,
2. Might - y tides a - bout me sweep, Per - ils lurk with - in the deep,
3. I can feel the an - chor fast As I meet each sud - den blast,
4. Trou - bles al - most 'whelm the soul; Griefs like bil - lows o'er me roll;
I am peace - ful, for I know, Wild - ly though the winds may blow,
An - gry clouds o'er - shade the sky, And the tem - pest ris - es high;
And the ca - ble, though un - seen, Bears the heav - y strain be - tween;
Tempt-ers seek to lure a - stray; Storms ob - scure the light of day:
I've an an - chor safe and sure, That can ev - er - more en - dure.
Still I stand the temp - est's shock, For my an - chor grips the rock.
Through the storm I safe - ly ride, Till the turn - ing of the tide.
But in Christ I can be bold, I've an an - chor that shall hold.
Chorus.
And it holds, my an - chor holds: Blow your wild - est, then, O
And it holds, my an - chor holds; Blow your wild - est,
gale, On my bark so small and frail: By His grace I shall not
then, O gale,

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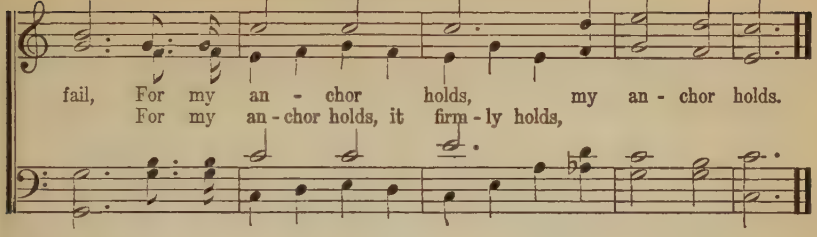
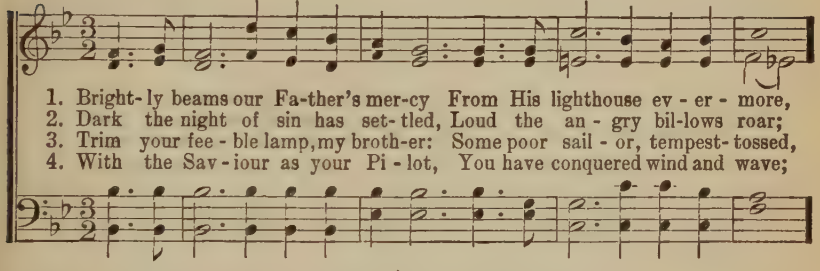
My Anchor Holds.—Concluded.

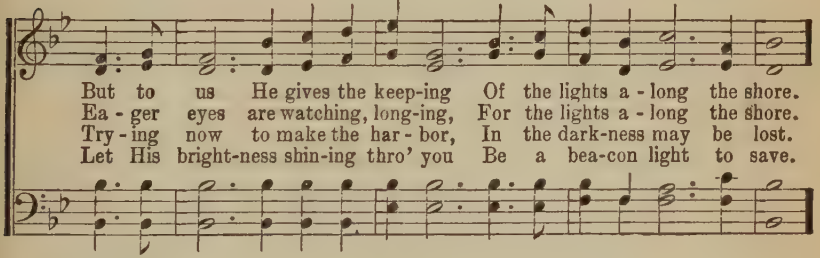


39 Let the Lower Lights Be Burning.

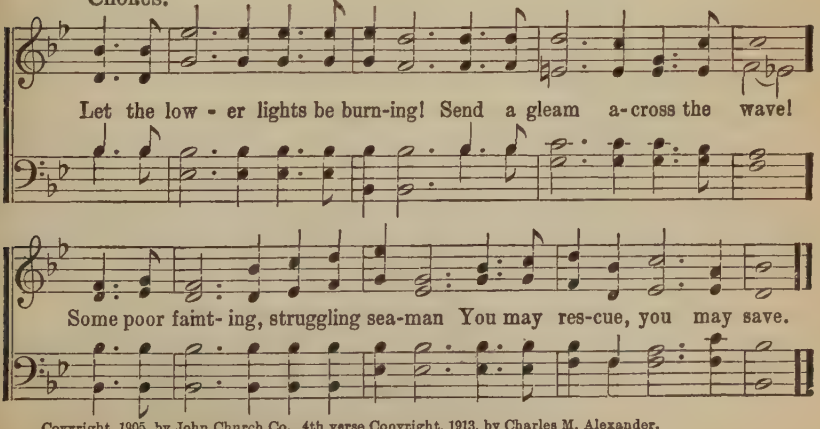
P. P. B.
William W. Rock.

P. P. Bliss.


1. Bright - ly beams our Fa-ther's mer-cy From His lighthouse ev - er - more,
2. Dark the night of sin has set - tled, Loud the an - gry bil-lows roar;
3. Trim your fee - ble lamp, my broth-er: Some poor sail - or, tempest - tossed,
4. With the Sav - iour as your Pi - lot, You have conquered wind and wave;


But to us He gives the keep-ing Of the lights a - long the shore.
Ea - ger eyes are watching, long-ing, For the lights a - long the shore.
Try - ing now to make the har - bor, In the dark-ness may be lost.
Let His bright-ness shin-ing thro' you Be a bea-con light to save.

CHORUS.


Let the low - er lights be burn-ing! Send a gleam a-cross the wave!
Some poor faint - ing, struggling sea-man You may res-cue, you may save.

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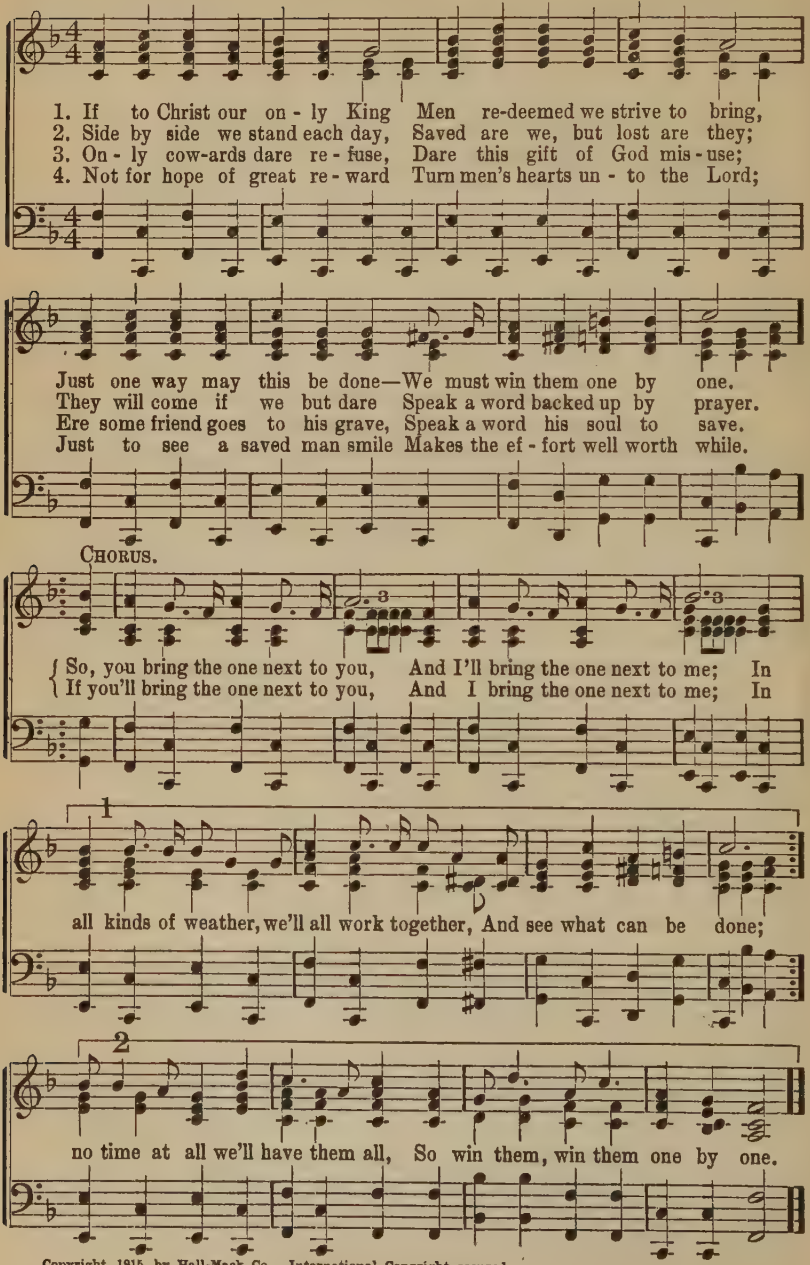
Win Them One by One.

C. A. M. (MARCH SONG FOR MEN.) C. Austin Miles.

In march time.

1. If to Christ our on - ly King Men re-deemed we strive to bring,
2. Side by side we stand each day, Saved are we, but lost are they;
3. On - ly cow-ards dare re - fuse, Dare this gift of God mis - use;
4. Not for hope of great re - ward Turn men's hearts un - to the Lord;
Just one way may this be done—We must win them one by one.
They will come if we but dare Speak a word backed up by prayer.
Ere some friend goes to his grave, Speak a word his soul to save.
Just to see a saved man smile Makes the ef - fort well worth while.
CHORUS.
So, you bring the one next to you, And I'll bring the one next to me; In
If you'll bring the one next to you, And I bring the one next to me; In
1
all kinds of weather, we'll all work together, And see what can be done;
2
no time at all we'll have them all, So win them, win them one by one.

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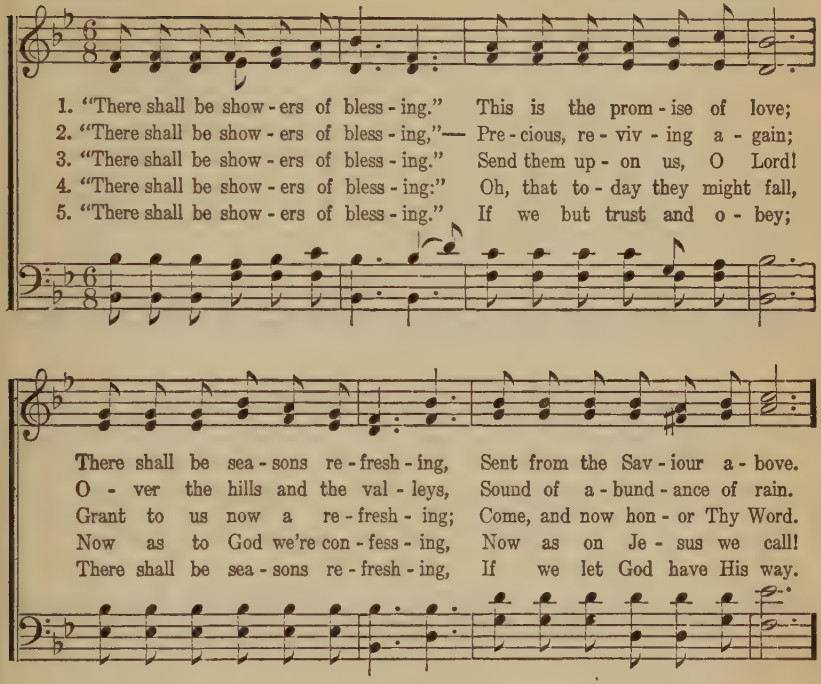
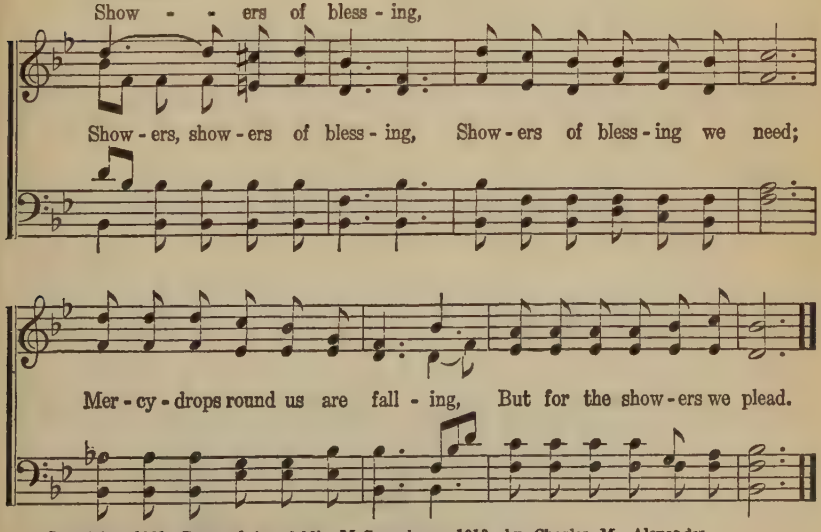
41 "There Shall Be Showers of Blessing."

El Nathan. James McGranahan.


1. "There shall be show - ers of bless - ing." This is the prom - ise of love;
2. "There shall be show - ers of bless - ing,"— Pre - cious, re - viv - ing a - gain;
3. "There shall be show - ers of bless - ing." Send them up - on us, O Lord!
4. "There shall be show - ers of bless - ing:" Oh, that to - day they might fall,
5. "There shall be show - ers of bless - ing." If we but trust and o - bey;
There shall be sea - sons re - fresh - ing, Sent from the Sav - iour a - bove.
O - ver the hills and the val - leys, Sound of a - bund - ance of rain.
Grant to us now a re - fresh - ing; Come, and now hon - or Thy Word.
Now as to God we're con - fess - ing, Now as on Je - sus we call!
There shall be sea - sons re - fresh - ing, If we let God have His way.

CHORUS.


Show - - ers of bless - ing,
Show - ers, show - ers of bless - ing, Show - ers of bless - ing we need;
Mer - cy - drops round us are fall - ing, But for the show - ers we plead.

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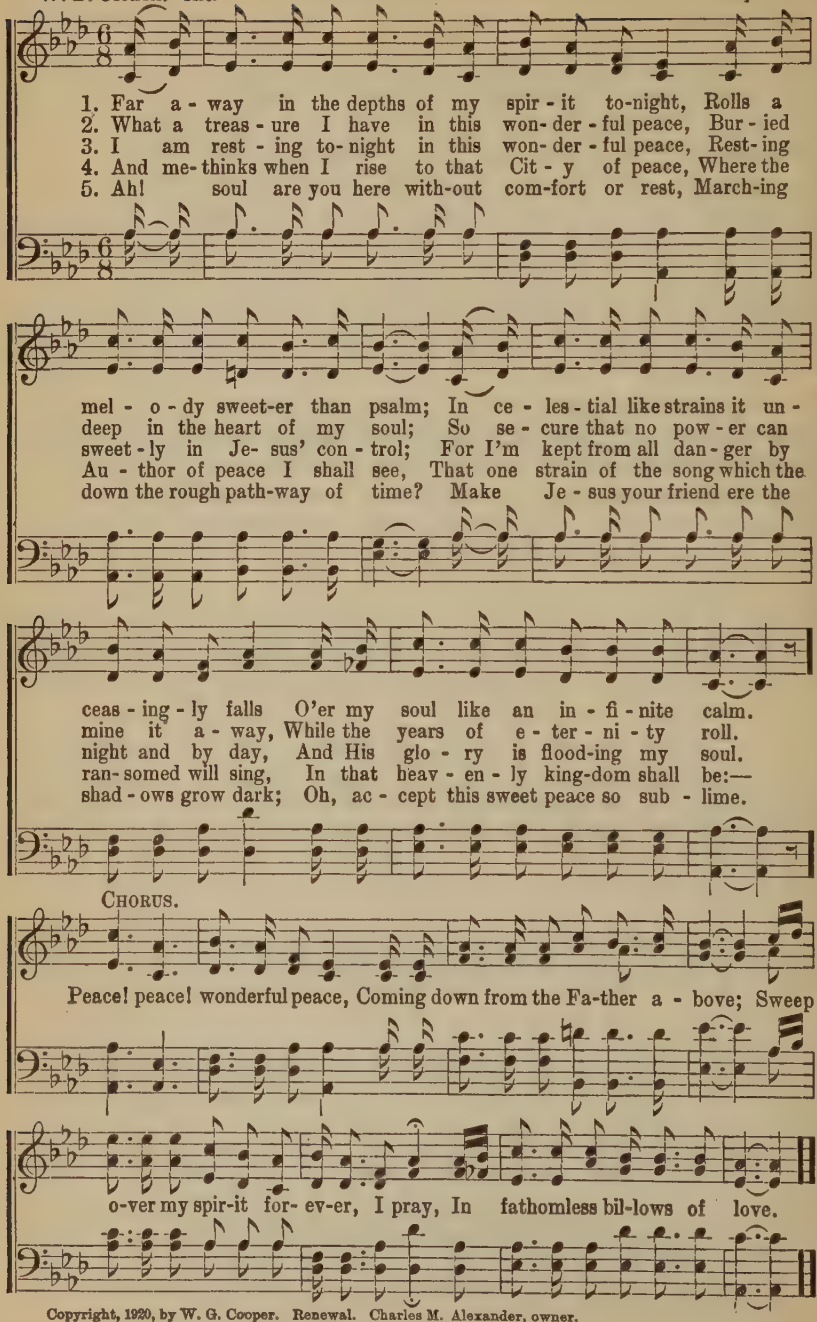
Wonderful Peace.

W. D. Cornell. Alt. W. G. Cooper.


1. Far a - way in the depths of my spir - it to-night, Rolls a mel - o - dy sweet-er than psalm; In ce - les - tial like strains it un -
2. What a treas - ure I have in this won - der - ful peace, Bur - ied deep in the heart of my soul; So se - cure that no pow - er can
3. I am rest - ing to-night in this won - der - ful peace, Rest - ing sweet - ly in Je- sus' con - trol; For I'm kept from all dan - ger by
4. And me-thinks when I rise to that Cit - y of peace, Where the Au - thor of peace I shall see, That one strain of the song which the
5. Ah! soul are you here with-out com-fort or rest, March-ing down the rough path-way of time? Make Je - sus your friend ere the
ceas - ing - ly falls O'er my soul like an in - fi - nite calm.
mine it a - way, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll.
night and by day, And His glo - ry is flood-ing my soul.
ran-somed will sing, In that heav - en - ly king-dom shall be:—
shad - ows grow dark; Oh, ac - cept this sweet peace so sub - lime.
CHORUS.
Peace! peace! wonderful peace, Coming down from the Fa-ther a - bove; Sweep o-ver my spir-it for- ev-er, I pray, In fathomless bil-lows of love.

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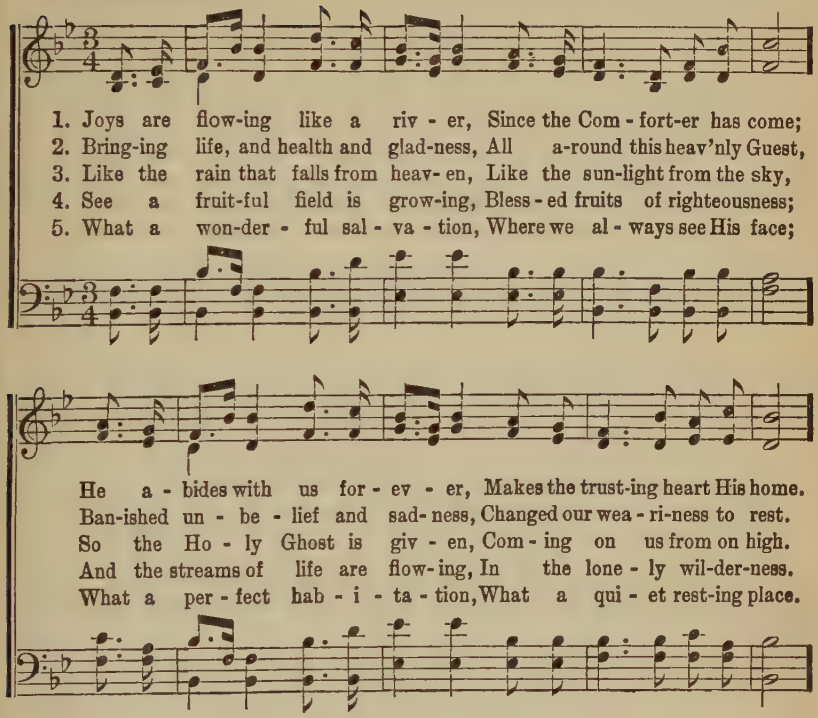
Blessed Quietness.

Manie Payne Ferguson — W. S. Marshall. Adapted by James M. Kirk.


1. Joys are flow-ing like a riv - er, Since the Com - fort-er has come;
2. Bring-ing life, and health and glad-ness, All a-round this heav'nly Guest,
3. Like the rain that falls from heav- en, Like the sun-light from the sky,
4. See a fruit-ful field is grow-ing, Bless - ed fruits of righteousness;
5. What a won-der - ful sal - va - tion, Where we al - ways see His face;
He a - bides with us for - ev - er, Makes the trust-ing heart His home.
Ban-ished un - be - lief and sad- ness, Changed our wea - ri-ness to rest.
So the Ho - ly Ghost is giv - en, Com - ing on us from on high.
And the streams of life are flow-ing, In the lone - ly wil-der-ness.
What a per - fect hab - i - ta - tion, What a qui - et rest-ing place.
REFRAIN.
Bless-ed qui - et-ness, ho - ly qui - et-ness, What as- sur - ance in my soul!
rit.....
On the storm-y sea, He speaks peace to me, How the bil-lows cease to roll.

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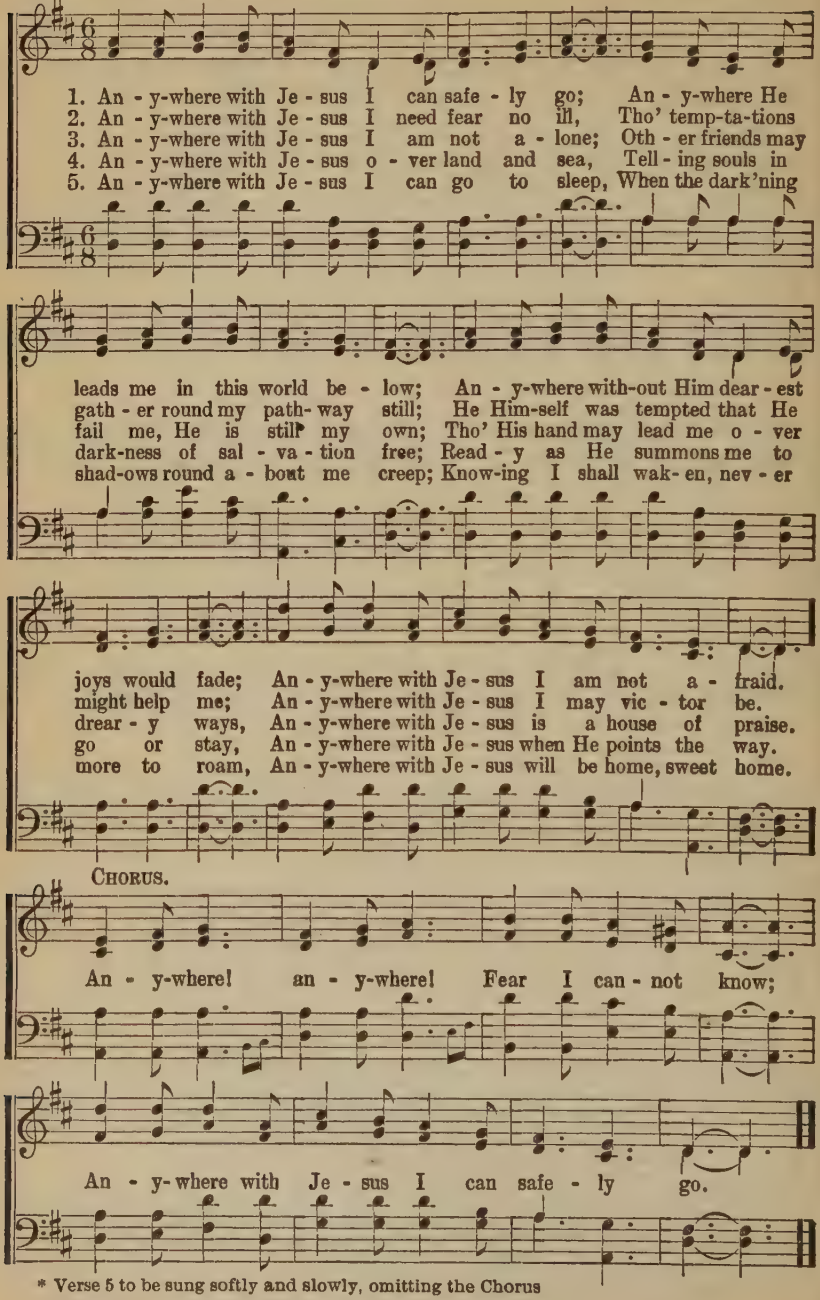
Anywhere With Jesus.

Jessie H. Brown and Mrs. C. M. Alexander. D. B. Towner.


1. An - y-where with Je - sus I can safe - ly go; An - y-where He
2. An - y-where with Je - sus I need fear no ill, Tho' temp-ta-tions
3. An - y-where with Je - sus I am not a - lone; Oth - er friends may
4. An - y-where with Je - sus o - ver land and sea, Tell - ing souls in
5. An - y-where with Je - sus I can go to sleep, When the dark'ning
leads me in this world be - low; An - y-where with-out Him dear - est
gath - er round my path- way still; He Him-self was tempted that He
fail me, He is still my own; Tho' His hand may lead me o - ver
dark-ness of sal - va - tion free; Read - y as He summons me to
shad-ows round a - bout me creep; Know-ing I shall wak- en, nev - er
joys would fade; An - y-where with Je - sus I am not a - fraid.
might help me; An - y-where with Je - sus I may vic - tor be.
drear - y ways, An - y-where with Je - sus is a house of praise.
go or stay, An - y-where with Je - sus when He points the way.
more to roam, An - y-where with Je - sus will be home, sweet home.
CHORUS.
An - y-where! an - y-where! Fear I can - not know;
An - y-where with Je - sus I can safe - ly go.

* Verse 5 to be sung softly and slowly, omitting the Chorus

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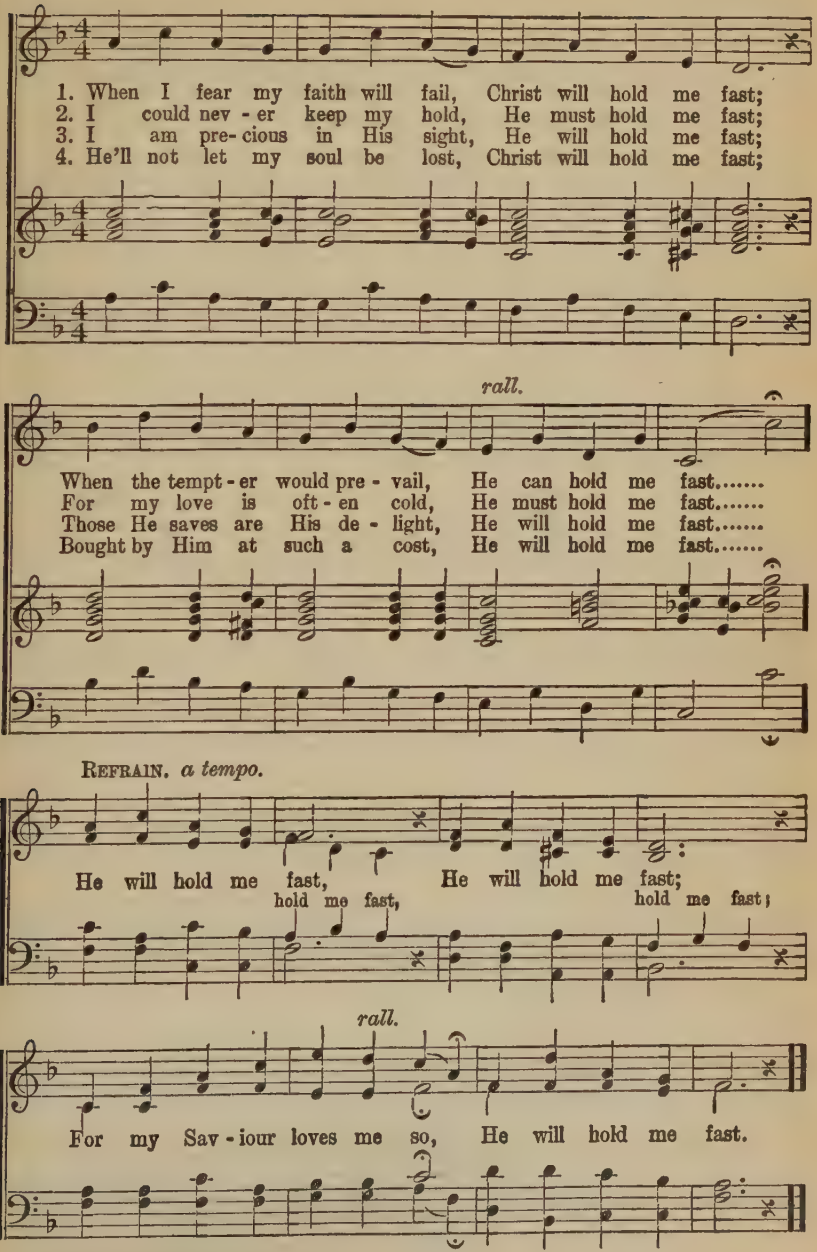
He Will Hold Me Fast.

Ada R. Habershon, Robert Harkness.

1. When I fear my faith will fail, Christ will hold me fast;
2. I could nev - er keep my hold, He must hold me fast;
3. I am pre - cious in His sight, He will hold me fast;
4. He'll not let my soul be lost, Christ will hold me fast;
rall.
When the tempt - er would pre - vail, He can hold me fast.....
For my love is oft - en cold, He must hold me fast.....
Those He saves are His de - light, He will hold me fast.....
Bought by Him at such a cost, He will hold me fast.....
REFRAIN. a tempo.
He will hold me fast, He will hold me fast;
hold me fast, hold me fast;
rall.
For my Sav - iour loves me so, He will hold me fast.

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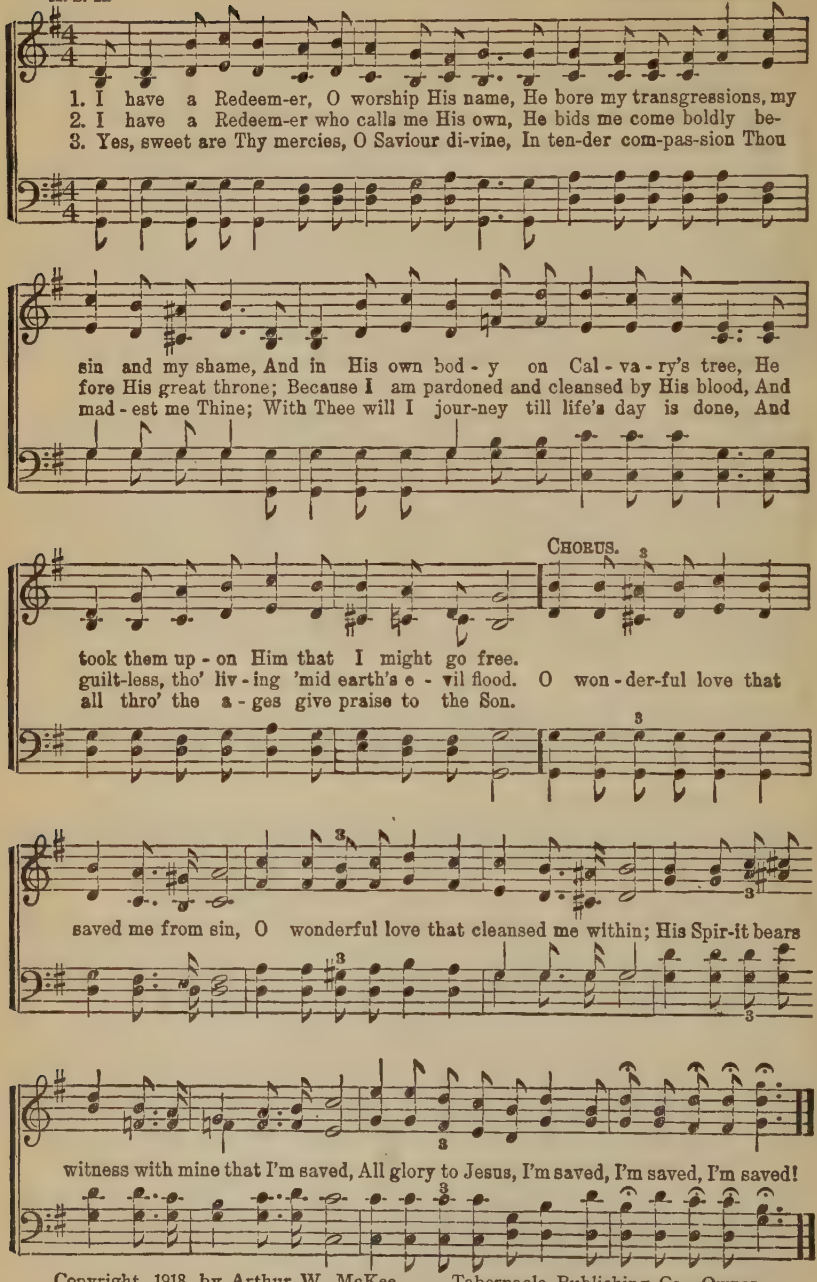
O Wonderful Love

A. S. R. ALBERT SIMPSON REITZ.


1. I have a Redeem-er, O worship His name, He bore my transgressions, my
2. I have a Redeem-er who calls me His own, He bids me come boldly be-
3. Yes, sweet are Thy mercies, O Saviour di-vine, In ten-der com-pas-sion Thou
sin and my shame, And in His own bod - y on Cal - va - ry's tree, He
fore His great throne; Because I am pardoned and cleansed by His blood, And
mad - est me Thine; With Thee will I jour-ney till life's day is done, And
CHORUS.
took them up - on Him that I might go free.
guilt-less, tho' liv - ing 'mid earth's e - vil flood. O won - der-ful love that
all thro' the a - ges give praise to the Son.
saved me from sin, O wonderful love that cleansed me within; His Spir-it bears
witness with mine that I'm saved, All glory to Jesus, I'm saved, I'm saved, I'm saved!

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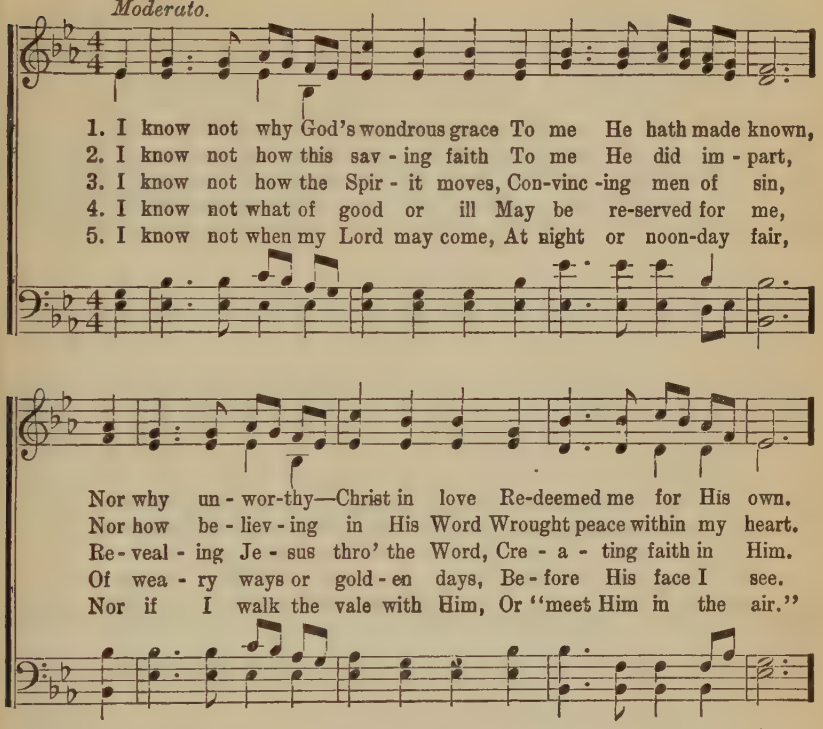
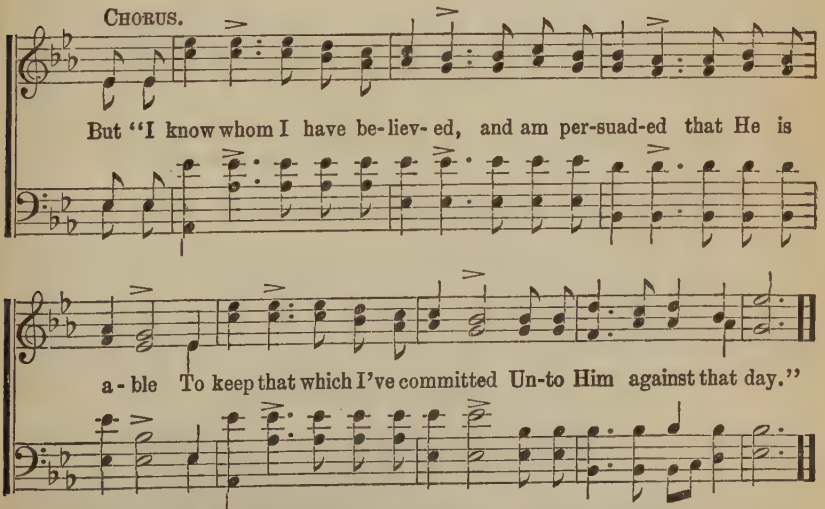
I Know Whom I Have Believed.

El Nathan. James McGranahan.

Moderato.


1. I know not why God's wondrous grace To me He hath made known,
2. I know not how this sav - ing faith To me He did im - part,
3. I know not how the Spir - it moves, Con-vinc -ing men of sin,
4. I know not what of good or ill May be re-served for me,
5. I know not when my Lord may come, At night or noon-day fair,
Nor why un - wor-thy—Christ in love Re-deemed me for His own.
Nor how be - liev - ing in His Word Wrought peace within my heart.
Re - veal - ing Je - sus thro' the Word, Cre - a - ting faith in Him.
Of wea - ry ways or gold - en days, Be - fore His face I see.
Nor if I walk the vale with Him, Or "meet Him in the air."

CHORUS.



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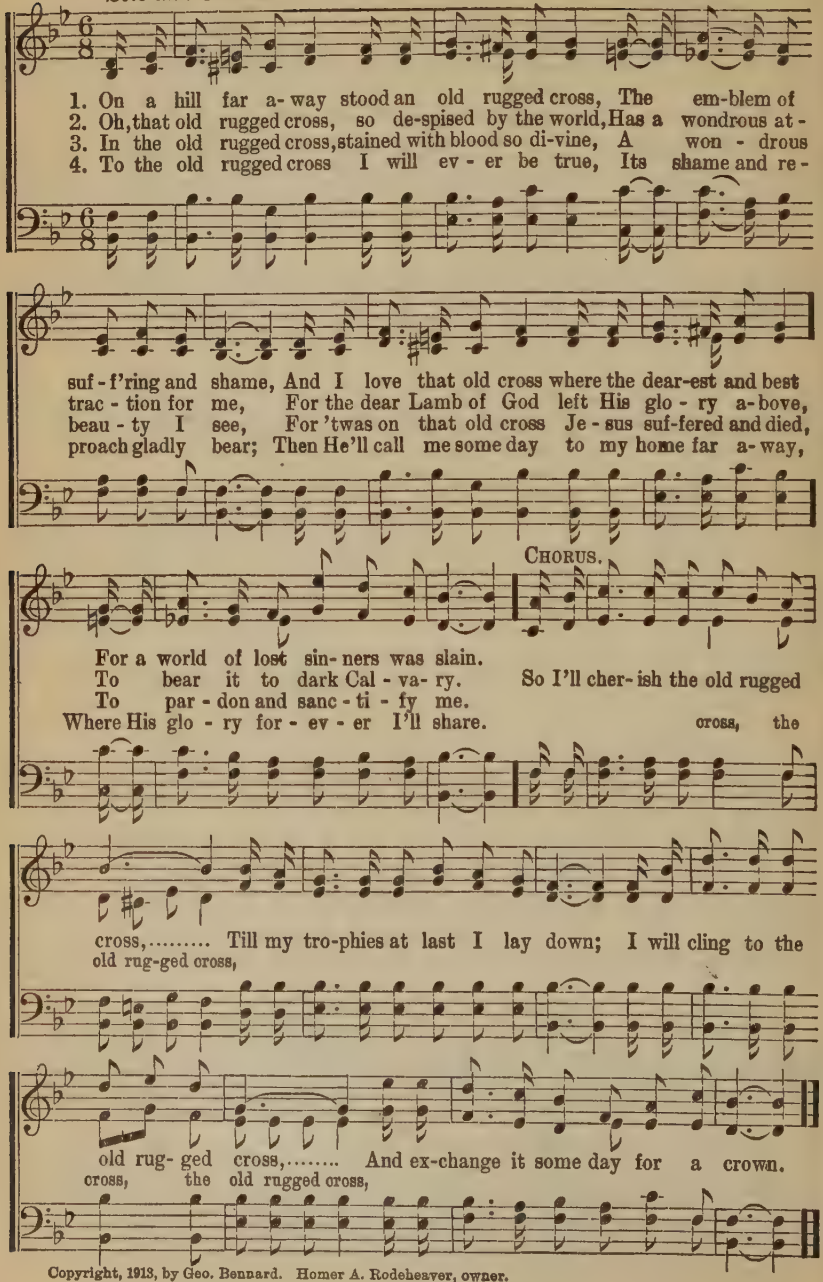
The Old Rugged Cross.

G. B. Rev. Geo. Bennard.

Solo and Chorus.


1. On a hill far a-way stood an old rugged cross, The em-blem of
2. Oh, that old rugged cross, so de-spised by the world, Has a wondrous at-
3. In the old rugged cross, stained with blood so di-vine, A won-drous
4. To the old rugged cross I will ev-er be true, Its shame and re-
suf-f'ring and shame, And I love that old cross where the dear-est and best
trac-tion for me, For the dear Lamb of God left His glo-ry a-bove,
beau-ty I see, For 'twas on that old cross Je-sus suf-fered and died,
proach gladly bear; Then He'll call me some day to my home far a-way,
CHORUS.
For a world of lost sin-ners was slain.
To bear it to dark Cal-va-ry. So I'll cher-ish the old rugged
To par-don and sanc-ti-fy me.
Where His glo-ry for-ev-er I'll share.
cross, the
cross,..... Till my tro-phies at last I lay down; I will cling to the
old rug-ged cross,
old rug-ged cross,..... And ex-change it some day for a crown.
cross, the old rugged cross,

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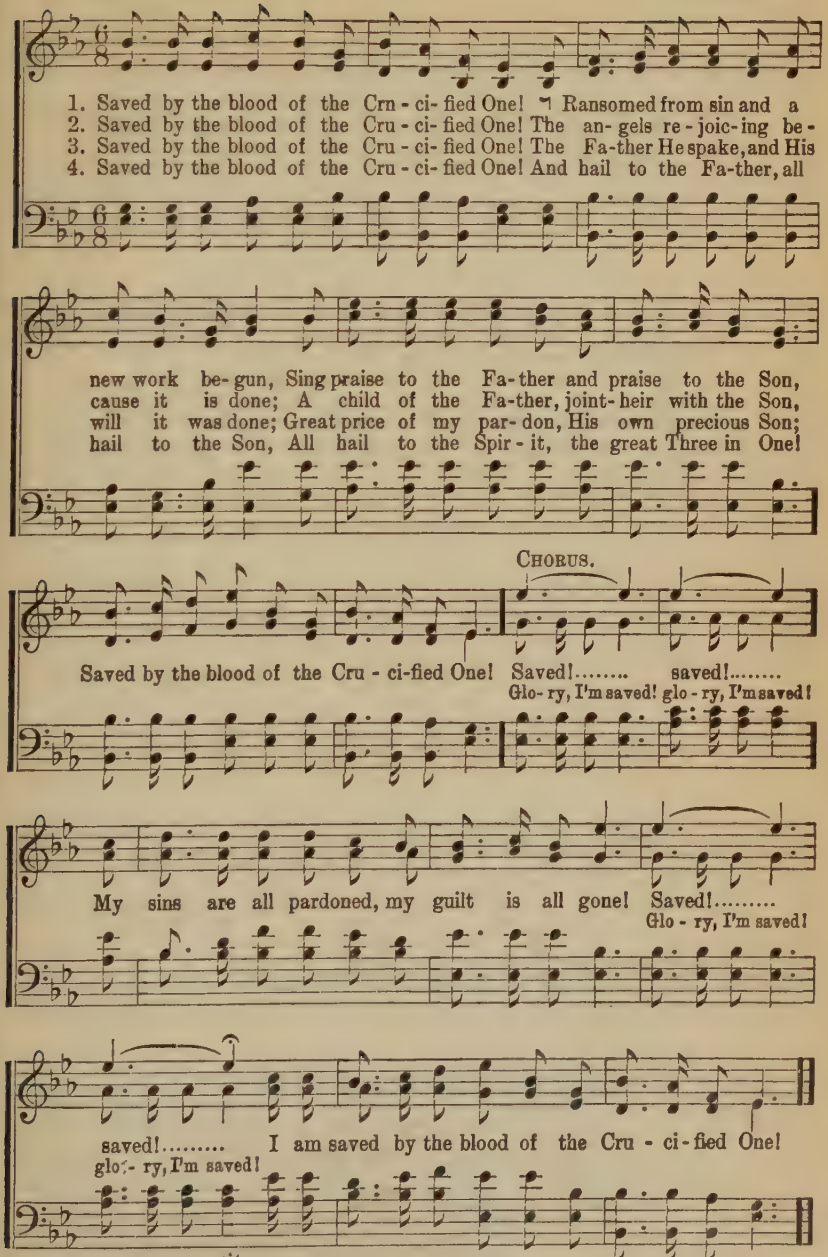
Saved By the Blood.

S. J. Henderson. D. B. Towner.

1. Saved by the blood of the Crn - ci- fied One! Ransomed from sin and a
2. Saved by the blood of the Cru - ci- fied One! The an- gels re - joic- ing be -
3. Saved by the blood of the Cru - ci- fied One! The Fa-ther He spake, and His
4. Saved by the blood of the Cru - ci- fied One! And hail to the Fa-ther, all
new work be- gun, Sing praise to the Fa- ther and praise to the Son,
cause it is done; A child of the Fa-ther, joint- heir with the Son,
will it was done; Great price of my par- don, His own precious Son;
hail to the Son, All hail to the Spir - it, the great Three in One!
Chorus.
Saved by the blood of the Cru - ci-fied One! Saved!..... saved!.....
Glo- ry, I'm saved! glo - ry, I'm saved!
My sins are all pardoned, my guilt is all gone! Saved!.....
Glo - ry, I'm saved!
saved!..... I am saved by the blood of the Cru - ci- fied One!
glo - ry, I'm saved!

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O That Will Be Glory.

C. H. Gabriel — Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. When all my la-bors and tri-als are o'er, And I am safe on that
2. When, by the gift of His in-fi-nite grace, I am ac-cord-ed in
3. Friends will be there I have loved long a-go; Joy like a riv-er a-

beau-ti-ful shore, Just to be near the dear Lord I a-dore,
heav-en a place, Just to be there and to look on His face,
round me will flow; Yet, just a smile from my Sav-iour, I know,

rit.

Will thro' the a-ges be glo-ry for me.....

CHORUS.

O that will be
O..... that will

glo-ry for me, Glo-ry for me, glo-ry for me, When by His grace
be glo-ry for me, Glo-ry for me glo-ry for me,.....

rit.

I shall look on His face, That will be glo-ry, be glo-ry for me.

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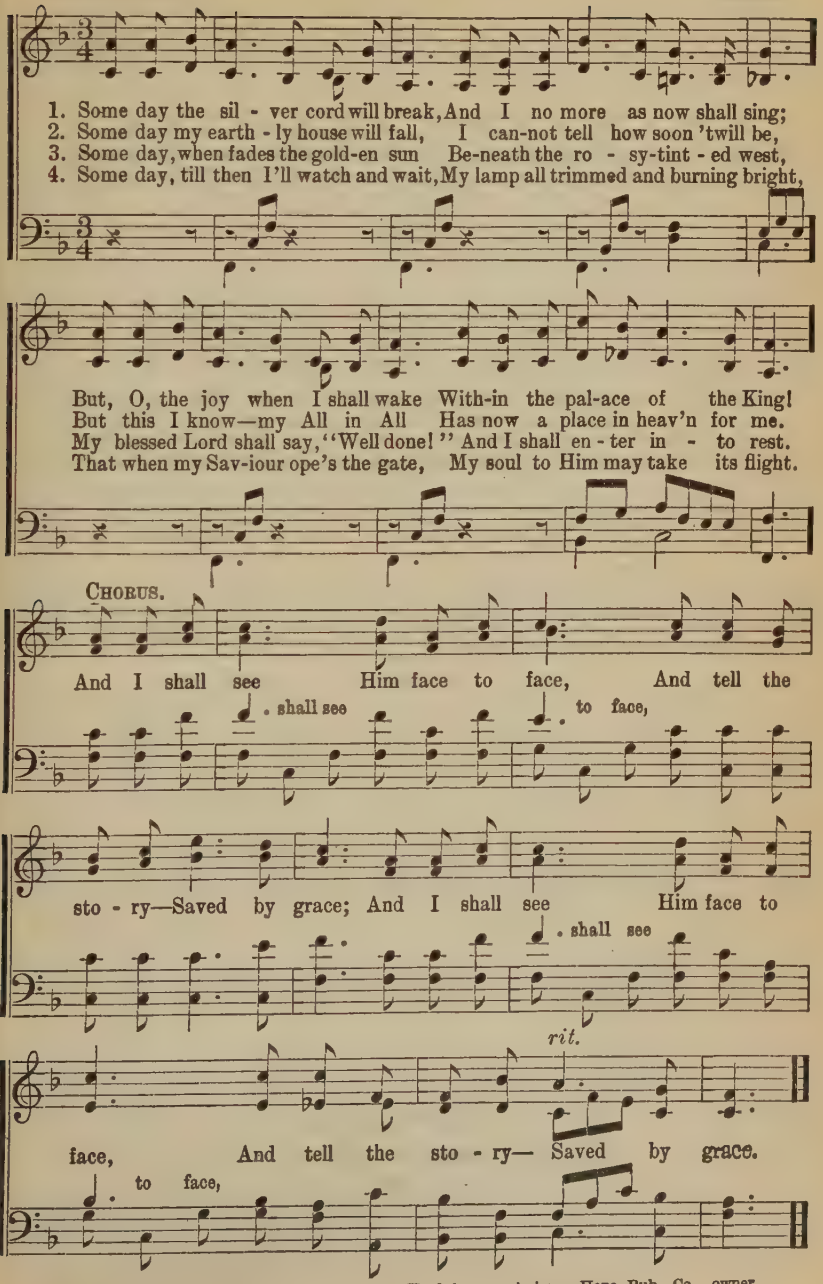
Saved By Grace.

Fanny J. Crosby. Geo. C. Stebbins.


1. Some day the sil - ver cord will break, And I no more as now shall sing;
2. Some day my earth - ly house will fall, I can-not tell how soon 'twill be,
3. Some day, when fades the gold-en sun Be-neath the ro - sy-tint - ed west,
4. Some day, till then I'll watch and wait, My lamp all trimmed and burning bright,
But, O, the joy when I shall wake With-in the pal-ace of the King!
But this I know—my All in All Has now a place in heav'n for me.
My blessed Lord shall say, "Well done!" And I shall en - ter in - to rest.
That when my Sav-iour ope's the gate, My soul to Him may take its flight.
CHORUS.
And I shall see Him face to face, And tell the
shall see
to face,
sto - ry—Saved by grace; And I shall see Him face to
shall see
rit.
face, And tell the sto - ry— Saved by grace.
to face,

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There is Power In the Blood.

L. E. J. L. E. Jones.

1. Would you be free from your bur - den of sin? There's pow'r in the blood;
2. Would you be free from your pas-sion and pride? There's pow'r in the blood;
3. Would you be whit - er—much whiter than snow? There's pow'r in the blood;
4. Would you do serv - ice for Je- sus your King? There's pow'r in the blood;

pow'r in the blood; Would you o'er e - vil a vic - to - ry win?
pow'r in the blood; Come for a cleans-ing to Cal - va - ry's tide,
pow'r in the blood; Sin - stains are lost in its life - giv - ing flow,
pow'r in the blood; Would you live dai - ly, His prais - es to sing?

CHORUS.

There's won - der - ful pow'r in the blood. There is pow'r, pow'r, there is pow'r,

won-der-working pow'r, In the blood of the Lamb; There is In the blood of the Lamb;

pow'r, pow'r, wonder-working pow'r, In the pre-cious blood of the Lamb. There is pow'r,

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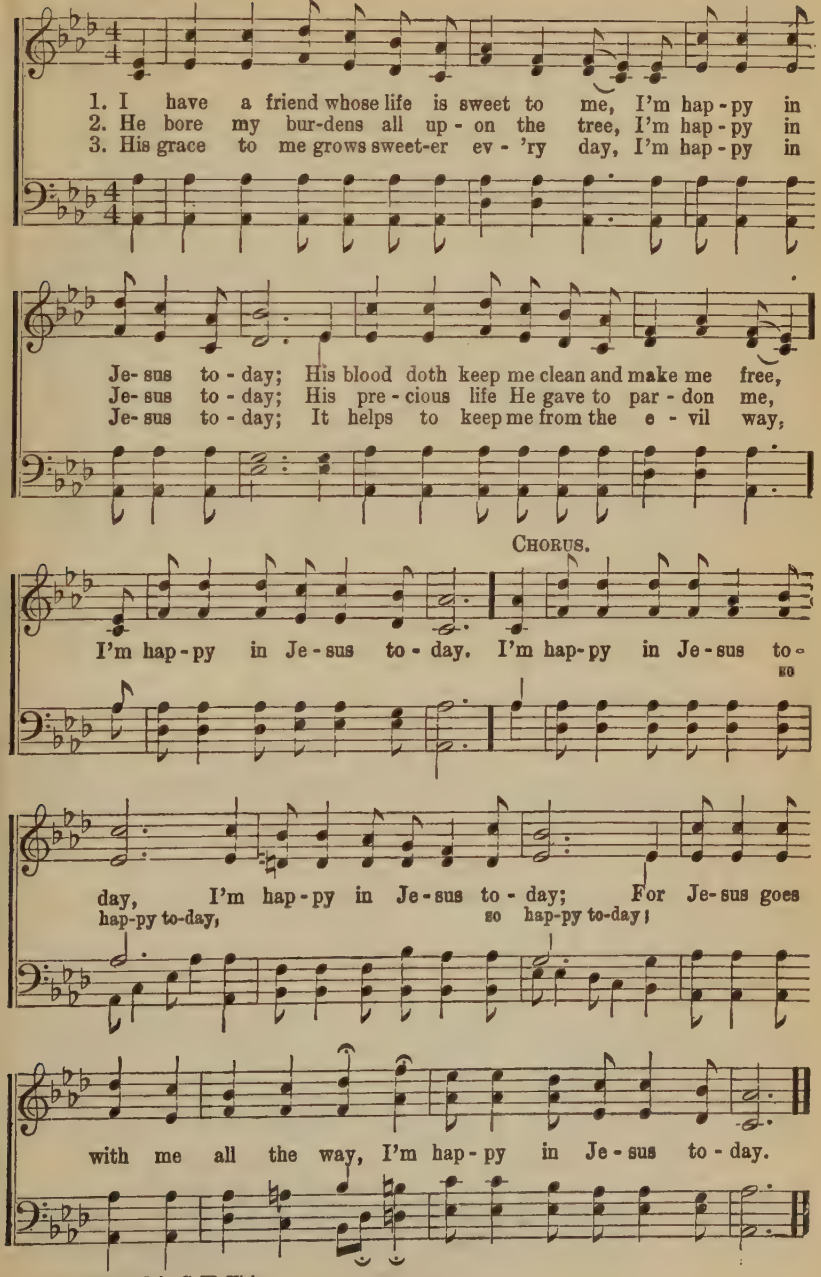
I'm Happy In Jesus To-day.

G. Houston Greene. C. Wesley Hicks.

1. I have a friend whose life is sweet to me, I'm hap-py in
2. He bore my bur-dens all up-on the tree, I'm hap-py in
3. His grace to me grows sweet-er ev-'ry day, I'm hap-py in
Je-sus to-day; His blood doth keep me clean and make me free,
Je-sus to-day; His pre-cious life He gave to par-don me,
Je-sus to-day; It helps to keep me from the e-vil way,
CHORUS.
I'm hap-py in Je-sus to-day. I'm hap-py in Je-sus to-
day, I'm hap-py in Je-sus to-day; For Je-sus goes
hap-py to-day, so hap-py to-day;
with me all the way, I'm hap-py in Je-sus to-day.

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He's a Wonderful Savior to Me.

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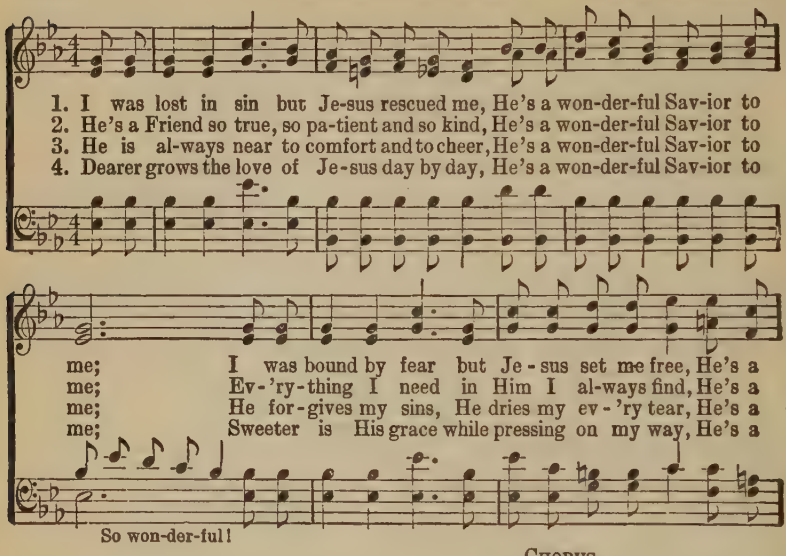
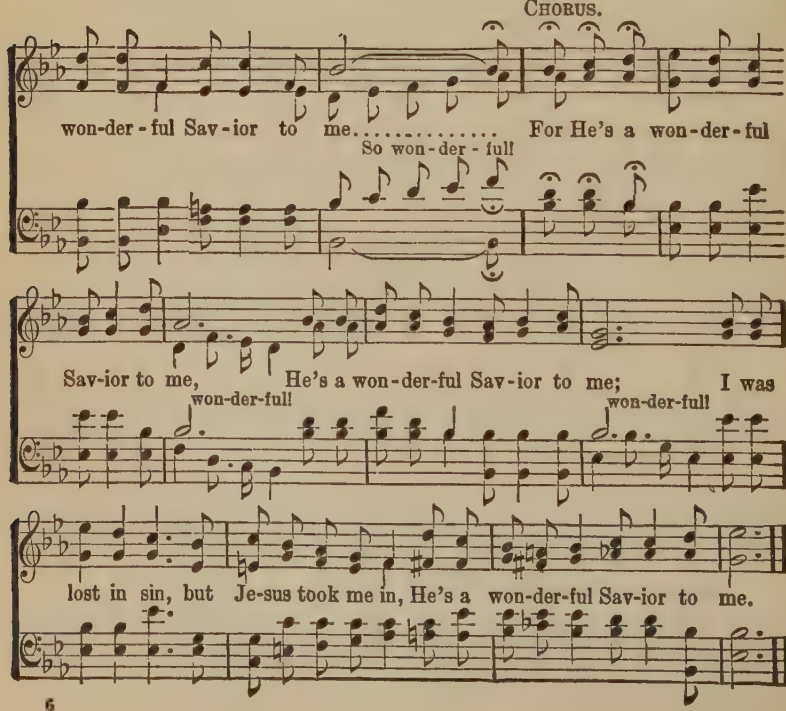
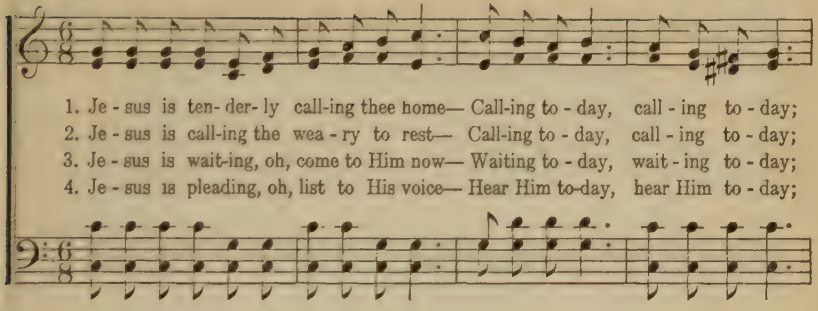
Virgil P. Brock. Blanche Kerr Brock.

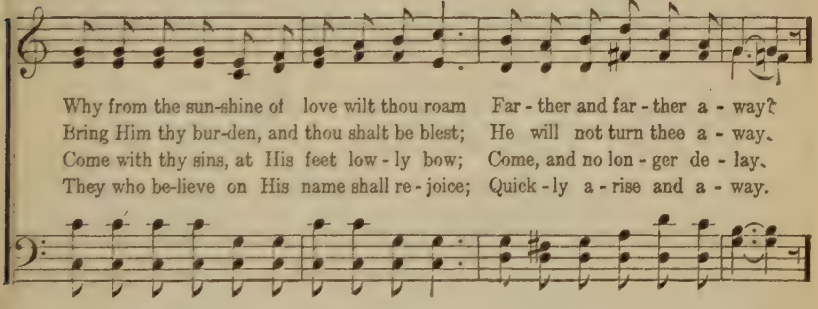

1. I was lost in sin but Je-sus rescued me, He's a won-der-ful Sav-ior to
2. He's a Friend so true, so pa-tient and so kind, He's a won-der-ful Sav-ior to
3. He is al-ways near to comfort and to cheer, He's a won-der-ful Sav-ior to
4. Dearer grows the love of Je-sus day by day, He's a won-der-ful Sav-ior to
me; I was bound by fear but Je-sus set me free, He's a
me; Ev-'ry-thing I need in Him I al-ways find, He's a
me; He for-gives my sins, He dries my ev-'ry tear, He's a
me; Sweeter is His grace while pressing on my way, He's a
So won-der-ful!


CHORUS.
won-der-ful Sav-ior to me..... For He's a won-der-ful
So won-der-ful!
Sav-ior to me, He's a won-der-ful Sav-ior to me; I was
won-der-ful!
won-der-ful!
lost in sin, but Je-sus took me in, He's a won-der-ful Sav-ior to me.

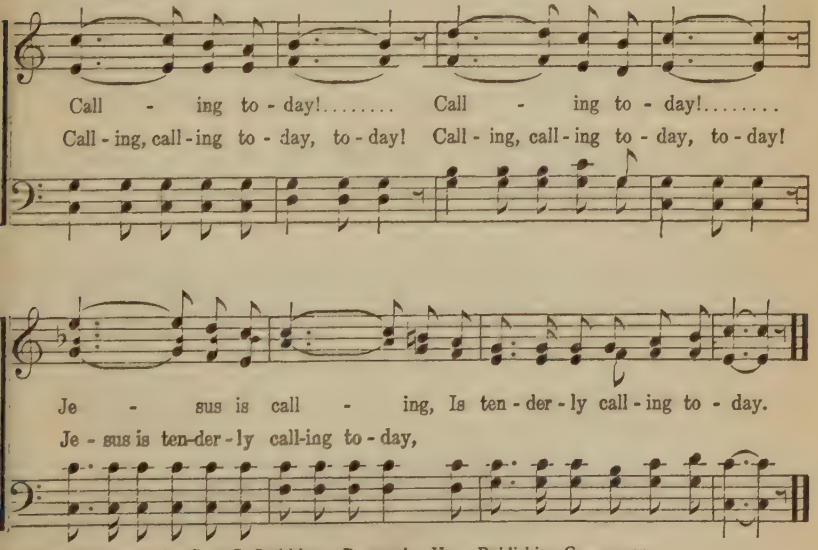
Jesus Is Calling.

Fanny J. Crosby. George C. Stebbins.


1. Je - sus is ten- der- ly call-ing thee home— Call-ing to - day, call - ing to - day;
2. Je - sus is call-ing the wea - ry to rest— Call-ing to - day, call - ing to - day;
3. Je - sus is wait-ing, oh, come to Him now— Waiting to - day, wait - ing to - day;
4. Je - sus is pleading, oh, list to His voice— Hear Him to-day, hear Him to - day;


Why from the sun-shine of love wilt thou roam Far - ther and far - ther a - way?
Bring Him thy bur-den, and thou shalt be blest; He will not turn thee a - way.
Come with thy sins, at His feet low - ly bow; Come, and no lon - ger de - lay.
They who be-lieve on His name shall re - joice; Quick - ly a - rise and a - way.

REFRAIN.


Call - ing to - day!..... Call - ing to - day!.....
Call - ing, call - ing to - day, to - day! Call - ing, call - ing to - day, to - day!
Je - sus is call - ing, Is ten - der - ly call - ing to - day.
Je - sus is ten-der - ly call-ing to - day,

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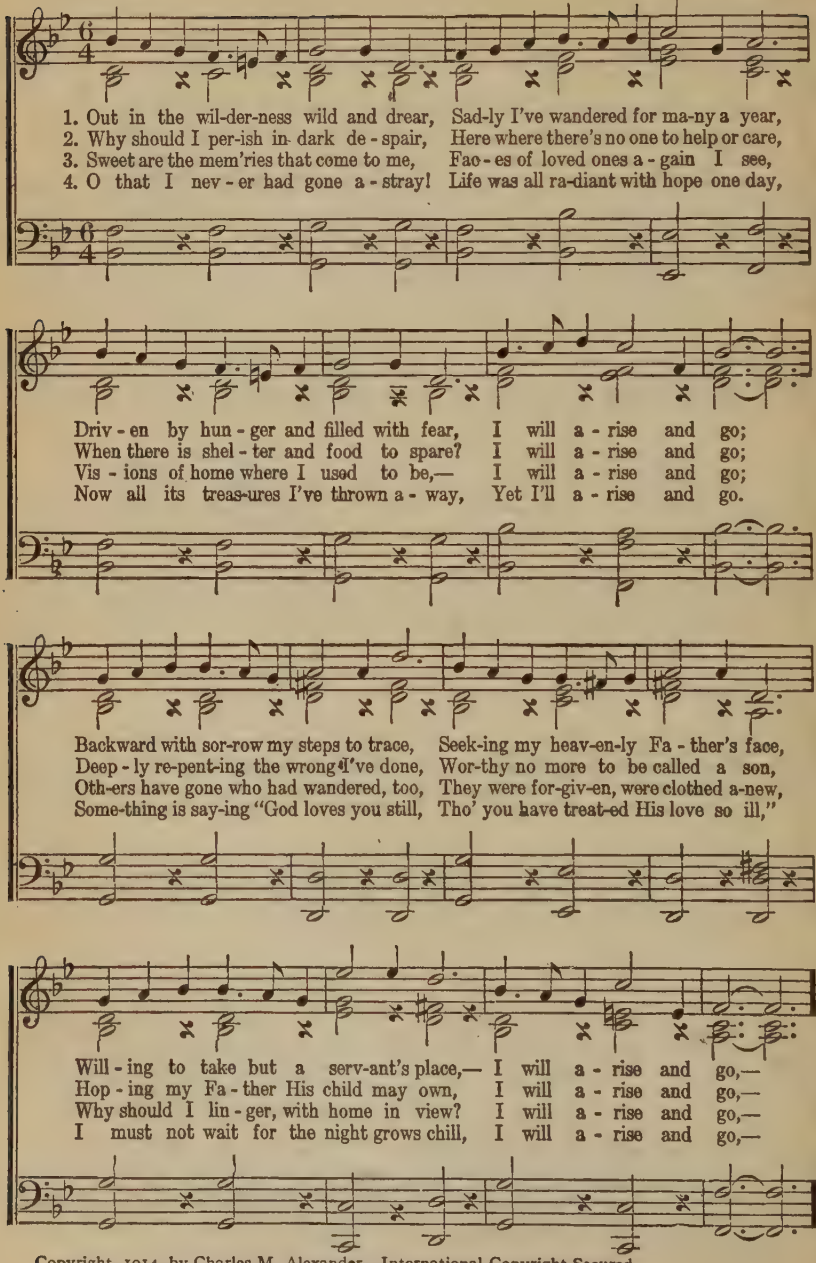
The Prodigal Son.

T. O. Chisholm. Geo. C. Stebbins.


1. Out in the wil-der-ness wild and drear, Sad-ly I've wandered for ma-ny a year,
2. Why should I per-ish in dark de-spair, Here where there's no one to help or care,
3. Sweet are the mem'ries that come to me, Fac-es of loved ones a-gain I see,
4. O that I nev-er had gone a-stray! Life was all ra-diant with hope one day,
Driv-en by hun-ger and filled with fear, I will a-rise and go;
When there is shel-ter and food to spare? I will a-rise and go;
Vis-ions of home where I used to be,— I will a-rise and go;
Now all its treas-ures I've thrown a-way, Yet I'll a-rise and go.
Backward with sor-row my steps to trace, Seek-ing my heav-en-ly Fa-ther's face,
Deep-ly re-pent-ing the wrong I've done, Wor-thy no more to be called a son,
Oth-ers have gone who had wandered, too, They were for-giv-en, were clothed a-new,
Some-thing is say-ing "God loves you still, Tho' you have treat-ed His love so ill,"
Will-ing to take but a serv-ant's place,— I will a-rise and go,—
Hop-ing my Fa-ther His child may own, I will a-rise and go,—
Why should I lin-ger, with home in view? I will a-rise and go,—
I must not wait for the night grows chill, I will a-rise and go,—

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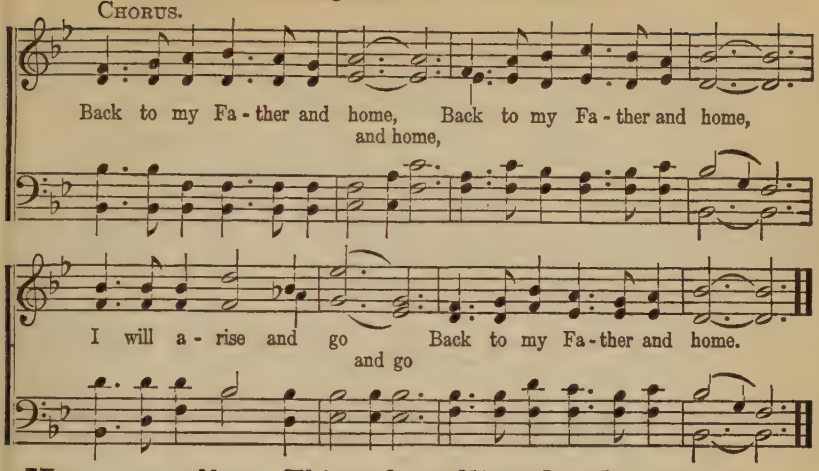
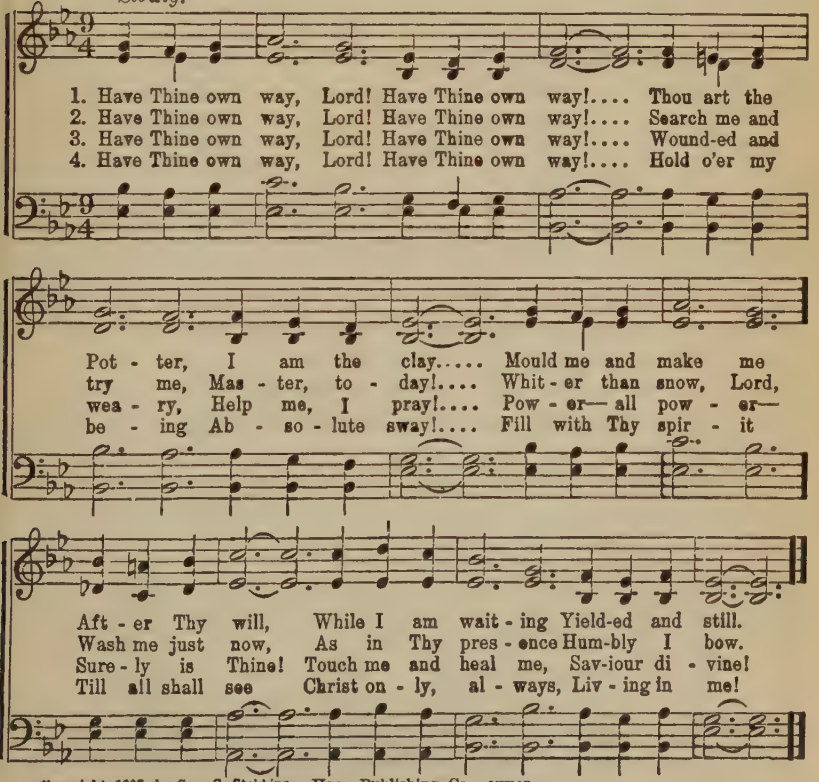


57 Have Thine Own Way, Lord.

A. A. P. Geo. C. Stebbins.

Slowly.

1. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way!.... Thou art the
2. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way!.... Search me and
3. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way!.... Wound-ed and
4. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way!.... Hold o'er my
Pot - ter, I am the clay..... Mould me and make me
try me, Mas - ter, to - day!.... Whit - er than snow, Lord,
wea - ry, Help me, I pray!.... Pow - er— all pow - er—
be - ing Ab - so - lute sway!.... Fill with Thy spir - it
Aft - er Thy will, While I am wait - ing Yield-ed and still.
Wash me just now, As in Thy pres - ence Hum-bly I bow.
Sure - ly is Thine! Touch me and heal me, Sav-iour di - vine!
Till all shall see Christ on - ly, al - ways, Liv - ing in me!

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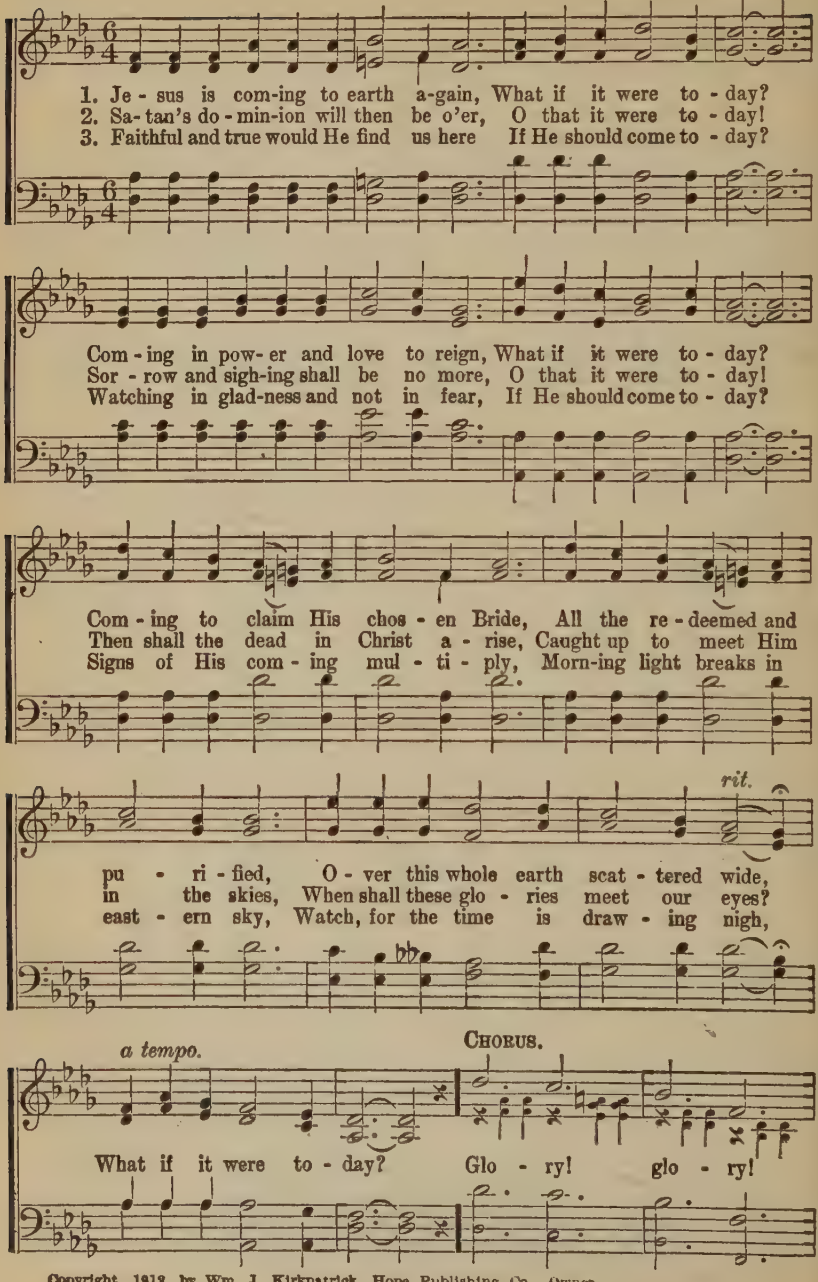
What If It Were To-day?

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. Je - sus is com-ing to earth a-gain, What if it were to - day?
2. Sa-tan's do - min-ion will then be o'er, O that it were to - day!
3. Faithful and true would He find us here If He should come to - day?
Com - ing in pow- er and love to reign, What if it were to - day?
Sor - row and sigh-ing shall be no more, O that it were to - day!
Watching in glad-ness and not in fear, If He should come to - day?
Com - ing to claim His chos - en Bride, All the re - deemed and
Then shall the dead in Christ a - rise, Caught up to meet Him
Signs of His com - ing mul - ti - ply, Morn-ing light breaks in
rit.
pu - ri - fied, O - ver this whole earth scat - tered wide,
in the skies, When shall these glo - ries meet our eyes?
east - ern sky, Watch, for the time is draw - ing nigh,
a tempo.
CHORUS.
What if it were to - day? Glo - ry! glo - ry!

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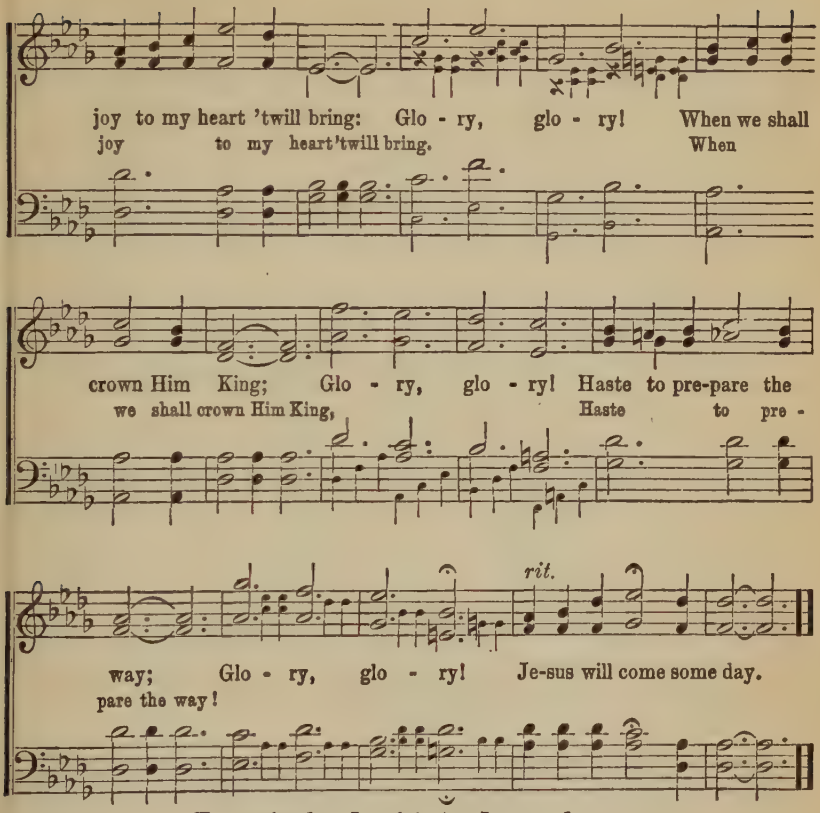
What If It Were To-day?—Concluded.

joy to my heart 'twill bring: Glo - ry, glo - ry! When we shall
joy to my heart 'twill bring. When
crown Him King; Glo - ry, glo - ry! Haste to pre-pare the
we shall crown Him King, Haste to pre -
rit.
way; Glo - ry, glo - ry! Je-sus will come some day.
pare the way!

59 Everybody Ought to Love Jesus.

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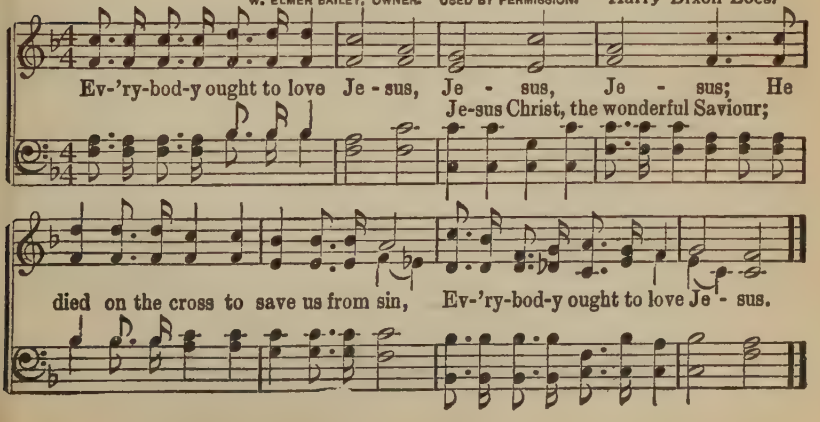
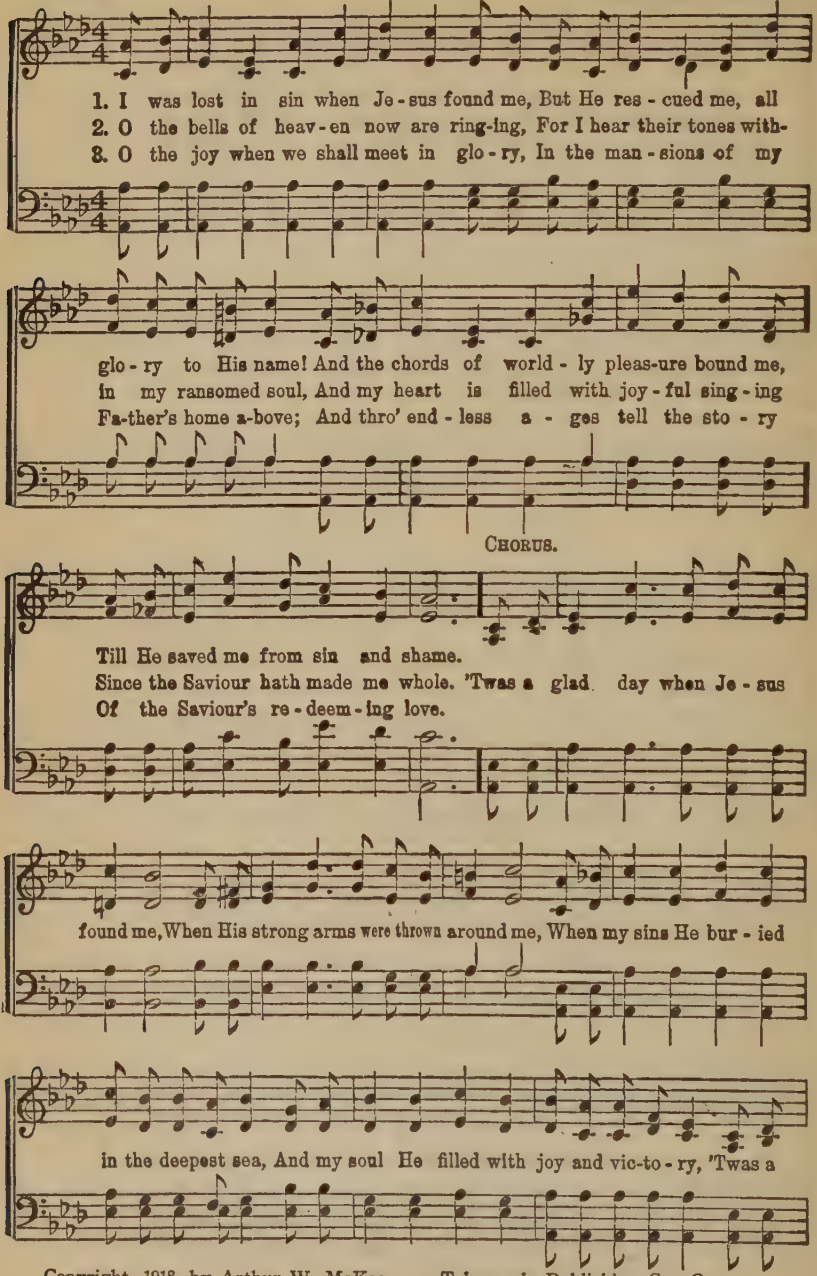
Harry Dixon Loes.


Ev-'ry-bod-y ought to love Je - sus, Je - sus, Je - sus; He
Je-sus Christ, the wonderful Saviour;
died on the cross to save us from sin, Ev-'ry-bod-y ought to love Je - sus.

60 'Twas a Glad Day When Jesus Found Me.

A. S. R. ALBERT SIMPSON REITZ.


1. I was lost in sin when Je - sus found me, But He res - cued me, all
2. O the bells of heav - en now are ring-ing, For I hear their tones with-
3. O the joy when we shall meet in glo - ry, In the man - sions of my
glo - ry to His name! And the chords of world - ly pleas-ure bound me,
in my ransomed soul, And my heart is filled with joy - ful sing - ing
Fa-ther's home a-bove; And thro' end - less a - ges tell the sto - ry
CHORUS.
Till He saved me from sin and shame.
Since the Saviour hath made me whole. 'Twas a glad day when Je - sus
Of the Saviour's re - deem - ing love.
found me, When His strong arms were thrown around me, When my sins He bur - ied
in the deepest sea, And my soul He filled with joy and vic-to - ry, 'Twas a

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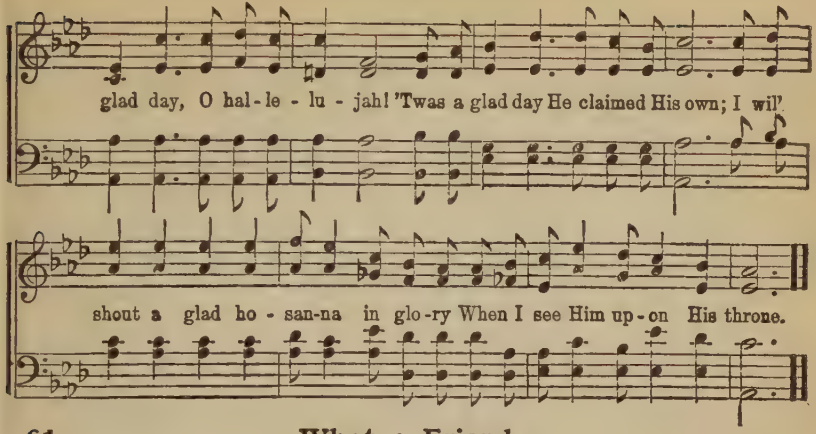
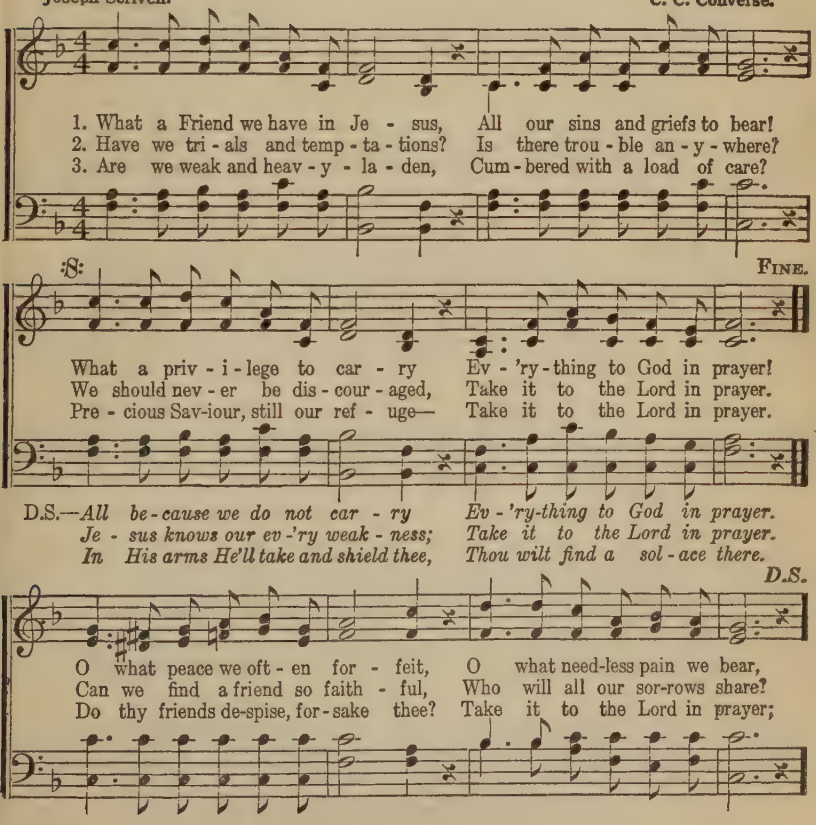
'Twas a Glad Day When Jesus Found Me. Concluded.

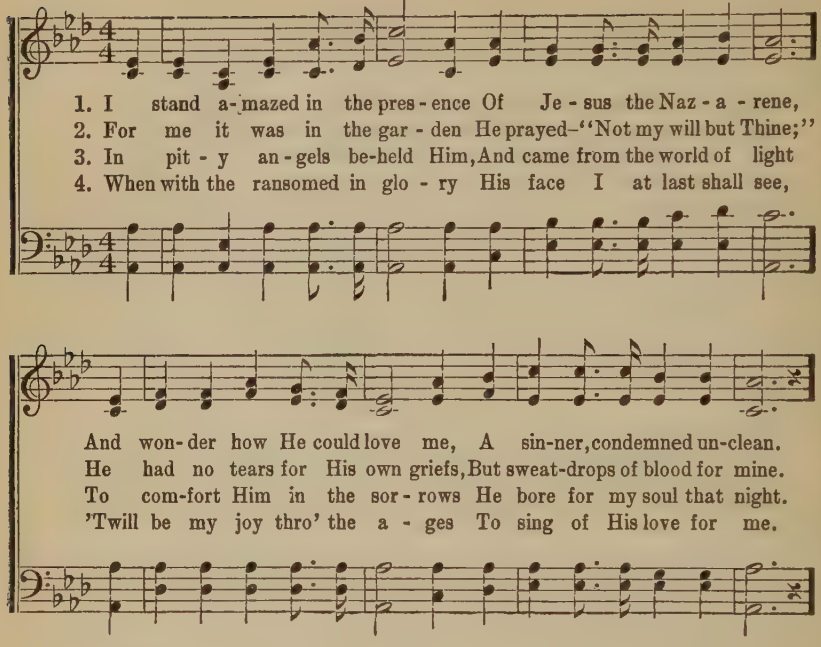


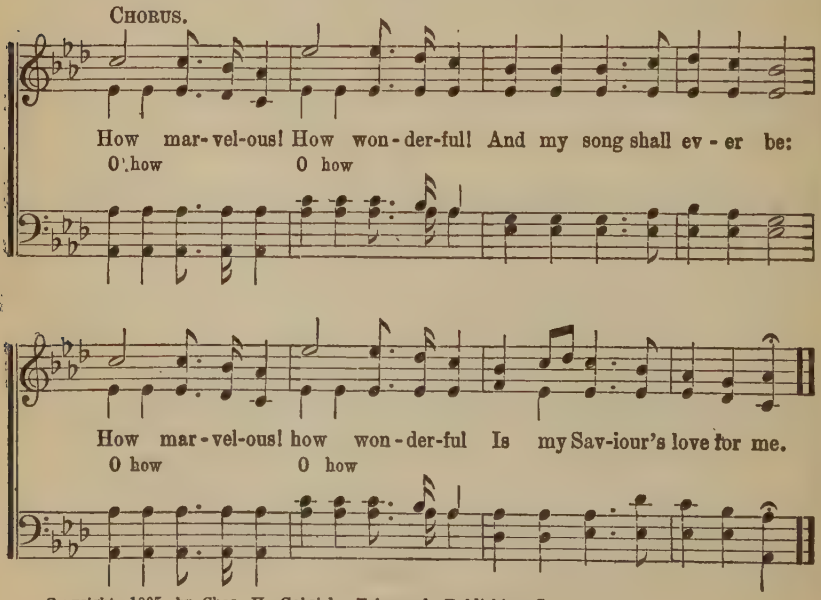
61 What a Friend.

Joseph Scriven. C. C. Converse.

1. What a Friend we have in Je-sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!
2. Have we tri-als and temp-ta-tions? Is there trou-ble an-y-where?
3. Are we weak and heav-y-la-den, Cum-bered with a load of care?
FINE.
What a priv-i-lege to car-ry Ev-'ry-thing to God in prayer!
We should nev-er be dis-cour-aged, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Pre-cious Sav-iour, still our ref-uge— Take it to the Lord in prayer.
D.S.—All be-cause we do not car-ry Ev-'ry-thing to God in prayer.
Je-sus knows our ev-'ry weak-ness; Take it to the Lord in prayer.
In His arms He'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a sol-ace there.
D.S.
O what peace we oft-en for-feit, O what need-less pain we bear,
Can we find a friend so faith-ful, Who will all our sor-rows share?
Do thy friends de-spise, for-sake thee? Take it to the Lord in prayer;

My Saviour's Love.

C. H. G. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. I stand a-mazed in the pres-ence Of Je-sus the Naz-a-rene,
2. For me it was in the gar-den He prayed–"Not my will but Thine;"
3. In pit-y an-gels be-held Him, And came from the world of light
4. When with the ransomed in glo-ry His face I at last shall see,
And won-der how He could love me, A sin-ner, condemned un-clean.
He had no tears for His own griefs, But sweat-drops of blood for mine.
To com-fort Him in the sor-rows He bore for my soul that night.
'Twill be my joy thro' the a-ges To sing of His love for me.


Chorus.
How mar-vel-ous! How won-der-ful! And my song shall ev-er be:
O how O how
How mar-vel-ous! how won-der-ful Is my Sav-iour's love for me.
O how O how

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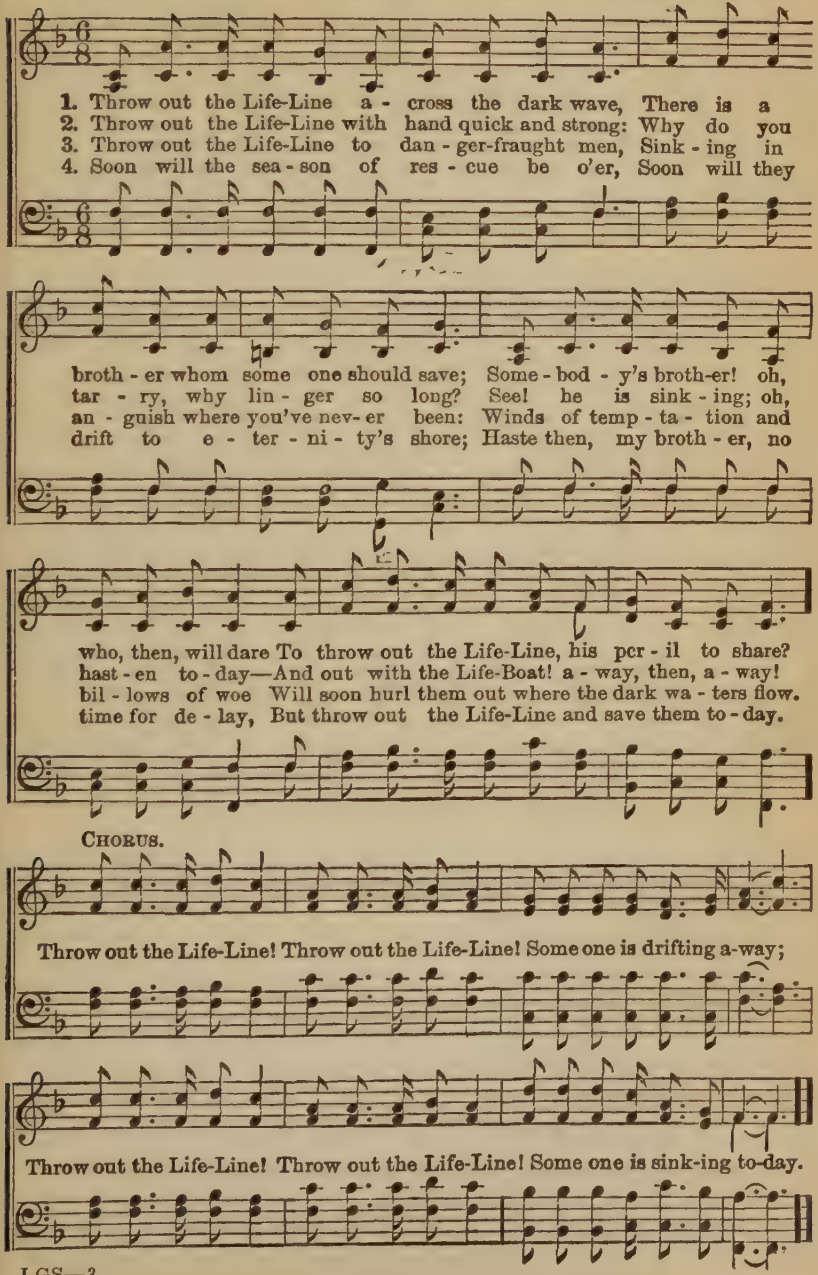
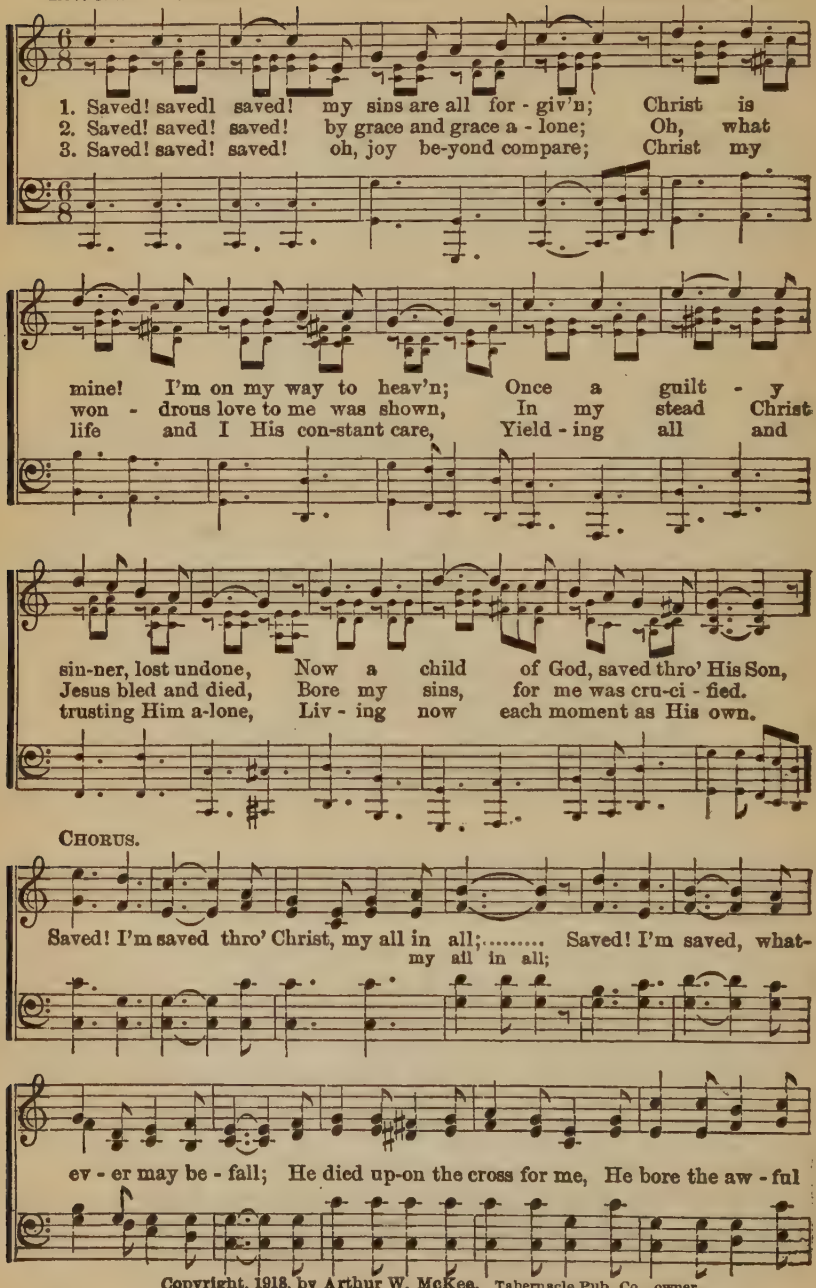
Throw Out the Life-Line.

E. S. U. Rev. Edwin S. Ufford. Arr. by Geo. C. Stebbins.


1. Throw out the Life-Line a - cross the dark wave, There is a
2. Throw out the Life-Line with hand quick and strong: Why do you
3. Throw out the Life-Line to dan - ger-fraught men, Sink - ing in
4. Soon will the sea - son of res - cue be o'er, Soon will they
broth - er whom some one should save; Some - bod - y's broth-er! oh,
tar - ry, why lin - ger so long? See! he is sink - ing; oh,
an - guish where you've nev- er been: Winds of temp - ta - tion and
drift to e - ter - ni - ty's shore; Haste then, my broth - er, no
who, then, will dare To throw out the Life-Line, his per - il to share?
hast - en to - day—And out with the Life-Boat! a - way, then, a - way!
bil - lows of woe Will soon hurl them out where the dark wa - ters flow.
time for de - lay, But throw out the Life-Line and save them to - day.
Chorus.
Throw out the Life-Line! Throw out the Life-Line! Some one is drifting a-way;
Throw out the Life-Line! Throw out the Life-Line! Some one is sink-ing to-day.

Saved!

Rev. Oswald J. Smith. Rodger M. Hickman.

1. Saved! savedl saved! my sins are all for - giv'n; Christ is
2. Saved! saved! saved! by grace and grace a - lone; Oh, what
3. Saved! saved! saved! oh, joy be-yond compare; Christ my
mine! I'm on my way to heav'n; Once a guilt - y
won - drous love to me was shown, In my stead Christ
life and I His con-stant care, Yield - ing all and
sin-ner, lost undone, Now a child of God, saved thro' His Son,
Jesus bled and died, Bore my sins, for me was cru-ci - fied.
trusting Him a-lone, Liv - ing now each moment as His own.
Chorus.
Saved! I'm saved thro' Christ, my all in all;..... Saved! I'm saved, what-
my all in all;
ev - er may be - fall; He died up-on the cross for me, He bore the aw - ful

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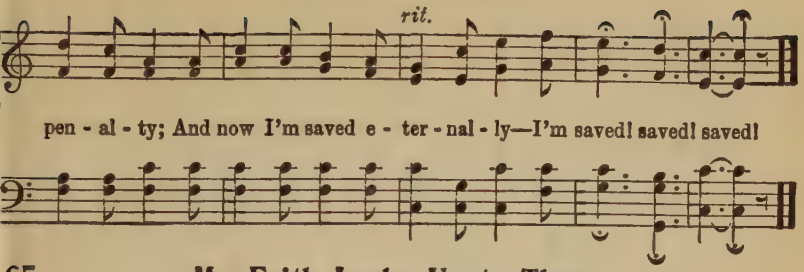
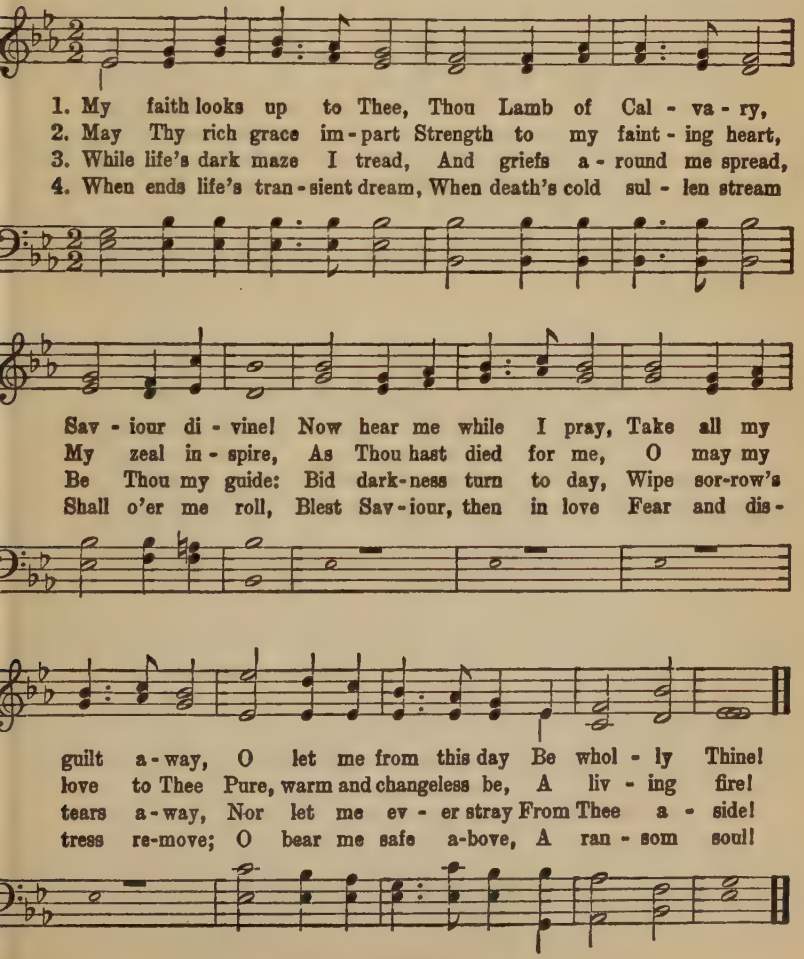


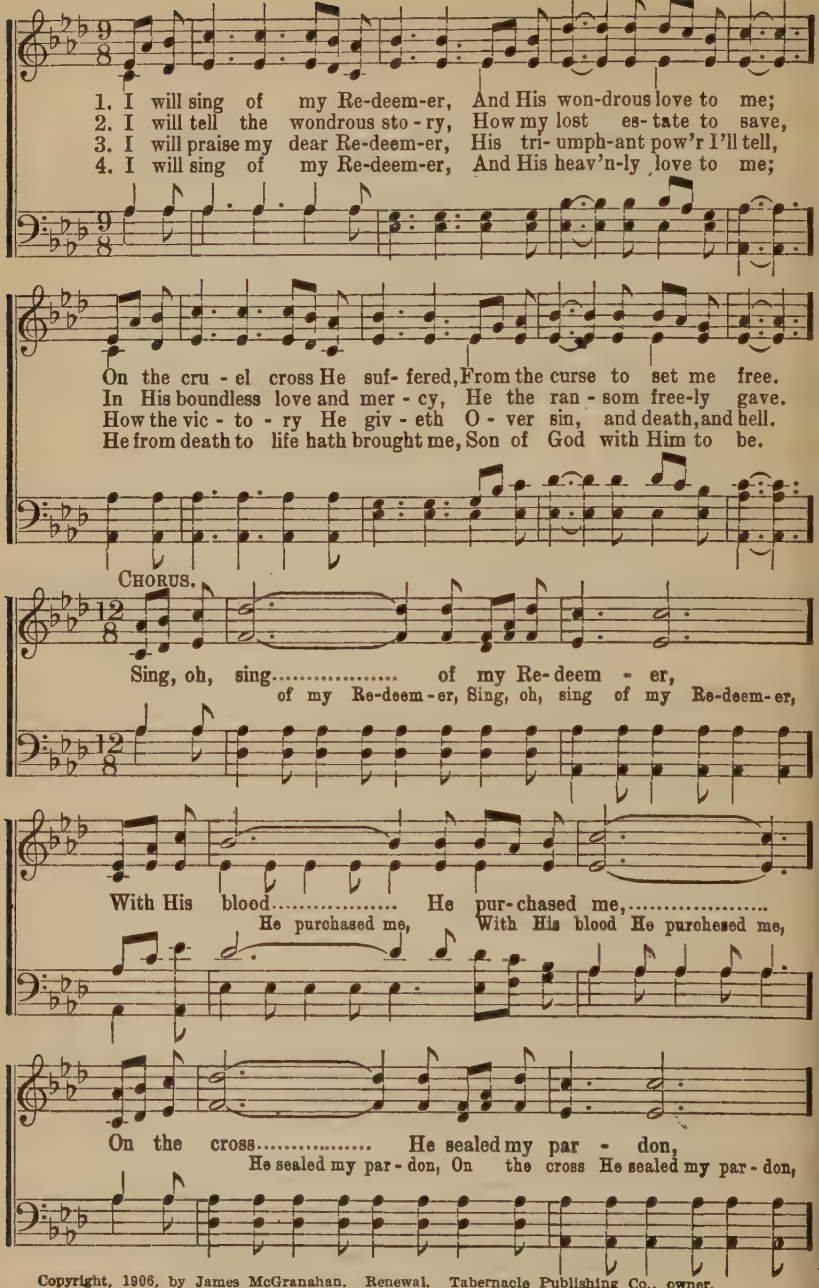
65 My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

(Olivet.)

Ray Palmer. Lowell Mason.

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry,
2. May Thy rich grace im - part Strength to my faint - ing heart,
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a - round me spread,
4. When ends life's tran - sient dream, When death's cold sul - len stream
Sav - iour di - vine! Now hear me while I pray, Take all my
My zeal in - spire, As Thou hast died for me, O may my
Be Thou my guide: Bid dark - ness turn to day, Wipe sor - row's
Shall o'er me roll, Blest Sav - iour, then in love Fear and dis -
guilt a - way, O let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine!
love to Thee Pure, warm and changeless be, A liv - ing fire!
tears a - way, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a - side!
tress re - move; O bear me safe a - bove, A ran - som soul!

My Redeemer.

P. P. Bliss. James McGranahan.


1. I will sing of my Re-deem-er, And His won-drous love to me;
2. I will tell the wondrous sto - ry, How my lost es-tate to save,
3. I will praise my dear Re-deem-er, His tri- umph-ant pow'r I'll tell,
4. I will sing of my Re-deem-er, And His heav'n-ly love to me;
On the cru - el cross He suf- fered, From the curse to set me free.
In His boundless love and mer - cy, He the ran - som free-ly gave.
How the vic - to - ry He giv - eth O - ver sin, and death, and hell.
He from death to life hath brought me, Son of God with Him to be.
CHORUS.
Sing, oh, sing..... of my Re-deem - er,
of my Re-deem-er, Sing, oh, sing of my Re-deem-er,
With His blood..... He pur-chased me,.....
He purchased me, With His blood He purchased me,
On the cross..... He sealed my par - don,
He sealed my par-don, On the cross He sealed my par-don,

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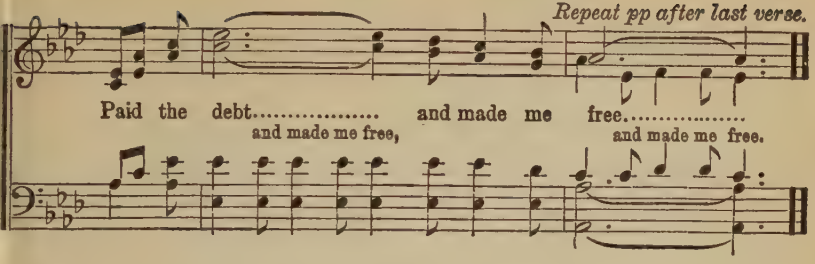
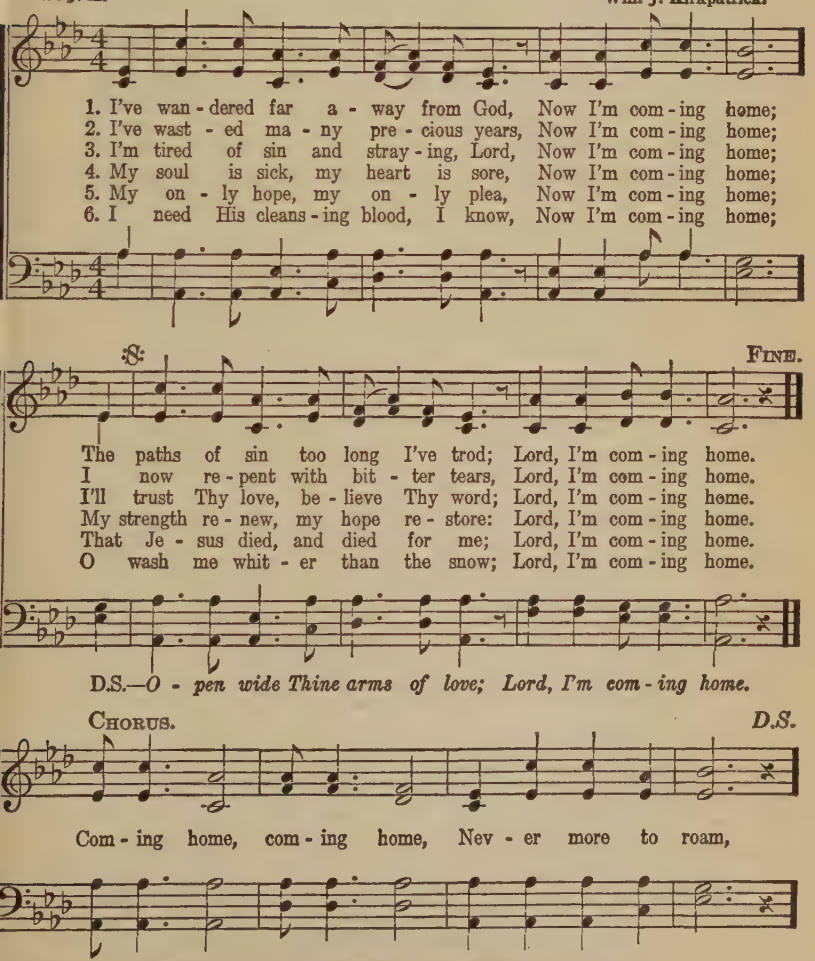
My Redeemer.—Concluded.



67 Lord, I'm Coming Home.

W. J. K. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. I've wan - dered far a - way from God, Now I'm com - ing home;
2. I've wast - ed ma - ny pre - cious years, Now I'm com - ing home;
3. I'm tired of sin and stray - ing, Lord, Now I'm com - ing home;
4. My soul is sick, my heart is sore, Now I'm com - ing home;
5. My on - ly hope, my on - ly plea, Now I'm com - ing home;
6. I need His cleans - ing blood, I know, Now I'm com - ing home;
The paths of sin too long I've trod; Lord, I'm com - ing home.
I now re - pent with bit - ter tears, Lord, I'm com - ing home.
I'll trust Thy love, be - lieve Thy word; Lord, I'm com - ing home.
My strength re - new, my hope re - store: Lord, I'm com - ing home.
That Je - sus died, and died for me; Lord, I'm com - ing home.
O wash me whit - er than the snow; Lord, I'm com - ing home.
D.S.—O - pen wide Thine arms of love; Lord, I'm com - ing home.

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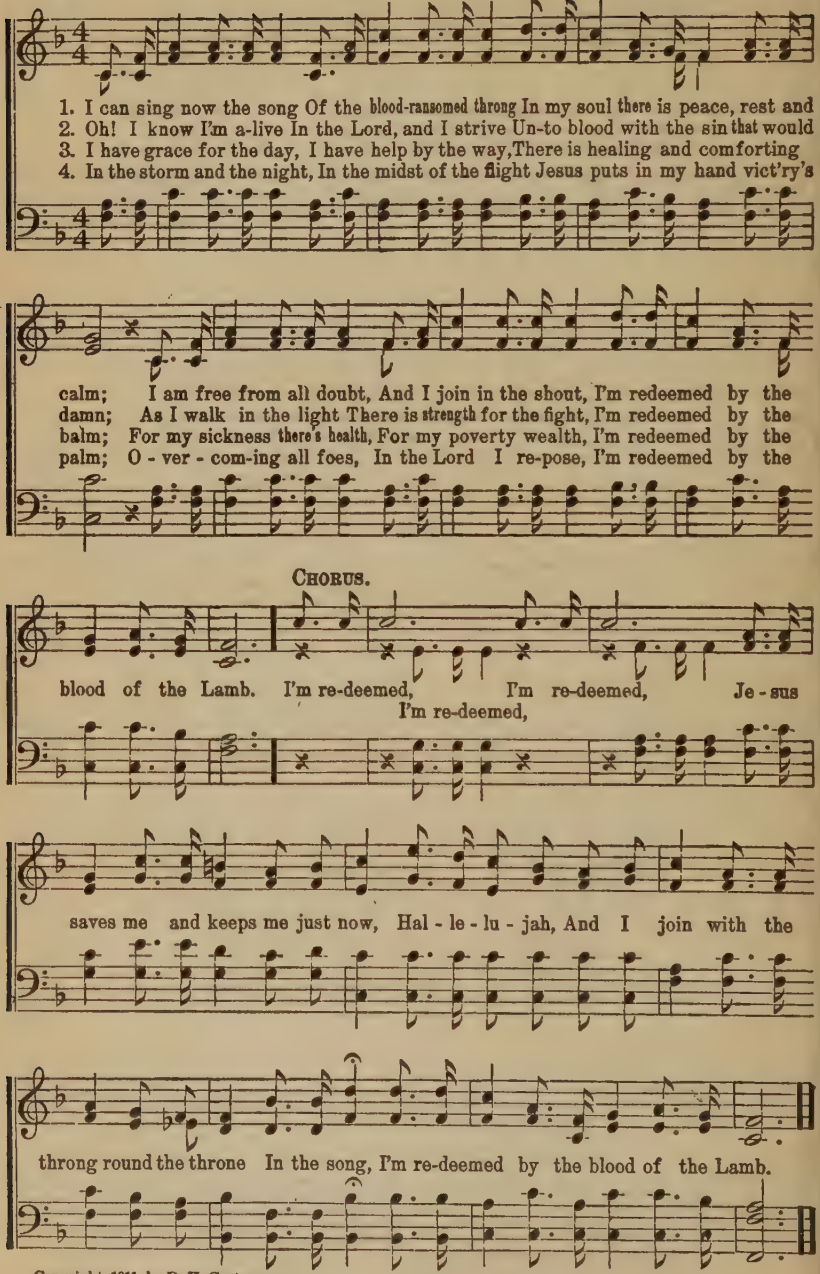
I'm Redeemed.

R. K. C. R. Kelso Carter.

1. I can sing now the song Of the blood-ransomed throng In my soul there is peace, rest and
2. Oh! I know I'm a-live In the Lord, and I strive Un-to blood with the sin that would
3. I have grace for the day, I have help by the way, There is healing and comforting
4. In the storm and the night, In the midst of the flight Jesus puts in my hand vict'ry's
calm; I am free from all doubt, And I join in the shout, I'm redeemed by the
damn; As I walk in the light There is strength for the fight, I'm redeemed by the
balm; For my sickness there's health, For my poverty wealth, I'm redeemed by the
palm; O - ver - com-ing all foes, In the Lord I re-pose, I'm redeemed by the
CHORUS.
blood of the Lamb. I'm re-deemed, I'm re-deemed, Je - sus
I'm re-deemed,
saves me and keeps me just now, Hal - le - lu - jah, And I join with the
throng round the throne In the song, I'm re-deemed by the blood of the Lamb.

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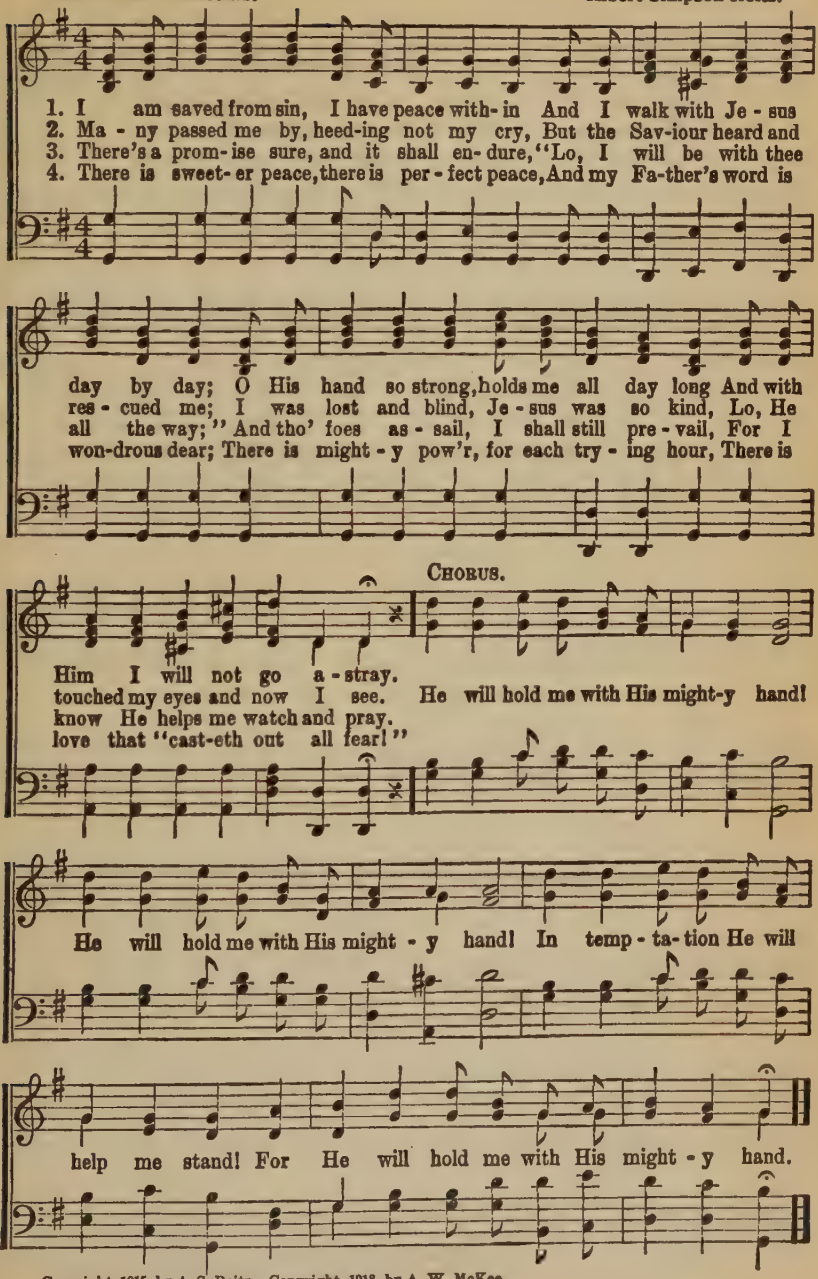
His Mighty Hand.

Geo. Walker Whitcomb. Albert Simpson Reitz.


1. I am saved from sin, I have peace with-in And I walk with Je-sus
2. Ma-ny passed me by, heed-ing not my cry, But the Sav-iour heard and
3. There's a prom-ise sure, and it shall en-dure, "Lo, I will be with thee
4. There is sweet-er peace, there is per-fect peace, And my Fa-ther's word is
day by day; O His hand so strong, holds me all day long And with
res-cued me; I was lost and blind, Je-sus was so kind, Lo, He
all the way;" And tho' foes as-sail, I shall still pre-vail, For I
won-drous dear; There is might-y pow'r, for each try-ing hour, There is
CHORUS.
Him I will not go a-stray.
touched my eyes and now I see. He will hold me with His might-y hand!
know He helps me watch and pray.
love that "cast-eth out all fear!"
He will hold me with His might-y hand! In temp-ta-tion He will
help me stand! For He will hold me with His might-y hand.

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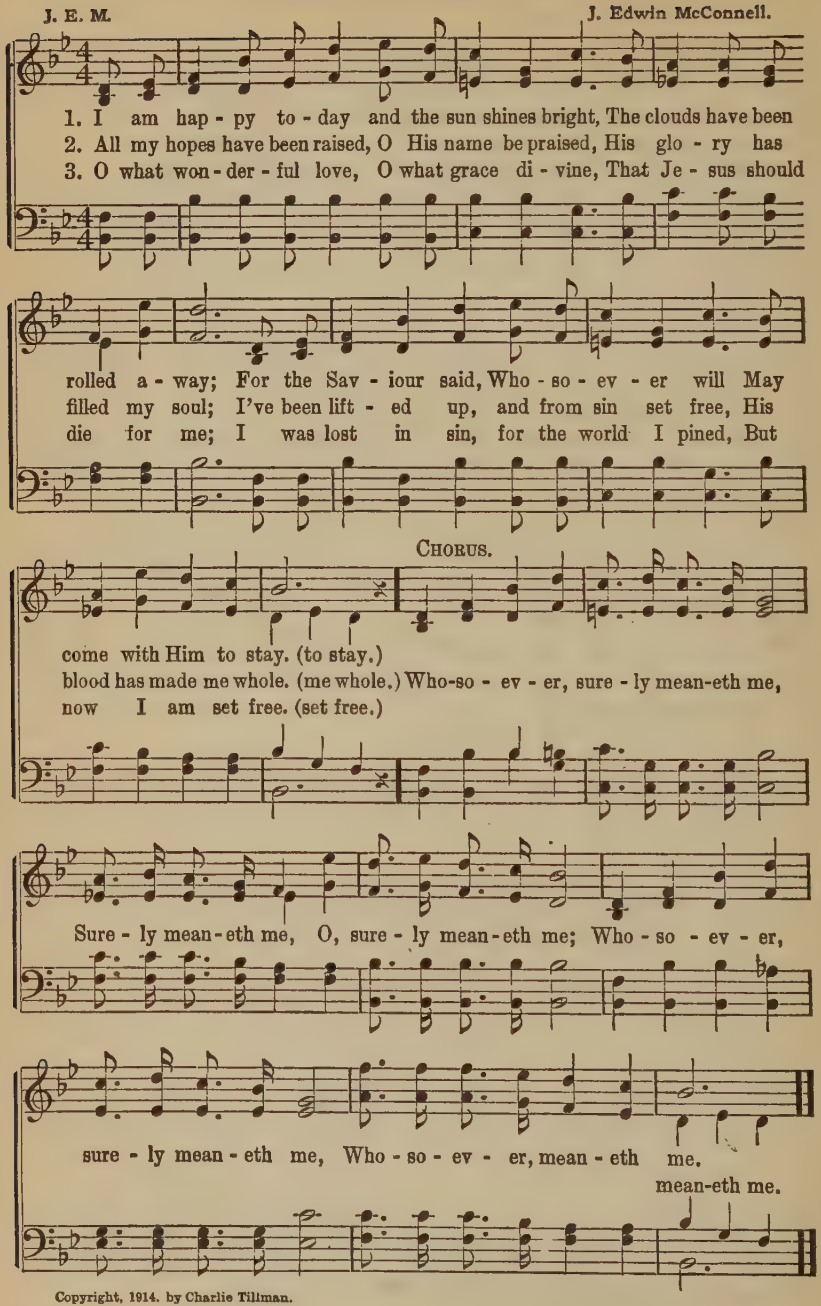
Whosoever, Meaneth Me.

J. E. M. J. Edwin McConnell.


1. I am hap - py to - day and the sun shines bright, The clouds have been
2. All my hopes have been raised, O His name be praised, His glo - ry has
3. O what won - der - ful love, O what grace di - vine, That Je - sus should
rolled a - way; For the Sav - iour said, Who - so - ev - er will May
filled my soul; I've been lift - ed up, and from sin set free, His
die for me; I was lost in sin, for the world I pined, But
Chorus.
come with Him to stay. (to stay.)
blood has made me whole. (me whole.) Who-so - ev - er, sure - ly mean-eth me,
now I am set free. (set free.)
Sure - ly mean - eth me, O, sure - ly mean - eth me; Who - so - ev - er,
sure - ly mean - eth me, Who - so - ev - er, mean - eth me.
mean-eth me.

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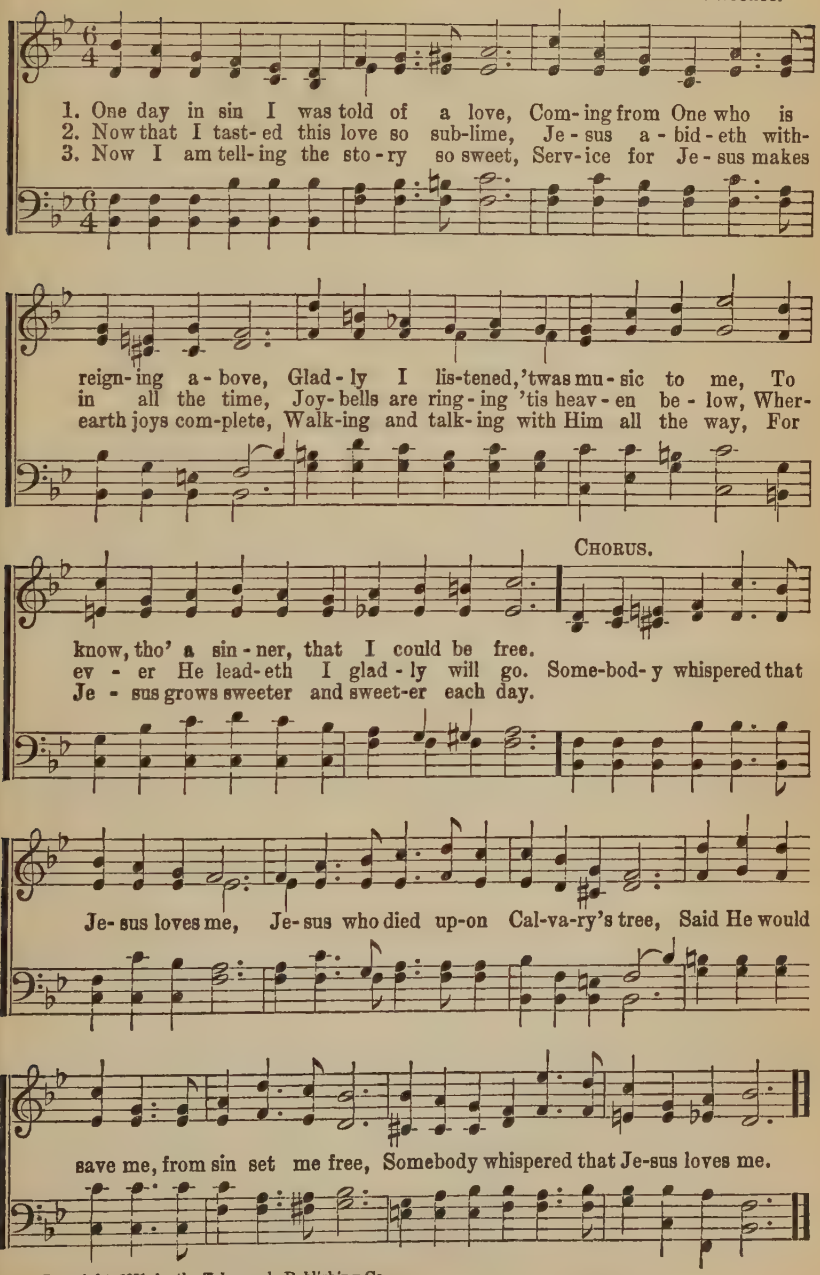
71 Somebody Whispered That Jesus Loves Me.

S. L. Scott Lawrence.

1. One day in sin I was told of a love, Com-ing from One who is
2. Now that I tast-ed this love so sub-lime, Je-sus a-bid-eth with-
3. Now I am tell-ing the sto-ry so sweet, Serv-ice for Je-sus makes
reign-ing a-bove, Glad-ly I lis-tened,'twas mu-sic to me, To
in all the time, Joy-bells are ring-ing 'tis heav-en be-low, Wher-
earth joys com-plete, Walk-ing and talk-ing with Him all the way, For
Chorus.
know, tho' a sin-ner, that I could be free.
ev-er He lead-eth I glad-ly will go. Some-bod-y whispered that
Je-sus grows sweeter and sweet-er each day.
Je-sus loves me, Je-sus who died up-on Cal-va-ry's tree, Said He would
save me, from sin set me free, Somebody whispered that Je-sus loves me.

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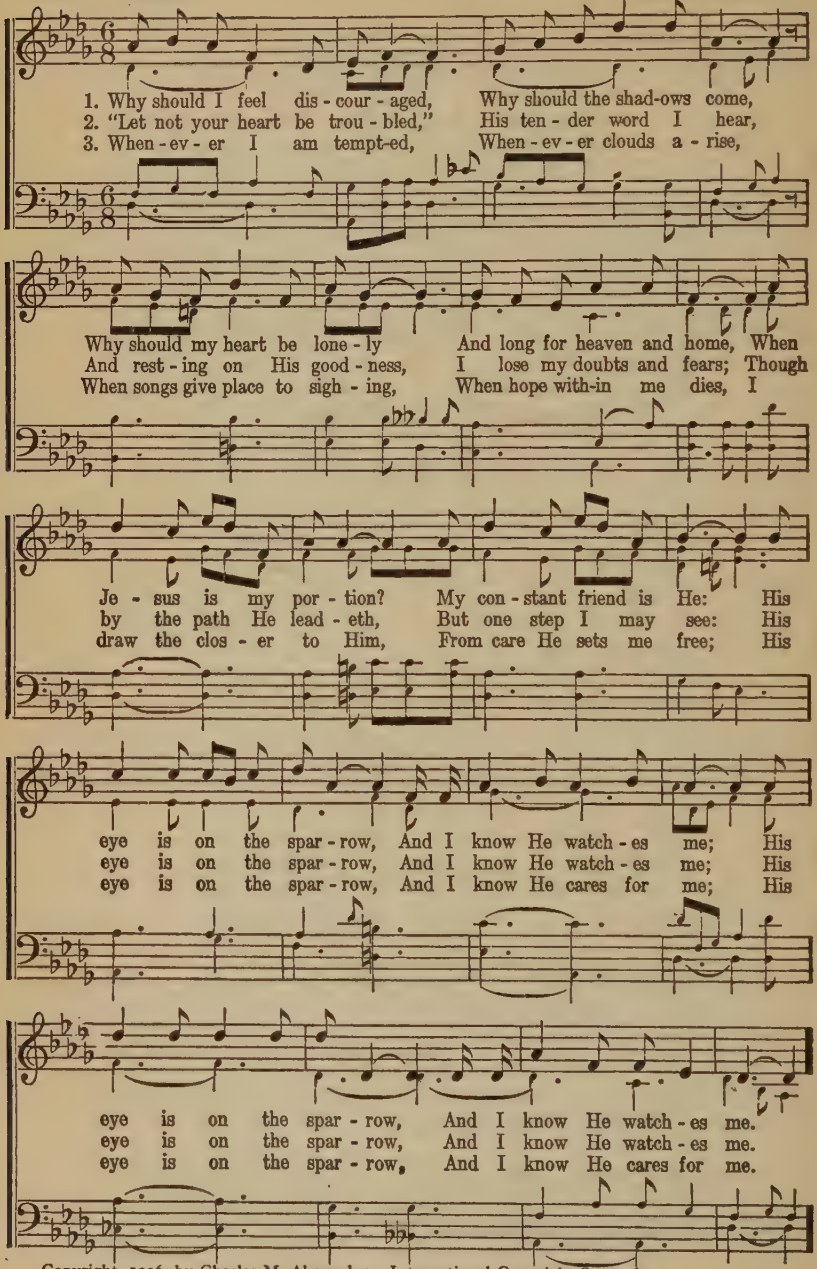
His Eye Is On the Sparrow.

Mrs. C. D. Martin. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. Why should I feel dis - cour - aged, Why should the shad-ows come,
2. "Let not your heart be trou - bled," His ten - der word I hear,
3. When - ev - er I am tempt-ed, When - ev - er clouds a - rise,
Why should my heart be lone - ly And long for heaven and home, When
And rest - ing on His good - ness, I lose my doubts and fears; Though
When songs give place to sigh - ing, When hope with-in me dies, I
Je - sus is my por - tion? My con - stant friend is He: His
by the path He lead - eth, But one step I may see: His
draw the clos - er to Him, From care He sets me free; His
eye is on the spar - row, And I know He watch - es me; His
eye is on the spar - row, And I know He watch - es me; His
eye is on the spar - row, And I know He cares for me; His
eye is on the spar - row, And I know He watch - es me.
eye is on the spar - row, And I know He watch - es me.
eye is on the spar - row, And I know He cares for me.

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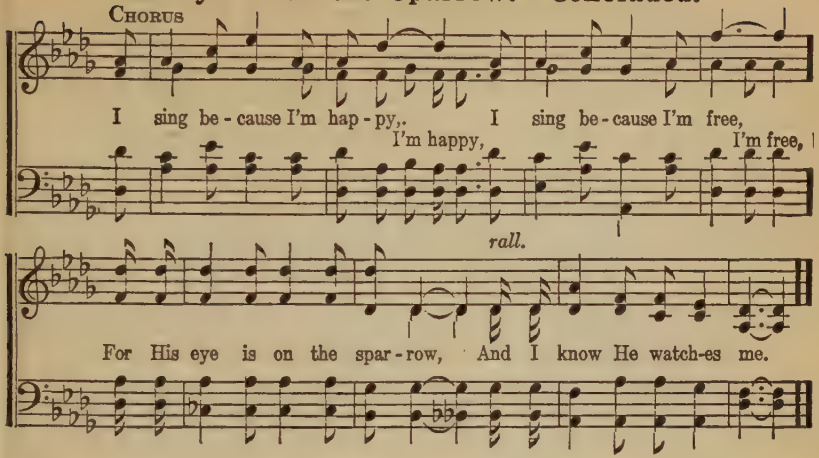
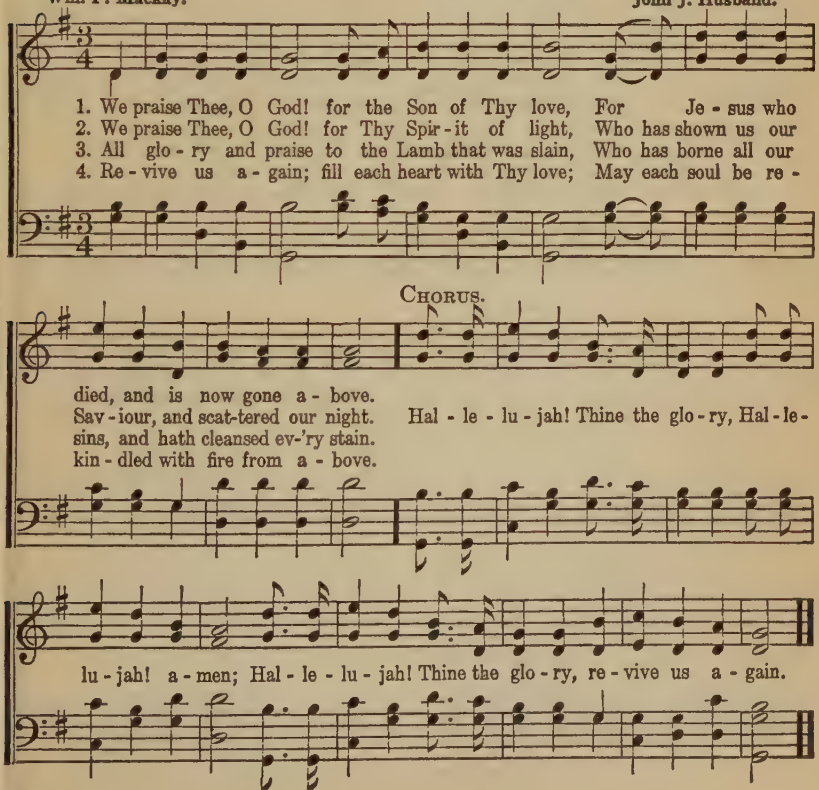
His Eye Is on the Sparrow.—Concluded.


Chorus
I sing be - cause I'm hap - py,. I sing be - cause I'm free,
I'm happy, I'm free,
rall.
For His eye is on the spar - row, And I know He watch-es me.

73 Revive Us Again.

Wm. P. Mackay. John J. Husband.

1. We praise Thee, O God! for the Son of Thy love, For Je - sus who
2. We praise Thee, O God! for Thy Spir - it of light, Who has shown us our
3. All glo - ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our
4. Re - vive us a - gain; fill each heart with Thy love; May each soul be re -
Chorus.
died, and is now gone a - bove.
Sav - iour, and scat-tered our night. Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry, Hal - le -
sins, and hath cleansed ev-'ry stain.
kin - dled with fire from a - bove.
lu - jah! a - men; Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry, re - vive us a - gain.

All Hail, Immanuel!

D. R. Van Sickle.

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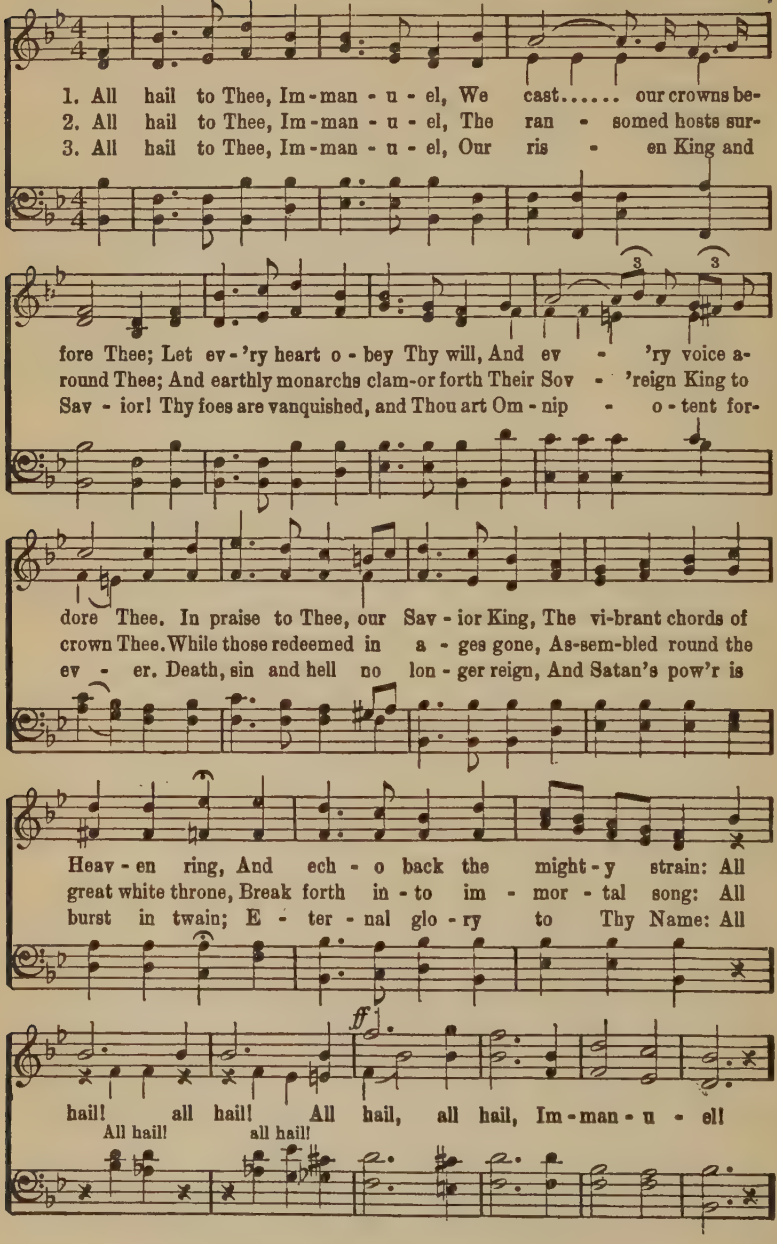
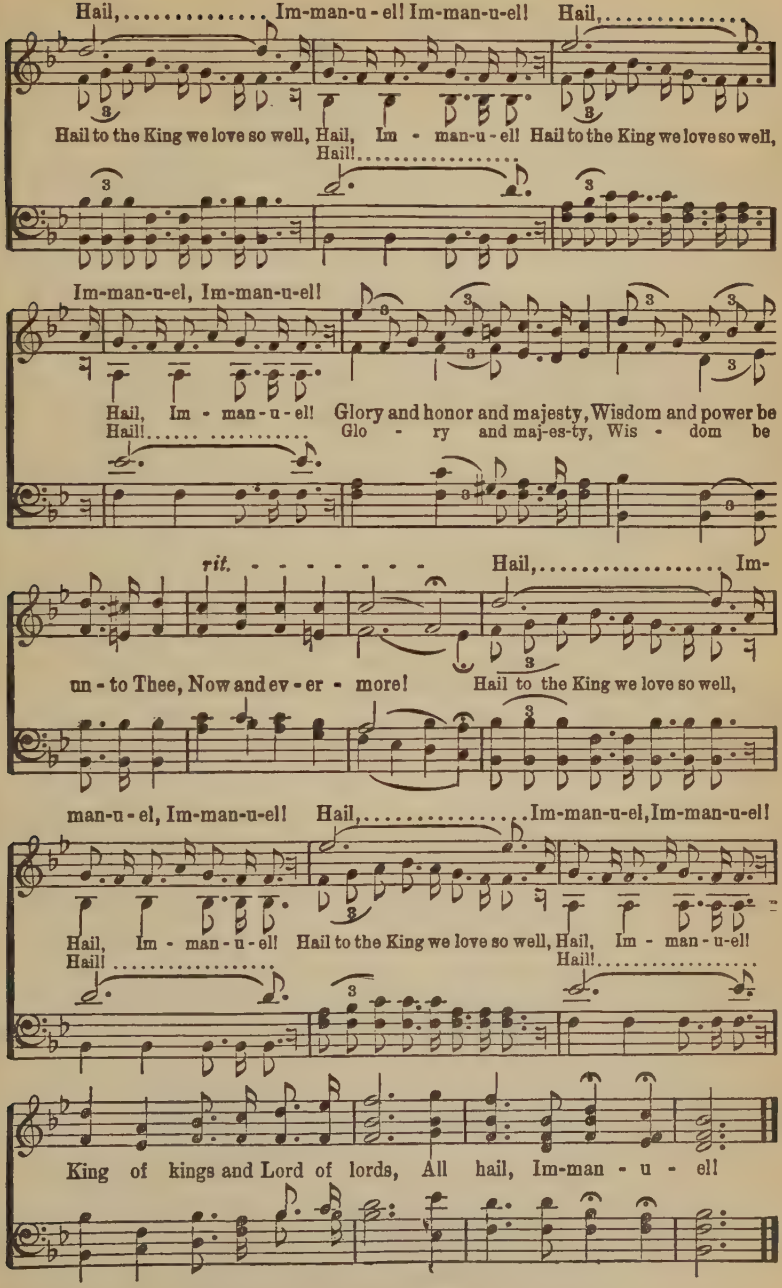
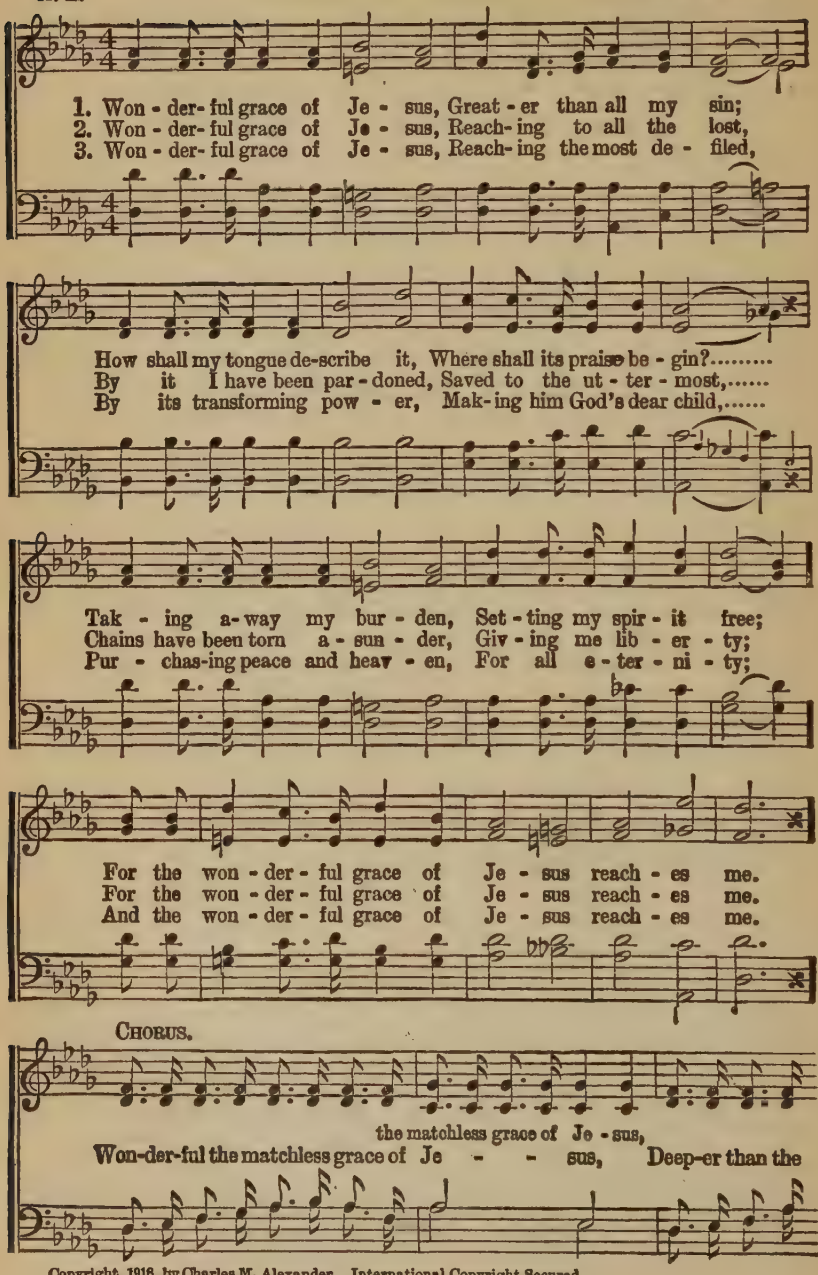
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. All hail to Thee, Im-man-u-el, We cast..... our crowns be-
2. All hail to Thee, Im-man-u-el, The ran-somed hosts sur-
3. All hail to Thee, Im-man-u-el, Our ris-en King and
fore Thee; Let ev-'ry heart o-bey Thy will, And ev-'ry voice a-
round Thee; And earthly monarchs clam-or forth Their Sov-'reign King to
Sav-ior! Thy foes are vanquished, and Thou art Om-nip-o-tent for-
dore Thee. In praise to Thee, our Sav-ior King, The vi-brant chords of
crown Thee. While those redeemed in a-ges gone, As-sem-bled round the
ev-er. Death, sin and hell no lon-ger reign, And Satan's pow'r is
Heav-en ring, And ech-o back the might-y strain: All
great white throne, Break forth in-to im-mor-tal song: All
burst in twain; E-ter-nal glo-ry to Thy Name: All
ff
hail! all hail! All hail, all hail, Im-man-u-el!
All hail! all hail!

CHORUS.

All Hail, Immanuel!

Hail,..... Im-man-u-el! Im-man-u-el! Hail,.....
Hail to the King we love so well, Hail, Im - man-u-el! Hail to the King we love so well,
Hail!.....
Im-man-u-el, Im-man-u-el!
Hail, Im - man-u-el! Glory and honor and majesty, Wisdom and power be
Hail!..... Glo - ry and maj-es-ty, Wis - dom be
rit. - - - - - - - Hail,..... Im-
un - to Thee, Now and ev - er - more! Hail to the King we love so well,
man-u-el, Im-man-u-el! Hail,.....Im-man-u-el, Im-man-u-el!
Hail, Im - man-u-el! Hail to the King we love so well, Hail, Im - man-u-el!
Hail! Hail!
King of kings and Lord of lords, All hail, Im-man - u - el!

Wonderful Grace of Jesus.

H. L. Haldor Lillenas.

1. Won - der- ful grace of Je - sus, Great - er than all my sin;
2. Won - der- ful grace of Je - sus, Reach- ing to all the lost,
3. Won - der- ful grace of Je - sus, Reach- ing the most de - filed,
How shall my tongue de-scribe it, Where shall its praise be - gin?.....
By it I have been par - doned, Saved to the ut - ter - most,.....
By its transforming pow - er, Mak- ing him God's dear child,.....
Tak - ing a-way my bur - den, Set - ting my spir - it free;
Chains have been torn a - sun - der, Giv - ing me lib - er - ty;
Pur - chas-ing peace and heav - en, For all e - ter - ni - ty;
For the won - der - ful grace of Je - sus reach - es me.
For the won - der - ful grace of Je - sus reach - es me.
And the won - der - ful grace of Je - sus reach - es me.
CHORUS.
the matchless grace of Je - sus,
Won-der-ful the matchless grace of Je - - sus, Deep-er than the

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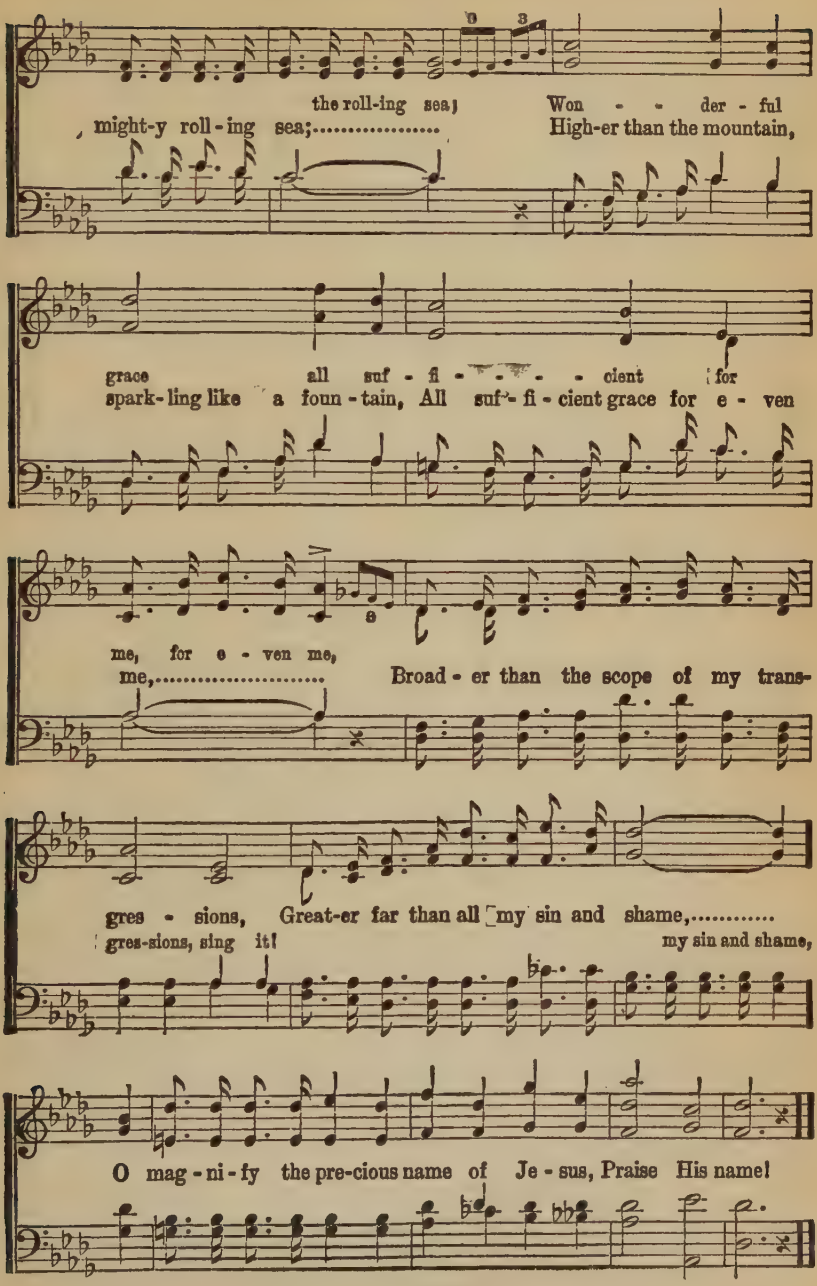
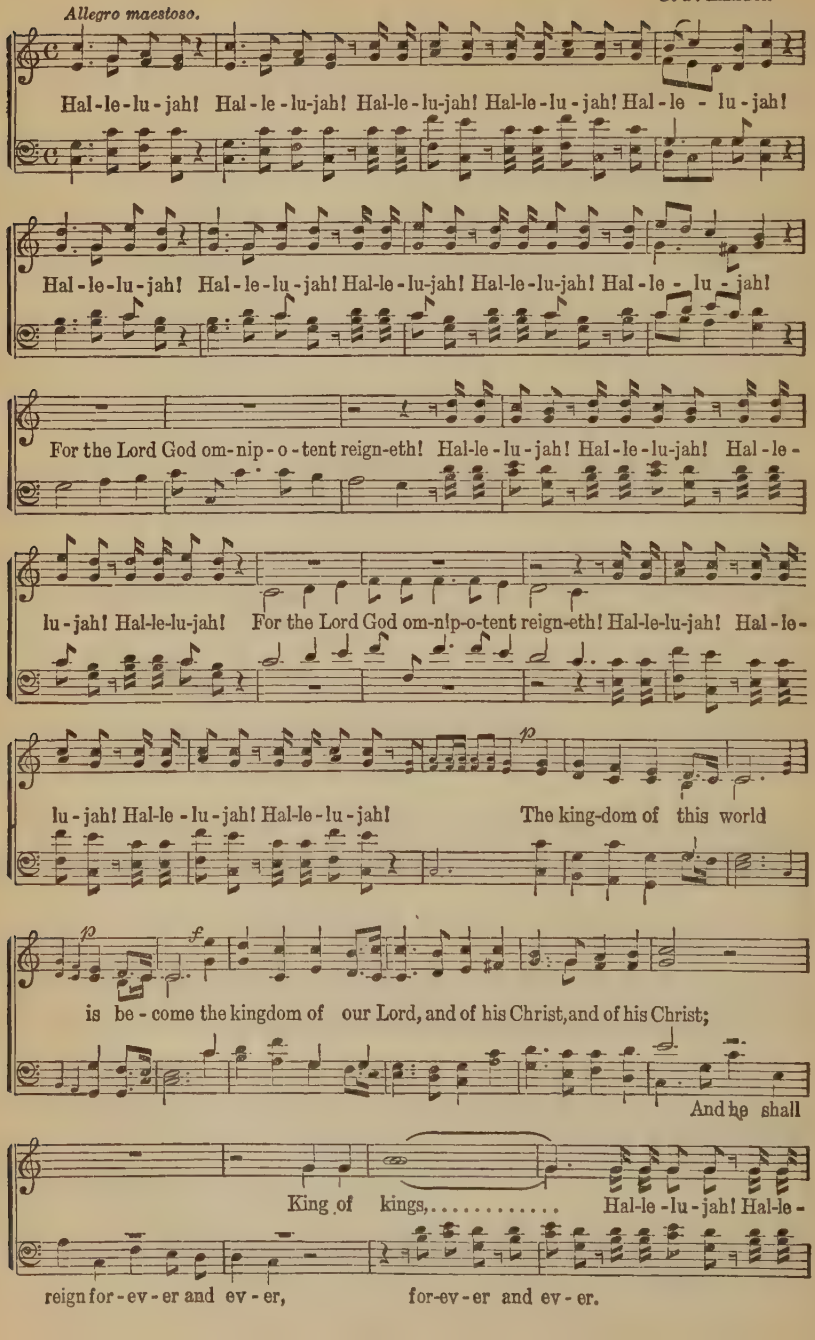

the roll-ing sea;
might-y roll-ing sea;.....
Won - - der - ful
High-er than the mountain,
grace all suf - fi - - - - cient for
spark-ling like a foun-tain, All suf - fi - cient grace for e - ven
me, for e - ven me,
me,.....
Broad - er than the scope of my trans-
gres - sions, Great-er far than all my sin and shame,.....
gres-sions, sing it!
my sin and shame,
O mag - ni - fy the pre-cious name of Je - sus, Praise His name!

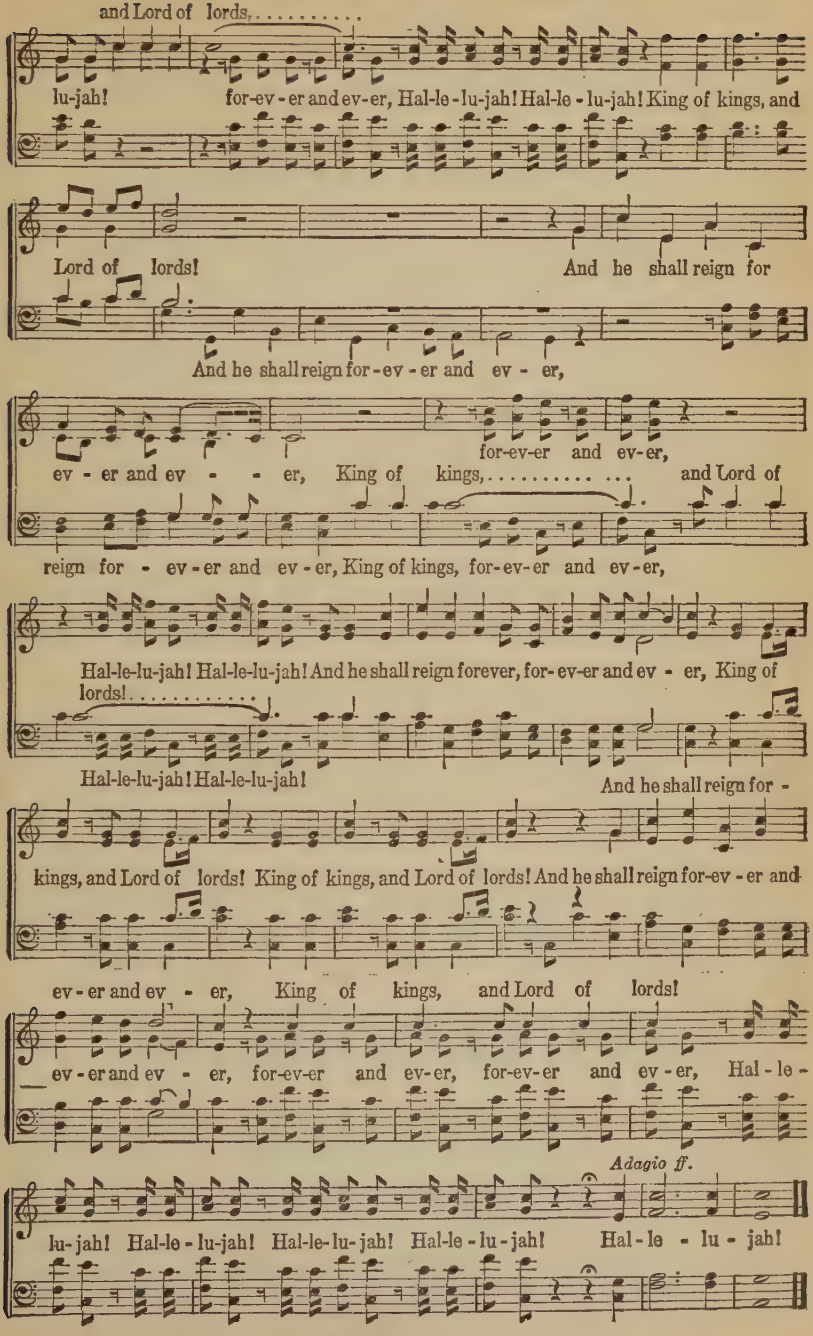
Hallelujah Chorus.

G. F. Handel.

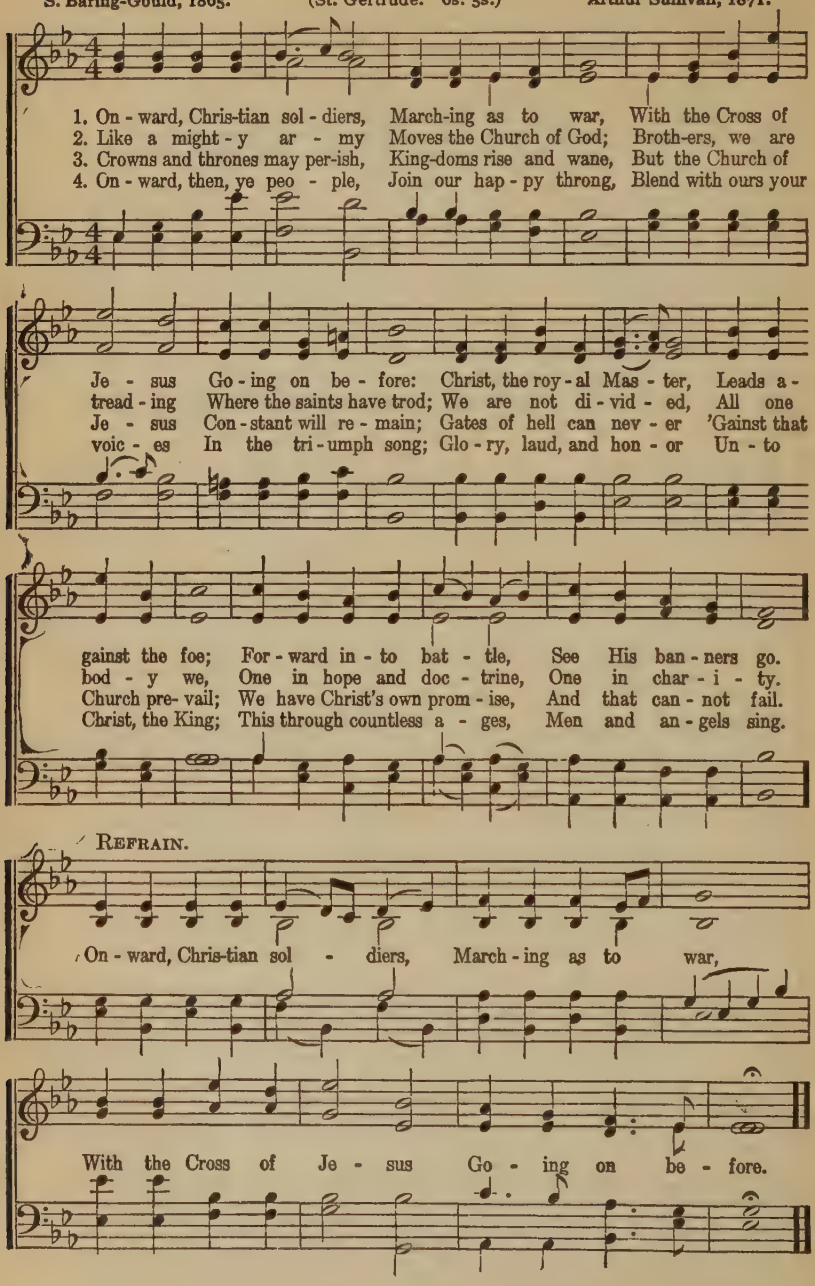
Allegro maestoso.


Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le - lu-jah!
Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le - lu - jah!
For the Lord God om-nip-o-tent reign-eth! Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-
lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! For the Lord God om-nip-o-tent reign-eth! Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-
lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! The king-dom of this world
is be-come the kingdom of our Lord, and of his Christ, and of his Christ;
And he shall
King of kings,..... Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-
reign for-ev-er and ev-er, for-ev-er and ev-er.

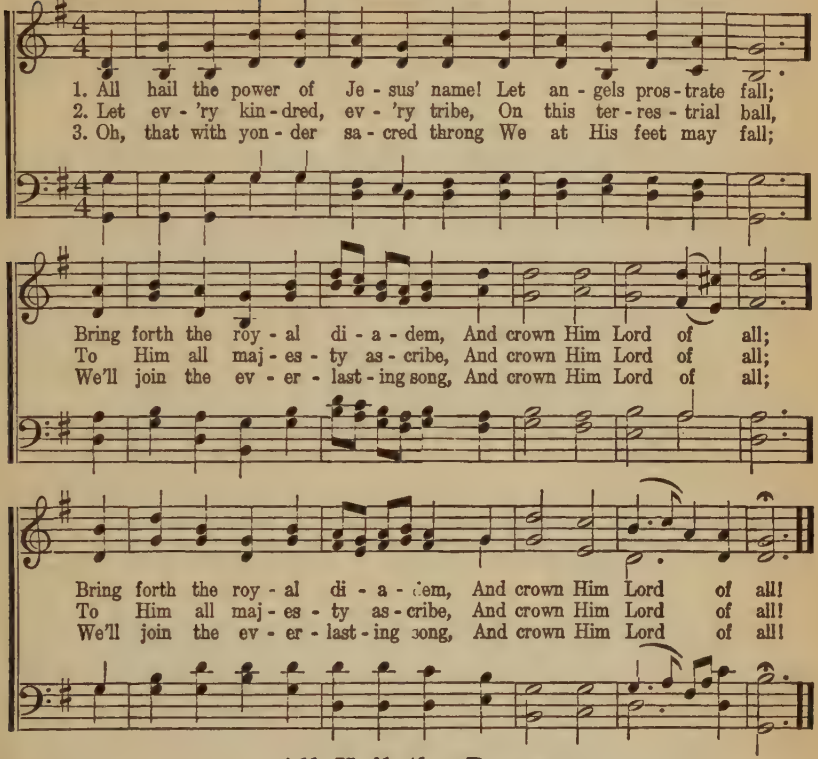
Hallelujah Chorus.—Concluded.


and Lord of lords,.....
lu-jah! for-ev-er and ev-er, Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! King of kings, and
Lord of lords! And he shall reign for
And he shall reign for-ev-er and ev-er,
for-ev-er and ev-er,
ev-er and ev-er, King of kings,..... and Lord of
reign for-ev-er and ev-er, King of kings, for-ev-er and ev-er,
Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! And he shall reign forever, for-ev-er and ev-er, King of
lords!.....
Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah!
And he shall reign for-
kings, and Lord of lords! King of kings, and Lord of lords! And he shall reign for-ev-er and
ev-er and ev-er, King of kings, and Lord of lords!
ev-er and ev-er, for-ev-er and ev-er, for-ev-er and ev-er, Hal-le-
Adagio ff.
lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah!

Onward, Christian Soldiers.

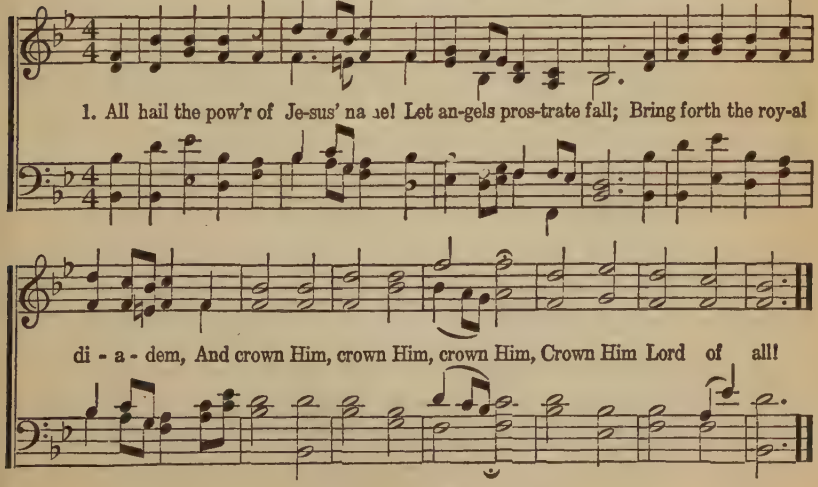
S. Baring-Gould, 1865. (St. Gertrude. 6s. 5s.) Arthur Sullivan, 1871.

1. On - ward, Chris-tian sol - diers, March-ing as to war, With the Cross of
2. Like a might - y ar - my Moves the Church of God; Broth-ers, we are
3. Crowns and thrones may per-ish, King-doms rise and wane, But the Church of
4. On - ward, then, ye peo - ple, Join our hap - py throng, Blend with ours your
Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore: Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter, Leads a -
tread - ing Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed, All one
Je - sus Con - stant will re - main; Gates of hell can nev - er 'Gainst that
voic - es In the tri - umph song; Glo - ry, laud, and hon - or Un - to
gainst the foe; For - ward in - to bat - tle, See His ban - ners go.
bod - y we, One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
Church pre- vail; We have Christ's own prom - ise, And that can - not fail.
Christ, the King; This through countless a - ges, Men and an - gels sing.
Refrain.
On - ward, Chris-tian sol - diers, March - ing as to war,
With the Cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.

78 All Hail the Power.

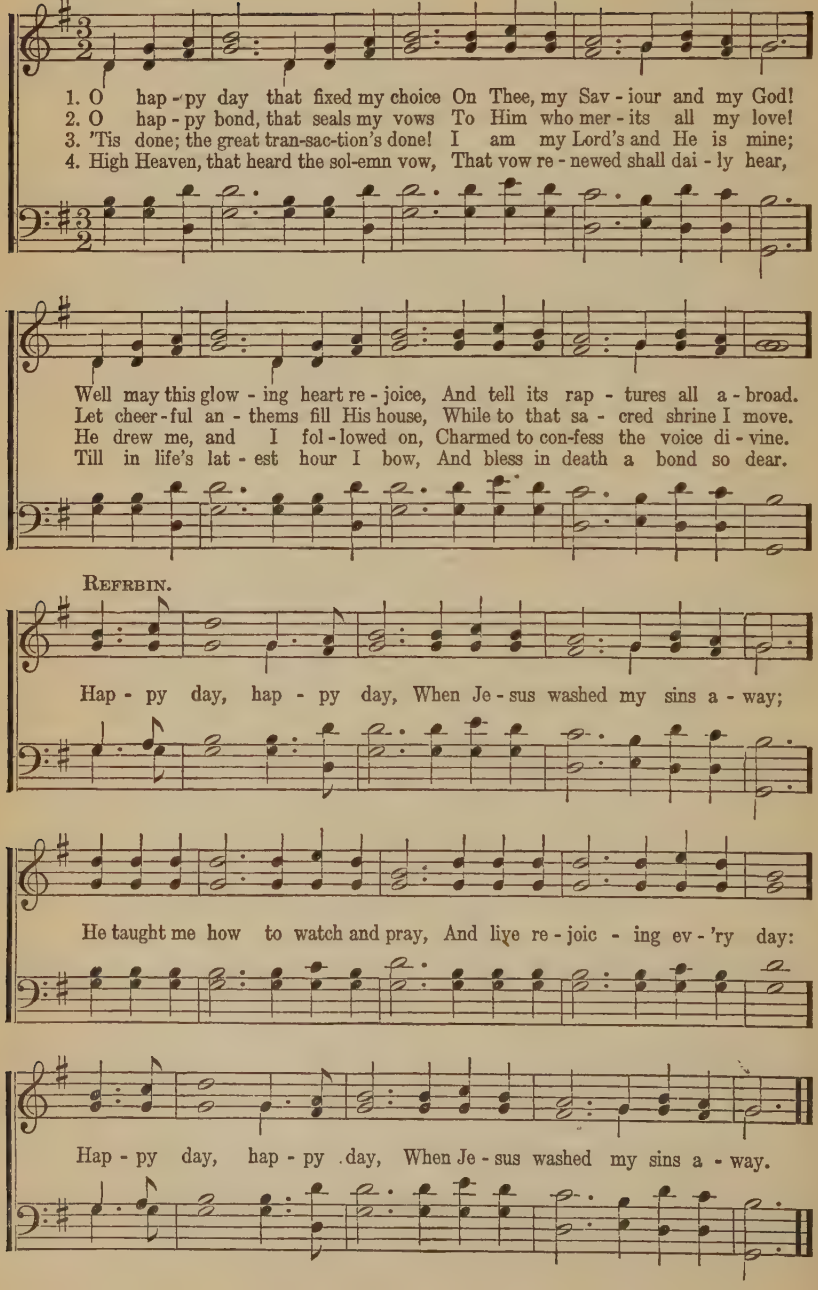
E. Perronet. (Coronation. C.M.) Oliver Holden, 1792.

1. All hail the power of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros - trate fall;
2. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball,
3. Oh, that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall;
Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all;
To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all;
We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all;
Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all!
To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all!
We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all!

79 All Hail the Power.

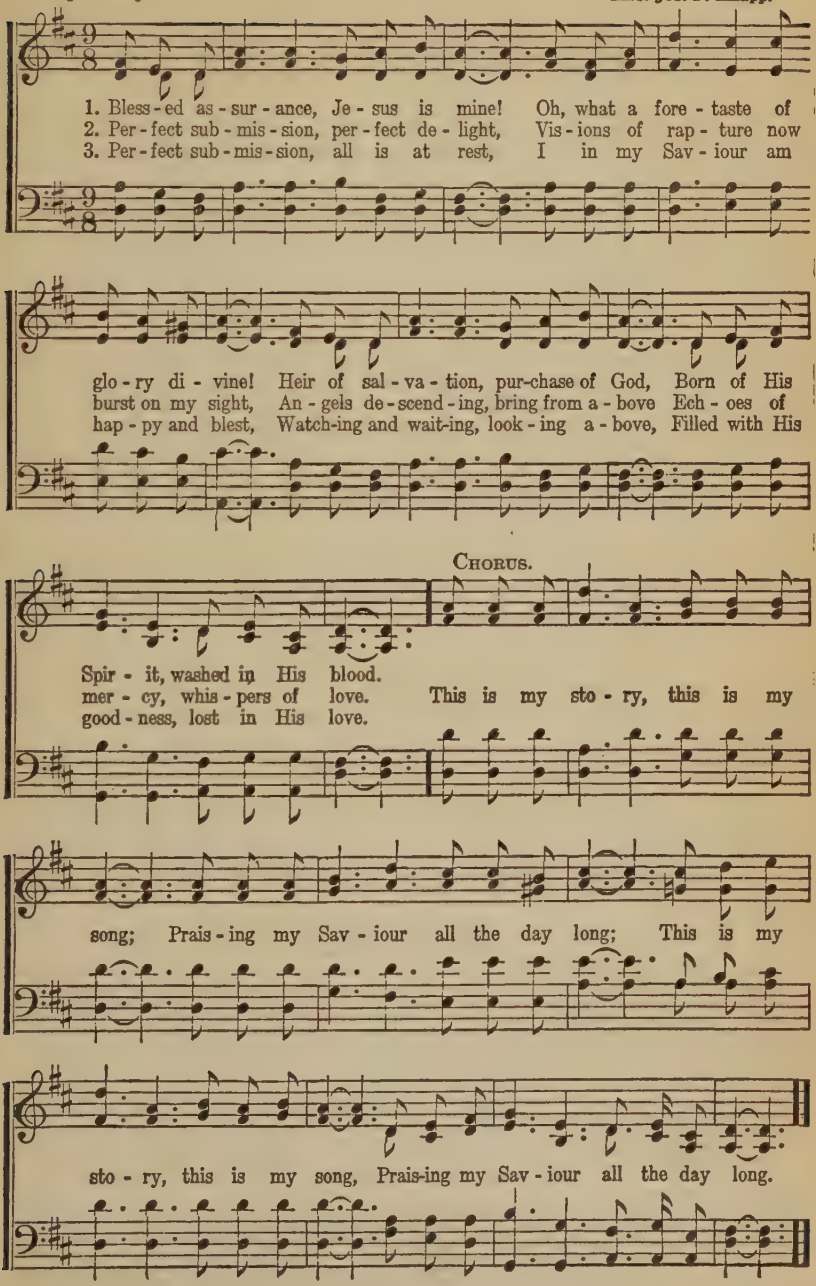
(Miles' Lane. C.M.) Second Tune. William Shrubsole.


1. All hail the pow'r of Je-sus' na me! Let an-gels pros-trate fall; Bring forth the roy-al
di - a - dem, And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, Crown Him Lord of all!

O Happy Day.

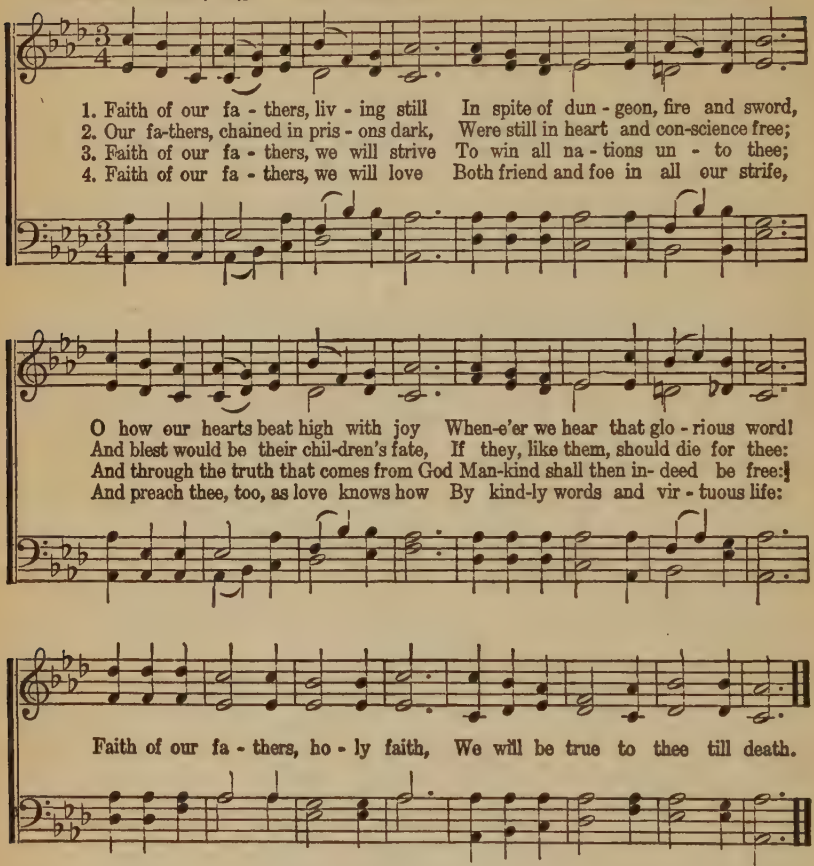
Philip Doddridge. E. F. Rimbault.

1. O hap - py day that fixed my choice On Thee, my Sav - iour and my God!
2. O hap - py bond, that seals my vows To Him who mer - its all my love!
3. 'Tis done; the great tran-sac-tion's done! I am my Lord's and He is mine;
4. High Heaven, that heard the sol-emn vow, That vow re - newed shall dai - ly hear,
Well may this glow - ing heart re - joice, And tell its rap - tures all a - broad.
Let cheer - ful an - thems fill His house, While to that sa - cred shrine I move.
He drew me, and I fol - lowed on, Charmed to con-fess the voice di - vine.
Till in life's lat - est hour I bow, And bless in death a bond so dear.
Refrain.
Hap - py day, hap - py day, When Je - sus washed my sins a - way;
He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re - joic - ing ev - 'ry day:
Hap - py day, hap - py day, When Je - sus washed my sins a - way.

Blessed Assurance.

F. J. Crosby. Mrs. Jos. F. Knapp.

1. Bless-ed as-sur-ance, Je-sus is mine! Oh, what a fore-taste of
2. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, per-fect de-light, Vis-ions of rap-ture now
3. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav-iour am
glo-ry di-vine! Heir of sal-va-tion, pur-chase of God, Born of His
burst on my sight, An-gels de-scend-ing, bring from a-bove Ech-oes of
hap-py and blest, Watch-ing and wait-ing, look-ing a-bove, Filled with His
Chorus.
Spir-it, washed in His blood.
mer-cy, whis-pers of love. This is my sto-ry, this is my
good-ness, lost in His love.
song; Prais-ing my Sav-iour all the day long; This is my
sto-ry, this is my song, Prais-ing my Sav-iour all the day long.

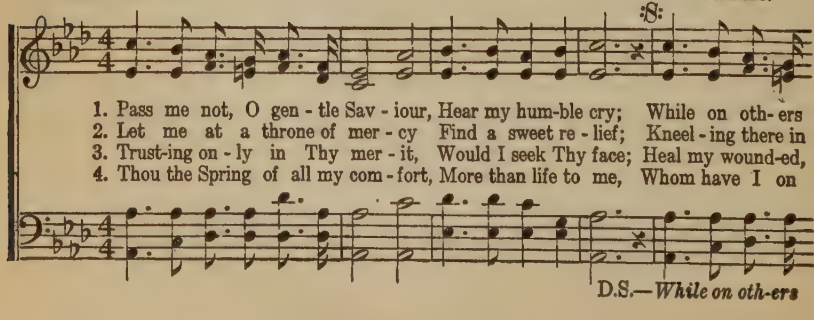
82 Faith of Our Fathers, Living Still.

Frederick W. Faber, 1849. (St. Catharine. S. M.) H. F. and J. G. Walton, 1874.

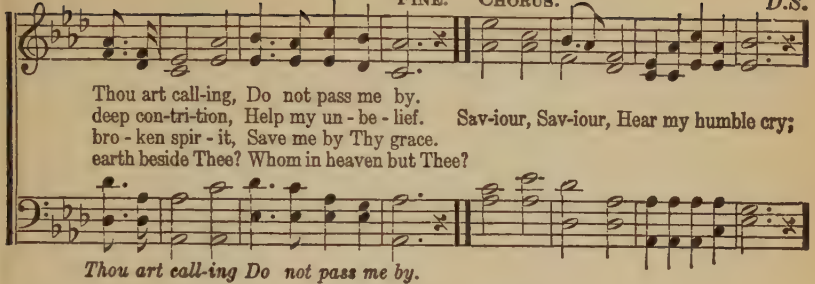

1. Faith of our fa - thers, liv - ing still In spite of dun - geon, fire and sword,
2. Our fa-thers, chained in pris - ons dark, Were still in heart and con-science free;
3. Faith of our fa - thers, we will strive To win all na - tions un - to thee;
4. Faith of our fa - thers, we will love Both friend and foe in all our strife,
O how our hearts beat high with joy When-e'er we hear that glo - rious word!
And blest would be their chil-dren's fate, If they, like them, should die for thee:
And through the truth that comes from God Man-kind shall then in- deed be free:
And preach thee, too, as love knows how By kind-ly words and vir - tuous life:
Faith of our fa - thers, ho - ly faith, We will be true to thee till death.

83 Pass Me Not.

Fanny J. Crosby. W. H. Doane.

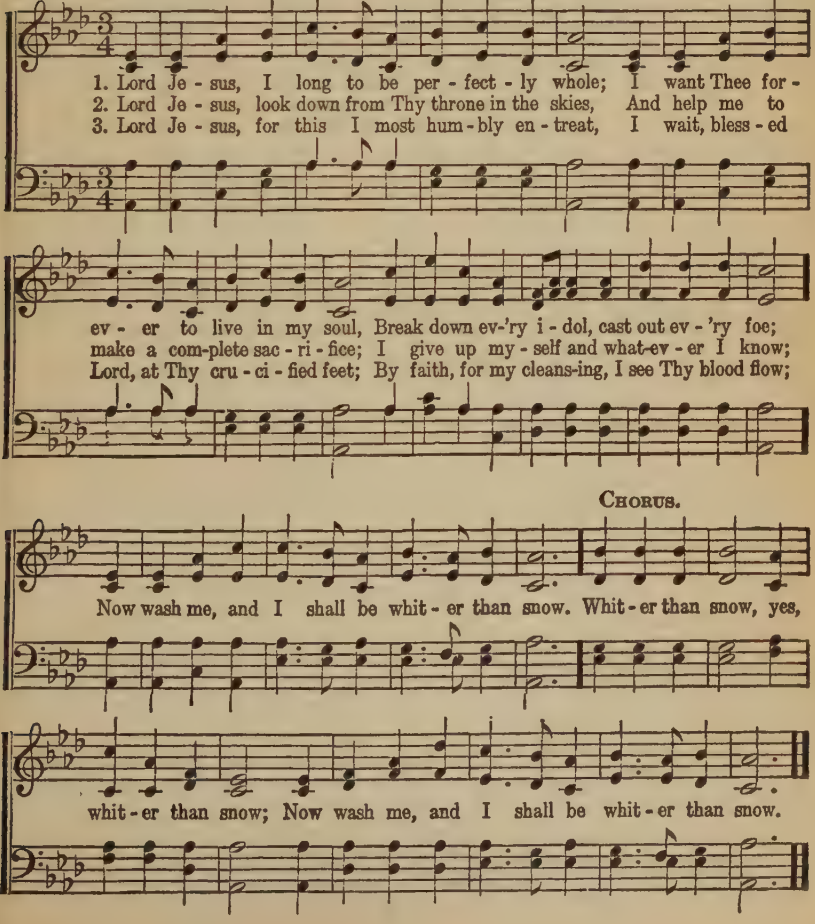

:S:
1. Pass me not, O gen - tle Sav - iour, Hear my hum-ble cry; While on oth- ers
2. Let me at a throne of mer - cy Find a sweet re - lief; Kneel - ing there in
3. Trust-ing on - ly in Thy mer - it, Would I seek Thy face; Heal my wound-ed,
4. Thou the Spring of all my com - fort, More than life to me, Whom have I on
D.S.—While on oth-ers

Pass Me Not.

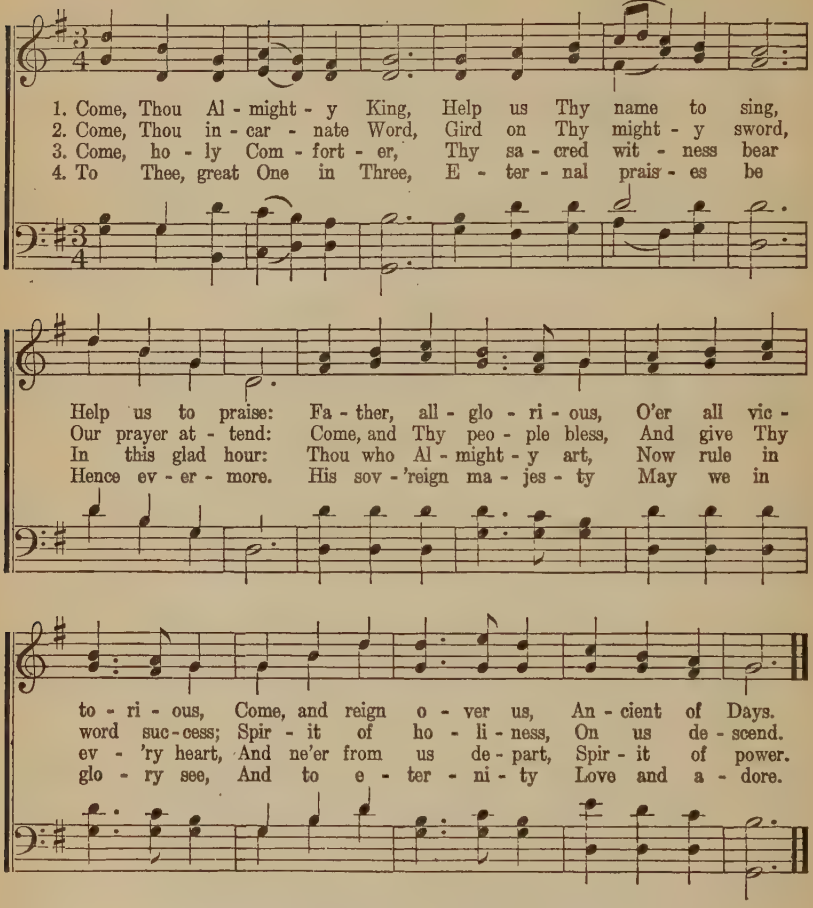

FINE.
CHORUS.
D.S.
Thou art call-ing, Do not pass me by.
deep con-tri-tion, Help my un - be - lief.
Sav-iour, Sav-iour, Hear my humble cry;
bro - ken spir - it, Save me by Thy grace.
earth beside Thee? Whom in heaven but Thee?
Thou art call-ing Do not pass me by.

84 Whiter Than Snow.

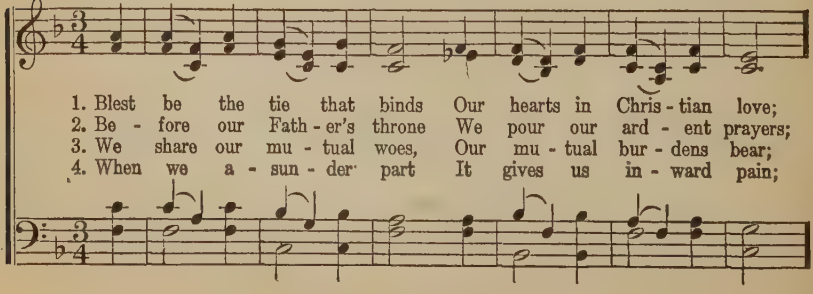
James Nicholson. Wm. G. Fischer.


1. Lord Je - sus, I long to be per - fect - ly whole; I want Thee for -
2. Lord Je - sus, look down from Thy throne in the skies, And help me to
3. Lord Je - sus, for this I most hum - bly en - treat, I wait, bless - ed
ev - er to live in my soul, Break down ev-'ry i - dol, cast out ev - 'ry foe;
make a com-plete sac - ri - fice; I give up my - self and what-ev - er I know;
Lord, at Thy cru - ci - fied feet; By faith, for my cleans-ing, I see Thy blood flow;
CHORUS.
Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow. Whit - er than snow, yes,
whit - er than snow; Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.

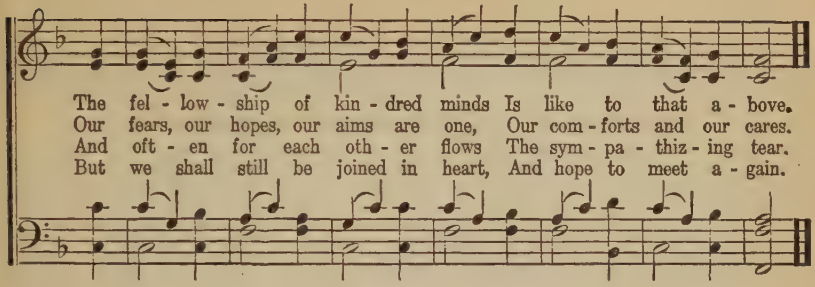
85 Come, Thou Almighty King.

Charles Wesley, 1757. (Italian Hymn.) Felice de Giardini, 1769.

1. Come, Thou Al - might - y King, Help us Thy name to sing,
2. Come, Thou in - car - nate Word, Gird on Thy might - y sword,
3. Come, ho - ly Com - fort - er, Thy sa - cred wit - ness bear
4. To Thee, great One in Three, E - ter - nal prais - es be
Help us to praise: Fa - ther, all - glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic -
Our prayer at - tend: Come, and Thy peo - ple bless, And give Thy
In this glad hour: Thou who Al - might - y art, Now rule in
Hence ev - er - more. His sov - 'reign ma - jes - ty May we in
to - ri - ous, Come, and reign o - ver us, An - cient of Days.
word suc - cess; Spir - it of ho - li - ness, On us de - scend.
ev - 'ry heart, And ne'er from us de - part, Spir - it of power.
glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a - dore.

86 Blest Be the Tie That Binds.

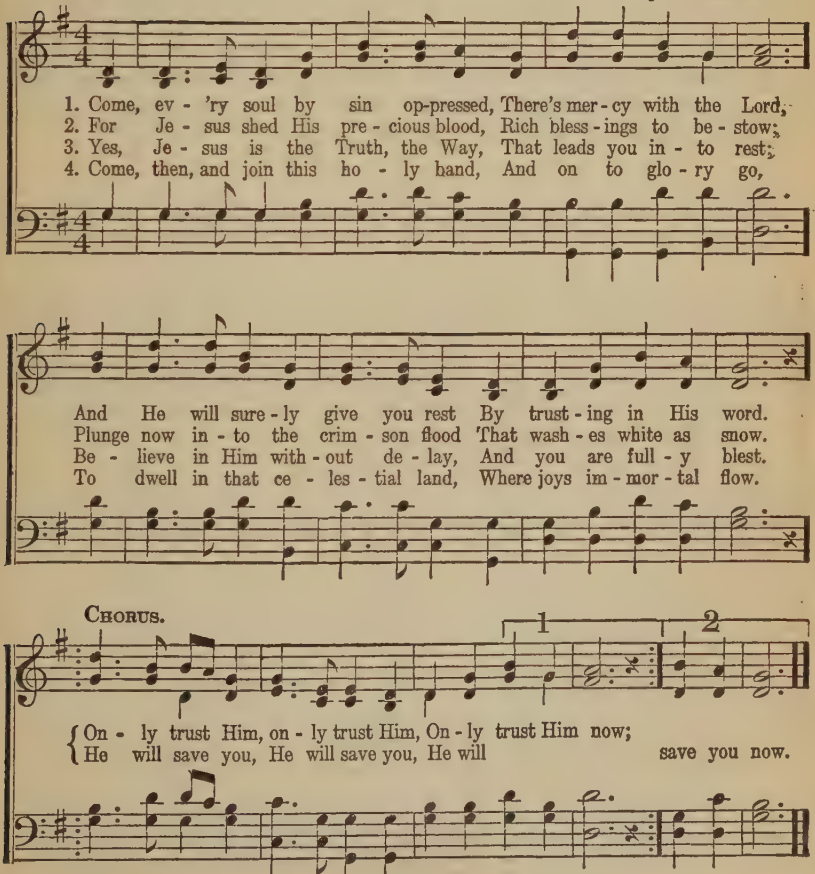
J. Fawcett, 1772. (Dennis. S. M.) H. G. Nageli.

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris - tian love;
2. Be - fore our Fath - er's throne We pour our ard - ent prayers;
3. We share our mu - tual woes, Our mu - tual bur - dens bear;
4. When we a - sun - der part It gives us in - ward pain;

Blest Be the Tie That Binds.


The fel - low - ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our com - forts and our cares.
And oft - en for each oth - er flows The sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.
But we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet a - gain.

87

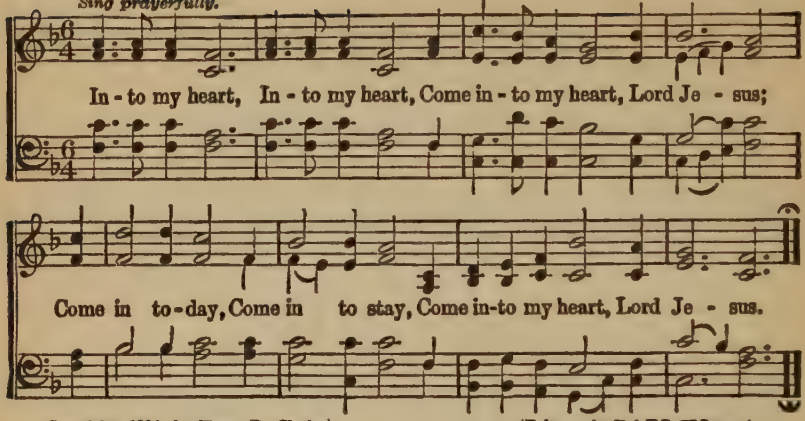
Only Trust Him.

J. H. S. J. H. Stockton.

1. Come, ev - 'ry soul by sin op-pressed, There's mer - cy with the Lord,
2. For Je - sus shed His pre - cious blood, Rich bless - ings to be - stow;
3. Yes, Je - sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in - to rest;
4. Come, then, and join this ho - ly band, And on to glo - ry go,
And He will sure - ly give you rest By trust - ing in His word.
Plunge now in - to the crim - son flood That wash - es white as snow.
Be - lieve in Him with - out de - lay, And you are full - y blest.
To dwell in that ce - les - tial land, Where joys im - mor - tal flow.
Chorus.
1
2
On - ly trust Him, on - ly trust Him, On - ly trust Him now;
He will save you, He will save you, He will save you now.

88 Into My Heart.

(MY PRAYER.)

H. D. C. *Sing prayerfully.* Harry D. Clarke.



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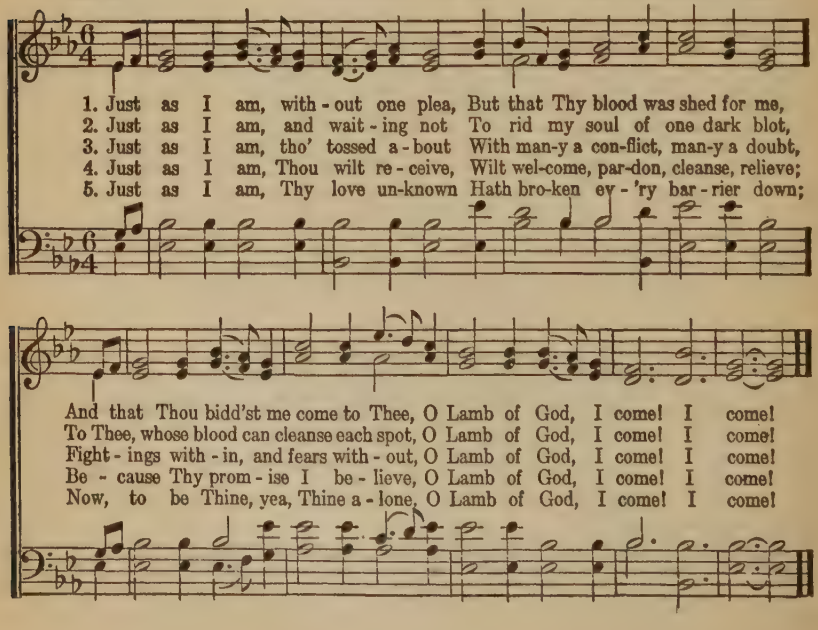
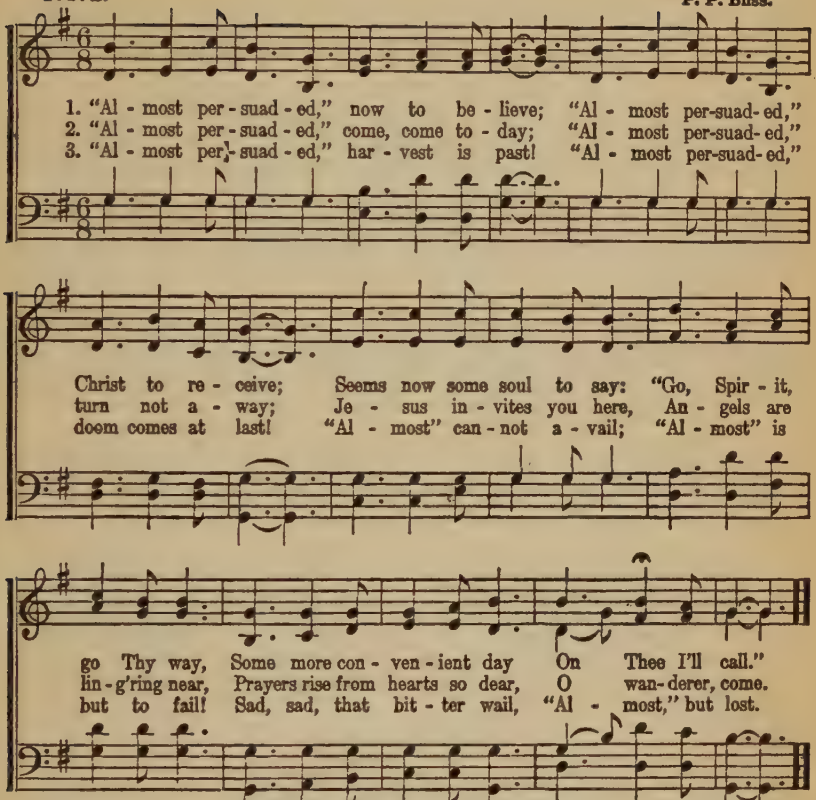
Behold, I stand at the door, and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me. REV. 3: 20.

89 Just As I Am, Without One Plea.

C. Elliott. (Woodworth. 8s. 6s.) Wm. B. Bradbury, 1849.

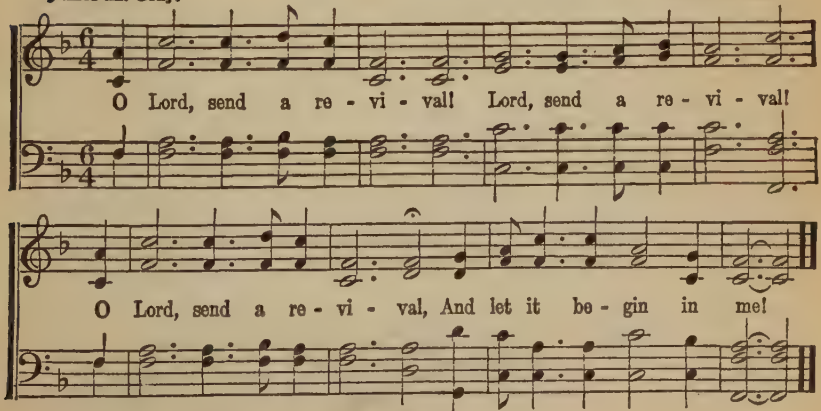

1. Just as I am, with - out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am, and wait - ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
3. Just as I am, tho' tossed a - bout With man-y a con-flict, man-y a doubt,
4. Just as I am, Thou wilt re - ceive, Wilt wel-come, par-don, cleanse, relieve;
5. Just as I am, Thy love un-known Hath bro-ken ev - 'ry bar - rier down;
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
Fight - ings with - in, and fears with - out, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
Be - cause Thy prom - ise I be - lieve, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine a - lone, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

90 Almost Persuaded.

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.

1. "Al - most per - suad - ed," now to be - lieve; "Al - most per-suad- ed,"
2. "Al - most per - suad - ed," come, come to - day; "Al - most per-suad- ed,"
3. "Al - most per - suad - ed," har - vest is past! "Al - most per-suad- ed,"
Christ to re - ceive; Seems now some soul to say: "Go, Spir - it,
turn not a - way; Je - sus in - vites you here, An - gels are
doom comes at last! "Al - most" can - not a - vail; "Al - most" is
go Thy way, Some more con - ven - ient day On Thee I'll call."
lin - g'ring near, Prayers rise from hearts so dear, O wan - derer, come.
but to fail! Sad, sad, that bit - ter wail, "Al - most," but lost.

91 O Lord, Send a Revival!

James M. Gray. D. B. Towner.



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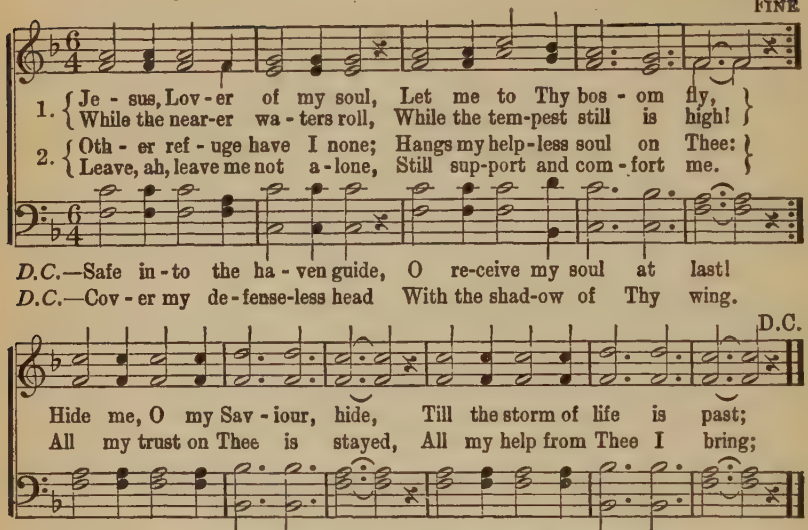
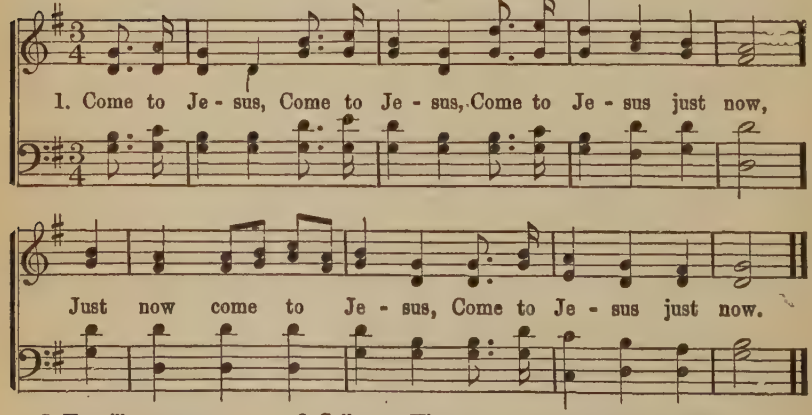
92 Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

Charles Wesley. S. B. Marsh.

FINE
1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos - om fly,
While the near-er wa - ters roll, While the tem-pest still is high!
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my help-less soul on Thee:
Leave, ah, leave me not a - lone, Still sup-port and com - fort me.
D.C.—Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re-ceive my soul at last!
D.C.—Cov - er my de - fense-less head With the shad-ow of Thy wing.
D.C.
Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring;

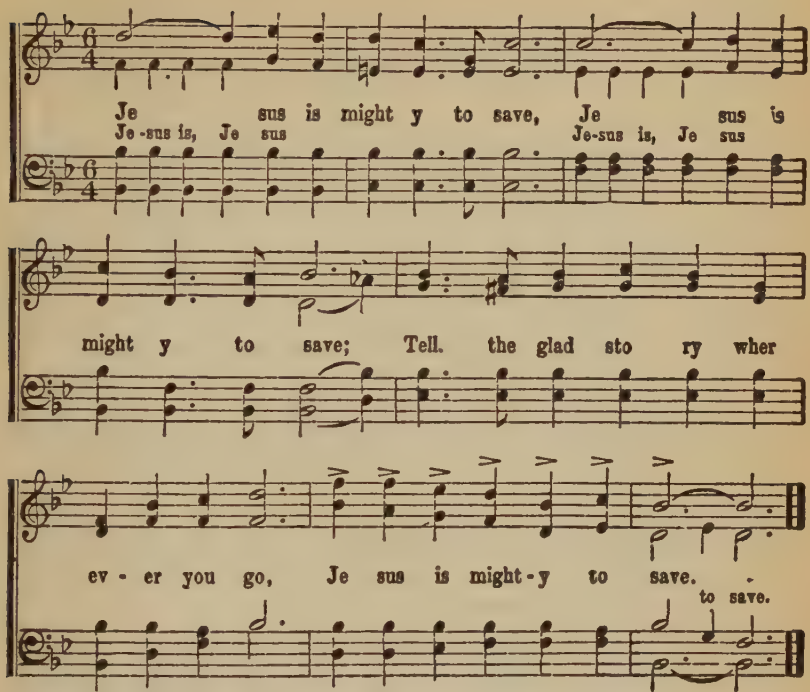
3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
Vile and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin:
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee:
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

93 Come to Jesus.

2 He will save you.
3 Oh, believe Him.
4 He is able.
5 He is willing.
6 Call upon Him.
7 He will hear you.
8 Look unto Him.
9 He'll forgive you.
10 Only trust Him.
11 Jesus loves you.
12 Don't reject Him.
13 I believe Him.

94 Jesus Is Mighty To Save.

C. G. V

L. C Voke.

Je sus is might y to save, Je sus is
Je-sus is, Je sus
Je-sus is, Je sus
might y to save; Tell. the glad sto ry wher
ev - er you go, Je sus is might-y to save.
to save.

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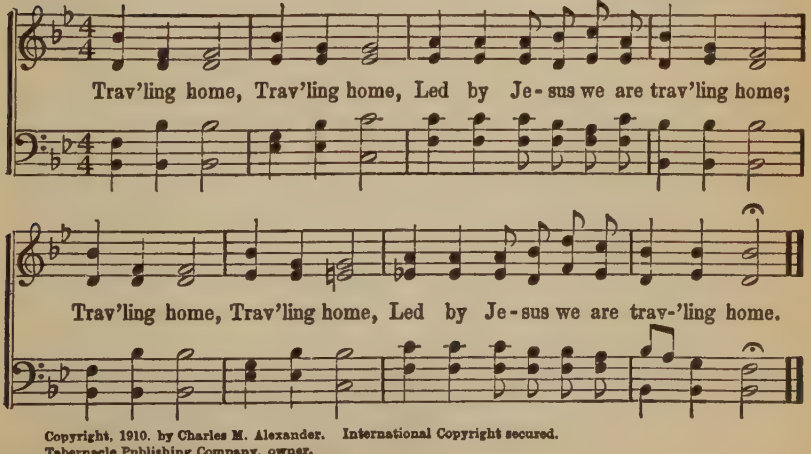
95 Traveling Home.

R. H.

Robert Harkness.


Trav'ling home, Trav'ling home, Led by Je-sus we are trav'ling home;
Trav'ling home, Trav'ling home, Led by Je-sus we are trav-'ling home.

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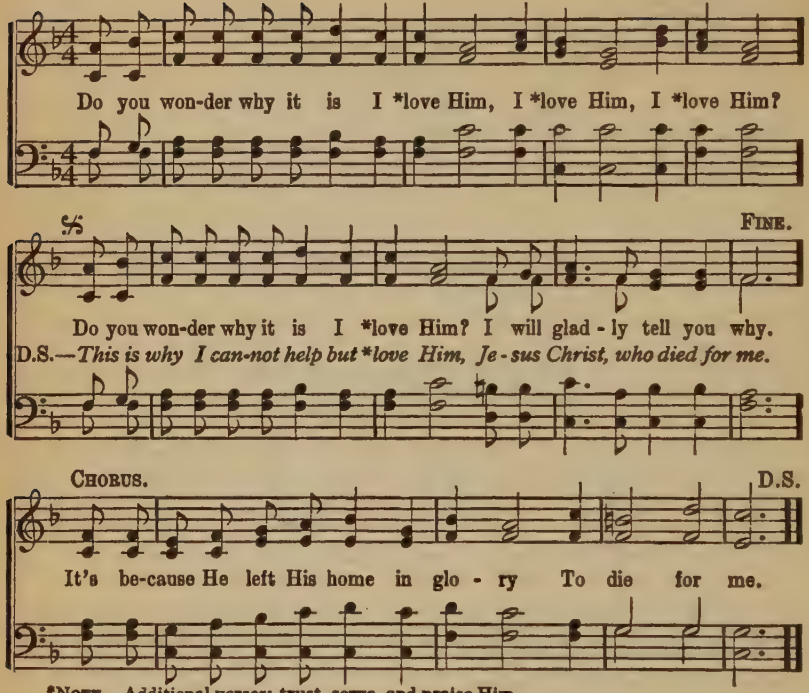
Do You Wonder Why?

I. A. K. Ida A. Koritz.


Do you won-der why it is I *love Him, I *love Him, I *love Him?
Fine.
Do you won-der why it is I *love Him? I will glad - ly tell you why.
D.S.—This is why I can-not help but *love Him, Je - sus Christ, who died for me.
Chorus.
D.S.
It's be-cause He left His home in glo - ry To die for me.

*Note. Additional verses: trust, serve, and praise Him.

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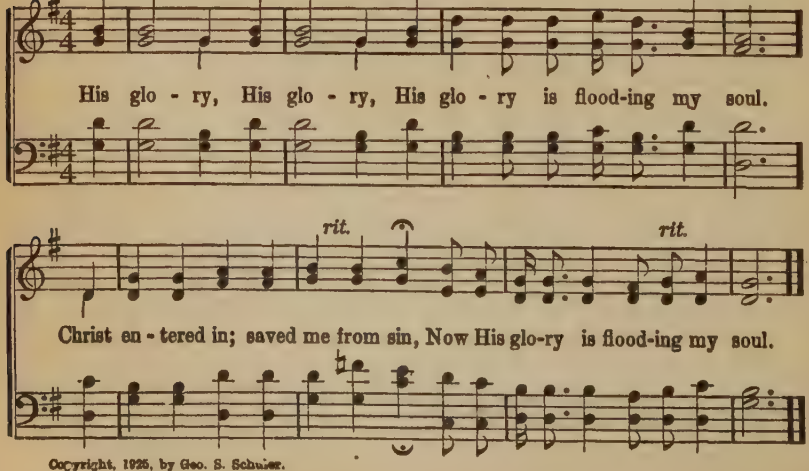
97 His Glory.

H. D. C. Harry D. Clarke.


His glo - ry, His glo - ry, His glo - ry is flood-ing my soul.
rit.
rit.
Christ en - tered in; saved me from sin, Now His glo-ry is flood-ing my soul.

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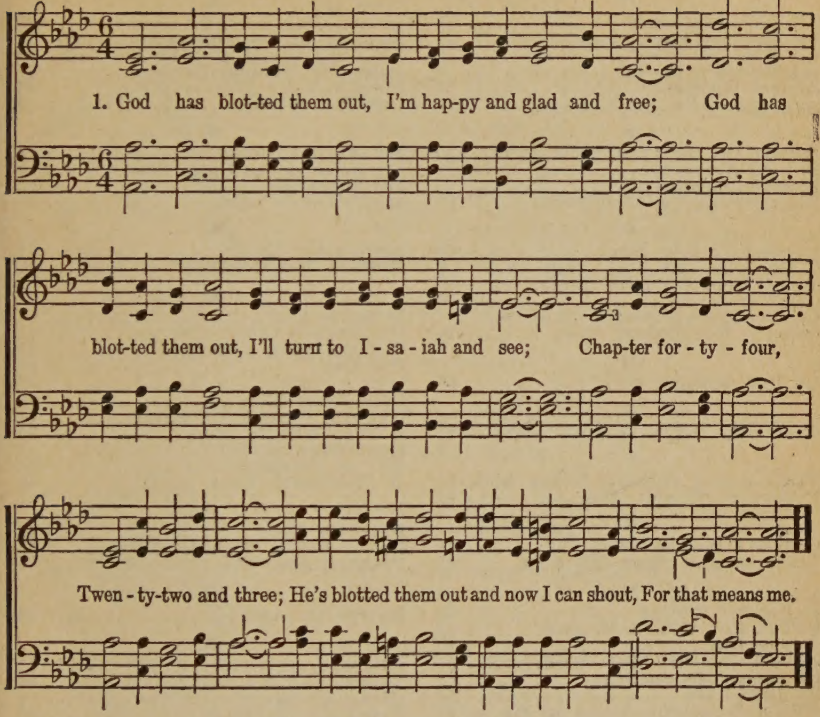
98 God Has Blotted Them Out.

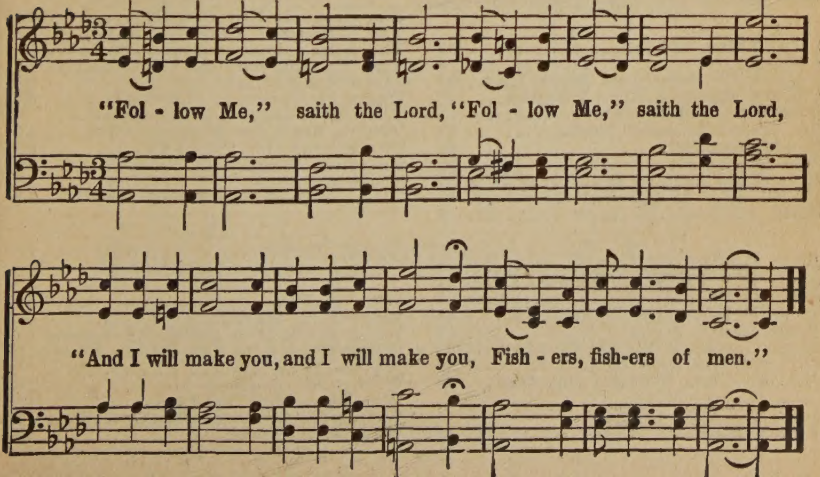
Anon. Anon.


1. God has blot-ted them out, I'm hap-py and glad and free; God has
blot-ted them out, I'll turn to I - sa - iah and see; Chap-ter for - ty - four,
Twen - ty-two and three; He's blotted them out and now I can shout, For that means me.

99 The Fishermen Chorus.

"And he saith unto them, Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men."—MATTHEW 4: 19.

Wesley Nehf, Arr. Edward Holt.



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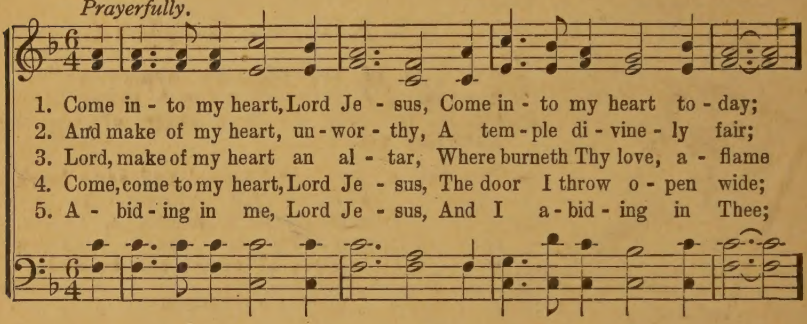
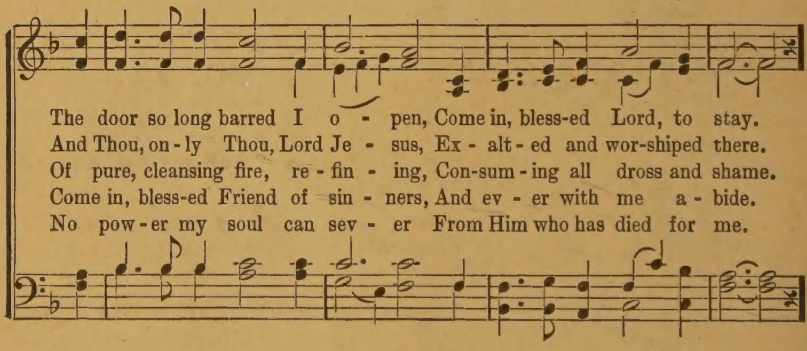
Into My Heart.

Behold, I stand at the door, and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me.—REV. 3: 20.

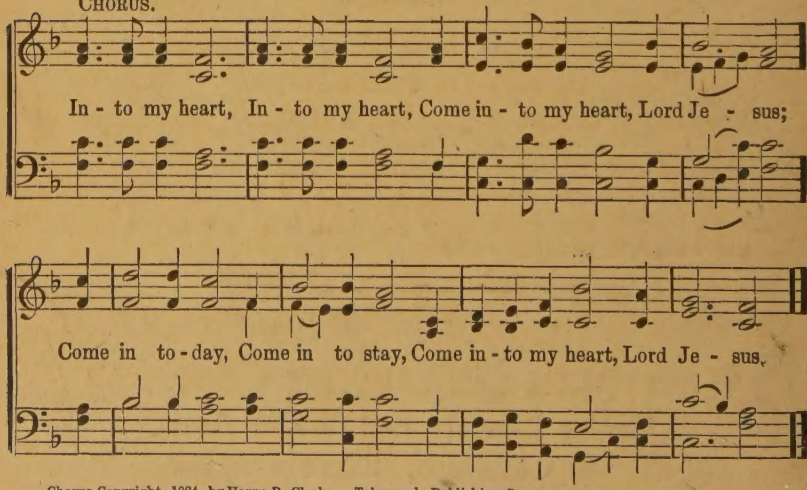
H. D. C.
Mrs. C. H. W.

Chorus by Harry D. Clarke.
Verses by Mrs. Charles H. Wieand.

Prayerfully.

1. Come in - to my heart, Lord Je - sus, Come in - to my heart to - day;
2. And make of my heart, un - wor - thy, A tem - ple di - vine - ly fair;
3. Lord, make of my heart an al - tar, Where burneth Thy love, a - flame
4. Come, come to my heart, Lord Je - sus, The door I throw o - pen wide;
5. A - bid - ing in me, Lord Je - sus, And I a - bid - ing in Thee;


The door so long barred I o - pen, Come in, bless-ed Lord, to stay.
And Thou, on - ly Thou, Lord Je - sus, Ex - alt - ed and wor-shiped there.
Of pure, cleansing fire, re - fin - ing, Con-sum - ing all dross and shame.
Come in, bless-ed Friend of sin - ners, And ev - er with me a - bide.
No pow - er my soul can sev - er From Him who has died for me.

CHORUS.



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